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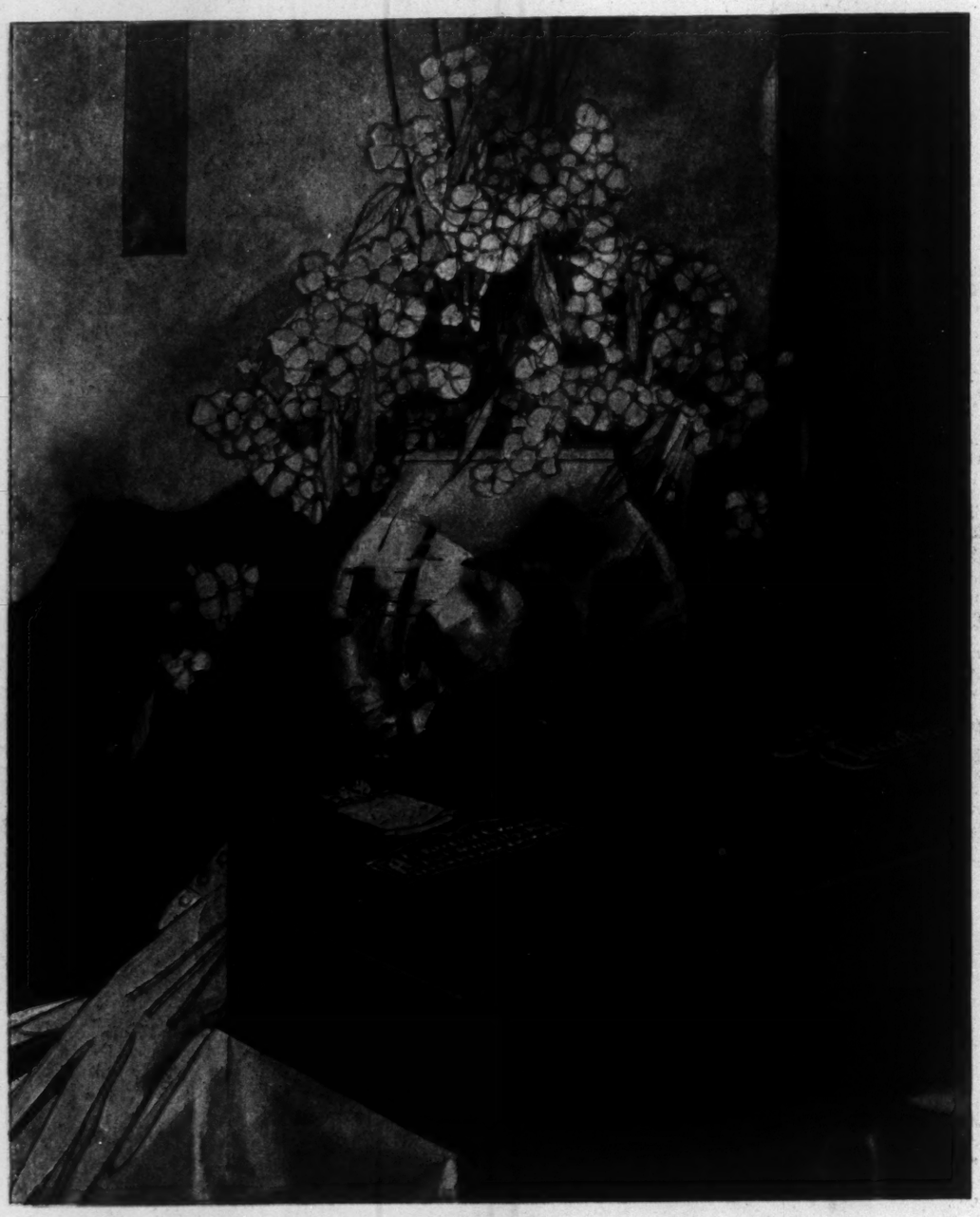

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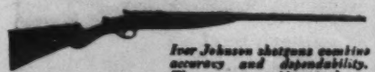

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McCLURE'S

Volume 51
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How We Stopped the Leaks That Kept Us Poor

How Howard Lindsay and His Wife Discovered an Easy Way to Save One-Third of Their Income. A Secret That Applies to Any Income

By HARRISON OTIS

WHO should walk into the room but Howard Lindsay! Of all men perhaps he was the last I had expected to find as the president of this great new company. They had told me that Mr. Lindsay, of the Consolidated, was looking for a fine country home and was interested in buying the Dollard Place in Englewood; so as executor of the Dollard estate I had come to discuss the terms with him.

But Lindsay! Surely some miracle had happened. For it was the very man who had come to me "dead broke" about four years back and had asked me to help him get a new job.

"You are surprised, Mr. Otis, I can see that without your telling me. Let that real estate matter rest for a moment while I tell you how the change happened. It won't take five minutes. It all seems simple as A B C, as I look back on it now.

How It All Began

"Our new life began when we discovered *how to save money*. That happened soon after I started in the new job you helped me secure. And it all came about right in my own home. Our sole source of supply was my salary of $3,000. That first year we didn't save one cent. Besides that, we woke up on New Year's day to find a big bunch of unpaid bills to be taken care of somehow or other out of future salary checks.

"When I asked myself the reason for all this I found that I did not *know* the reason, and no more did my wife, because we hadn't the faintest idea what our money had been spent for.

"Then we looked around among our friends and learned a great lesson.

"The Weeds, I knew, were getting more than $5,000 a year. They lived in a modest apartment, did not wear fine clothes, seldom went to entertainments, did little entertaining, yet we knew they barely had enough money to pay current bills.

"In the case of the Wells' I found a very different story and one that set me thinking hard. Their income was $2,000 a year, yet, to my amazement, they confided to us that they had saved $600 a year ever since they were married. They didn't have any concerts in their program—except on their little Victrola—but they did go to entertainments regularly, they wore good clothes, entertained their friends at their home and were about the happiest and most contented couple of all our married friends.

"The difference between these two families was that in one case the expenditures were made without any plan—while in the other the income was regulated on a weekly budget system.

"We sat down that evening and made up a budget of *all* our expenses for the next fifty-two weeks. We discovered leaks galore. We found a hundred ways where little amounts could be saved.

"In one short month we had a 'strangle hold' on our expenses and knew just where we were going. In one year my wife proudly produced a bank book showing a tidy saving account of $800.

My New Grip on Business

"In the meantime an extraordinary change had come over me in business.

"I didn't fully realize this until the president called me in one day and said, 'Lindsay, you have been doing exceptionally well. I have been studying your work for the last year and you have saved the company a lot of money. We have decided to give you an interest in the business.'

"So there you are. It is wonderful, isn't it? I often wish I might tell my story to the thousands of young married couples who are having the hardest time of their lives just when they ought to be having the best time."

So now I have the opportunity and you are lucky, if only you will act on the wonderful message this story contains. HARRISON OTIS.

The Magic Budget Plan

The Ferrin Money Making Account System is built on the experience of Howard Lindsay. This system, which is simplicity itself, comprises:

The Ferrin Money Making Account Book.
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The Ferrin Investment and Insurance Register.
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Compact information is given on Making a Budget. Keeping Expense Accounts, Making Safe Investments, Making an Inventory of Household Goods.

There is no red tape or complicated bookkeeping in this system—it is so simple that anyone can keep it—so convenient that you will not notice the few moments of your time required to make entries. The Pocket Account Book (price when sold separately 50 cents) contains *printed* slips so that you have only to jot down the amounts of your daily expenditures. The Kitchen Calendar (price 50 cents) keeps track of household expenses. At the end of each week or month these amounts are transferred to the Money Making Account Book, which contains 112 pages, size 8¼x10¾ inches, and is bound in half blue Silk Cloth Back—Cadet Blue Cover, Paper Sides—Turned Edges, semi-flexible, stamped in gold on Front Cover. This book has been prepared by an expert to fit any salary from the smallest to the largest. Incorporated in it is a recapitulation for every month of the year, which shows at a glance the Budget and the amounts paid out during the month for the various classified items of expense. It is the only book to our knowledge which has a Budget column for every month. Special columns are provided for items on which an income tax does not have to be paid, so that these amounts may be deducted at the end of the year.

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A war tax is now levied on almost every kind of article you buy. Few people know that the amounts so paid on daily purchases may properly be deducted from their income tax report. By keeping track of these war taxes on the pages for daily expenditures, and transferring the weekly or monthly totals to the Money Making Account Book, you will effect a saving on your income tax that will surprise you and that will pay the small price of the System many times over.

The Ferrin Investment Insurance Register is designed to keep an accurate record of your investments, insurance policies, etc. Contains 32 pages, size 5x8 inches, price separately, 50c. The Ferrin Inventory and Fire Insurance Record will enable you to make and keep a complete inventory of every room in the house; also provides for record of your fire insurance policy. It is an absolute necessity in case of a fire. It may save you many thousand times the cost, which is 50c when sold separately.

Two Minutes a Day

The Ferrin Money Making Account System takes only two minutes a day. Any bright grammar school boy or girl can keep the accounts. This method is not a hard task.

Now you need not worry about the money you spend for clothes' food, rent or entertainments. You will spend it freely, because you will know how much you can afford to spend.

The Ferrin Money Making System is a most practical gift to any newly married couple. Many people use them for Christmas gifts.

Send No Money

See how magically the Ferrin Money Making Account System works, no matter how much or how little your income. We know what you will think of it when you see it. So we are willing to send you the complete system without your sending us any money in advance. Just mail the coupon, and back will come the system by return mail. If you feel that you can afford *not* to have it, simply send it back and you will owe nothing.

But when you have seen what big returns the Ferrin System will pay you, you will surely want to keep this wonderful aid to money-making, especially as we are now making a special, short-time offer of only $3 for the complete system.

You will appreciate what a remarkable offer this is when you consider that other expense account books are sold for $3 and cover a period of only two years. The Ferrin Money Making Account Book covers four years, and therefore has twice the value, $6. And in addition you get the Ferrin Kitchen Calendar, the Ferrin Pocket Account Book, the Ferrin Investment and Insurance Register, the Ferrin Household Inventory and Fire Insurance Record, each worth 50c, or $2.00. You have the opportunity, therefore, of securing $8 value for only $3.

But we can make this special combination offer only for a limited time. We expect to place this system in one hundred thousand homes this year. We want your home to be one of them. You are therefore urged to mail the coupon now—to do so costs nothing and does not obligate you in any way, and it may be a revelation to you of how much more you can get out of your income.

READ!

Letter from Head of Financial Department of Largest Corporation of Its Kind in the United States. Independent Corporation, Gentlemen:

I consider your account book a remarkable contribution to the people of this country at this time.

In our company we have 5000 employees and it was a revelation to me in giving them advice in regard to the making out of their income tax returns to find how few had any intelligent idea of their income and their living expenses.

The simplicity of your plan which by comparison with previous methods of account keeping would seem well-nigh automatic appeals to me strongly.

They say you can't teach an old dog new tricks, but I will say to you that I am going to use the Ferrin Book for my own family expenses, and consider it will make money for me right from the start.

(Signed) D. S. BURTON.

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McClure's, as you probably know, is among the last of the magazines in its class to advance its price. It faces today high and ever-increasing publishing and postal costs. It must advance its price to keep pace with the cost of production. Then too, its publishers are determined to carry out certain big editorial plans that will double its value to the reader, and the new price will enable them to deliver to the reader the maximum of entertainment, help and inspiration.

America's most brilliant novelists will contribute intensely interesting serials to McClure's during the coming year, and its list of writers of short fiction will be larger and stronger than ever. Its special writers are covering important subjects that embrace every field of social or business activity. The brilliant McClure covers will make it the most artistic and striking magazine on your reading table. You will get $100 worth of the strongest fiction and most timely fact stories in the next 24 numbers of McClure's, to say nothing of its hundred-and-one other big features.

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Thomas Burke, the famous author of "Limehouse Nights," will contribute a series of remarkable short stories.

"THE BOMB" is a story by Richard Washburn Child that is full of the excitement McClure readers love.

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A FEW EXAMPLES
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There's no need to discuss the whys and the wherefores of this "secret." Suffice it to say that *It Works*. That's all we care about—*It Works*. Over 350,000 men and women the world over have proved it for themselves.

Among them are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsay; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Lieut. Governor McKelvie, of Nebraska; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Governor Ferris, of Michigan; and thousands of others of equal prominence.

Some of the things this "secret" has done for people are astounding. I would hardly believe them if I hadn't seen them with my own eyes. Adding ten, twenty, thirty or forty dollars a week to a man's income is a mere nothing. That's merely playing at it. Listen to this:

A young man in the East had an article for which there was a nation-wide demand. For twelve years he "puttered around" with it—barely eking out a living. To-day this young man is worth $200,000. He is building a $25,000 home—and paying cash for it. He has three automobiles. His children go to private schools. He goes hunting, fishing, traveling, whenever the mood strikes him. His income is over a thousand dollars a week.

In a little town in New York lives a man who two years ago was pitied by all who knew him. From the time he was 14 he had worked and slaved—and at sixty he was looked upon as a failure. Without work, in debt to his charitable friends, with an invalid son to support, the outlook was pitchy black. Then he learned the "secret." In two weeks he was in business for himself. In three months his plant was working night and day to fill orders. During 1916 the profits were $20,000. During 1917 the profits ran close to $40,000. And this genial 64-year-young man is enjoying pleasures and comforts he little dreamed would ever be his. I could tell you thousands of similar instances. But there's no need to do this as I'm willing to tell you the "secret" itself. Then you can put it to work and see what it will do for you. I don't claim I can make you rich over night. Maybe I can—maybe I can't. Sometimes I have failures—everyone has. But I do claim that I can help 90 out of every 100 people if they will let me.

The point of it all, my friend, is that you are using only about one-tenth of that wonderful brain of yours. That's why you haven't won greater success. Throw the unused nine-tenths of your brain into action and you'll be amazed at the almost instantaneous results.

The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will-power to "put them over." Yet the will, altho heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method—intelligent exercise and use.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather, from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—it becomes useless from lack of practice. Because we don't use our wills—because we continually bow to circumstance—we become unable to assert ourselves. What our wills need is practice.

Develop your will-power and money will flow in on you. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power—a power that nothing can resist. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easy as failure came before. And those are only a few of the things the "secret" will do for you. The "secret" is fully explained in the wonderful book "Power of Will."

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Help Us to Make a Dream Come True

DYING poor, Robertson left his widow no income, no insurance; all the funds to buy her food and pay her rent come to her through the royalties on her husband's books, paid by two magazines, McClure's Magazine and the Metropolitan. If requests for the books come quickly from the public, then her fear of want is pushed further away; if few orders are received, then again draws near the poverty of which she has already had too large a share.

What a U. S. Navy Man Thinks of Robertson

GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA.

Prior to my acquaintance with Robertson's Works,——, to me, was the king of sea story writers; he easily outdistanced Kipling, Stevenson and others of his reputation. But now Robertson is an easy winner and ——— will have to be satisfied as making a good second.

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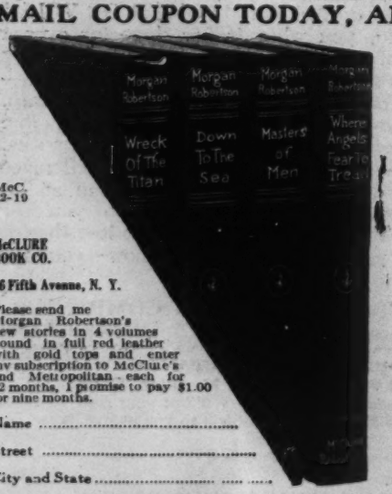

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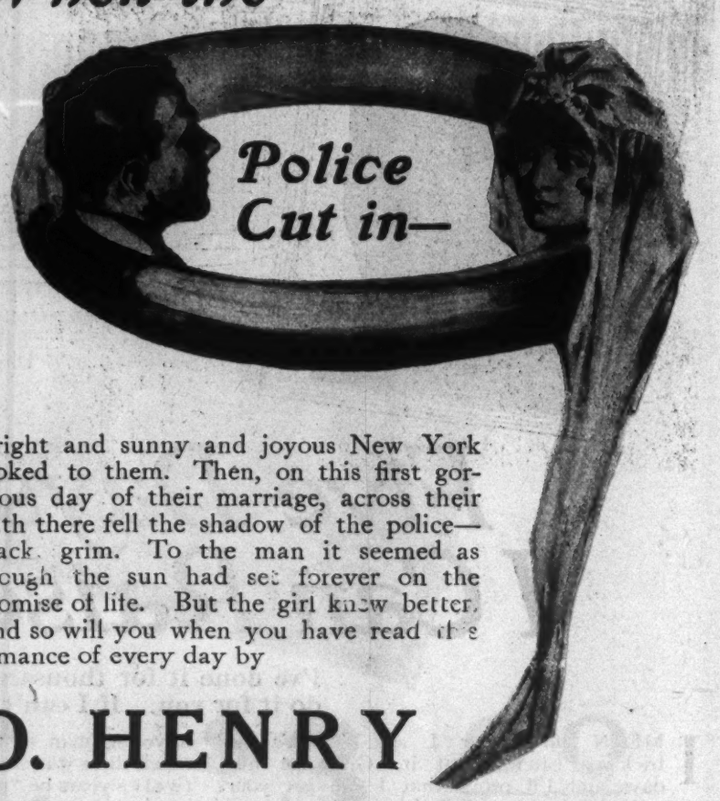

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ALL the office was talking about it, and we were wondering which one of us would be the lucky man.

There was an important job to be filled—as Assistant-to-the-President. According to the general run of salaries in the office, this one would easily pay from $7,000 to $10,000 a year.

The main requisite, as we understood it, was striking personality and the ability to meet even the biggest men in their offices, their clubs and their homes on a basis of absolute equality. This the firm considered of even more importance than knowledge of the business.

YOU know just what happens when news of this sort gets around an office. The boys got to picking the man among themselves. They had the choice all narrowed down to two men—Harrison and myself. That was the way I felt about it, too. Harrison was big enough for the job, and could undoubtly make a success of it. But, personally, I felt that I had the edge on him in lots of ways. And I was sure that the firm knew it, too.

Never shall I forget my thrill of pleasure when the president's secretary came into my office with a cheery smile, looked at me meaningly, handed me a bulletin and said, "Mr. Frazer, here is the news about the new Assistant-to-the-President." There seemed to be a new note of added respect on her attitude toward me. I smiled my appreciation as she left my desk.

At last I had come into my own! Never did the sun shine so brightly as on that morning, and never did it seem so good to be alive! These were my thoughts as I gazed out of the window, seeing not the hurrying throngs, but vivid pictures of my new position flashing before me. And then for a further joyous thrill I read the bulletin. It said, "Effective January 1, Mr. Henry J. Peters, of our Cleveland office, will assume the duties of Assistant-to-the-President at the home office."

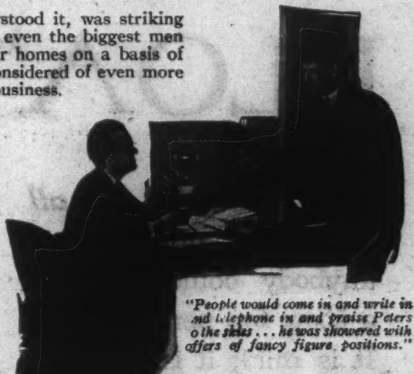
PETERS! Peters!—surely it *could not* be Peters! Why, this fellow Peters was only a branch office salesman . . . *Personality!* Why he was only five feet four inches high, and had no more personality than a mouse. Stack him up against a big man and he would look and act like an office boy. I knew Peters well and there was nothing to him, nothing at all.

January the first came and Peters assumed his new duties. All the boys were openly hostile to him. Naturally, I felt very keenly about it, and did not exactly go out of my way to make things pleasant for him—not exactly!

But our open opposition did not seem to bother Peters. He went right on with his work and began to make good. Soon I noticed that despite my feeling against him, I was secretly beginning to admire him. He was winning over the other boys, too. It was not long before we all buried our hatchests and pulled up with Peters.

The funny thing about it was the big hit he made with the people we did business with. I never saw anything like it. They would come in and write in and telephone in to the firm and praise Peters to the skies. They insisted on doing business with him, and gave him orders of a size that made us dizzy to look at. And offers of positions! —why, Peters had almost as many fancy-figure positions offered to him as a dictionary has words.

WHAT I could not get into my mind was how a little, unassuming, ordinary-to-look-at chap like Peters could made such an impression with everyone—especially with influential men. He seemed to have an uncanny influence over people. The masterly Peters of today was an altogether different man from the common-place Peters I had first met years ago. I could not figure it out, nor could the other boys.



"People would come in and write in and telephone in and praise Peters to the skies . . . he was showered with offers of fancy figure positions."

One day at luncheon I came right out and asked Peters how he did it. I half expected him to evade. But he did not. He let me in on the secret. He said he was not afraid to do it because there was always plenty of room at the top.

What Peters told me acted on my mind in exactly the same way as when you stand on a hill and look through binocular glasses at objects in the far distance. Many things I could not see before suddenly leaped into my mind with startling clearness. A new sense of power surged through me. And I felt the urge to put it into action.

Within a month I was getting remarkable results. *I had suddenly become popular.* Business men of importance who had formerly given me only a passing nod of acquaintance, suddenly showed a desire for my friendship. I was invited into the most select social circles. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for me. At first I was astounded at my new power over men and women. Not only could I get them to do what I wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated my wishes and seemed eager to *please me.* But let me tell you some of my experiences:

One of our biggest customers had a grievance against the firm. He held off payment of a big bill and switched to one of our competitors. I was sent to see him. He met me like a cornered tiger. A few words and I calmed him. Inside of fifteen minutes he was showering me with apologies. He gave me a check in full payment, another big order, and promised to continue giving us all his business.

For certain reasons it became necessary for the firm to obtain a signed letter from a prominent public man. Three of our men had tried, and failed. Then I was given the job. I felt I had been made the "goat." But I got the signed letter, and with it an inside tip which enabled us to land a prize order about which our competitors are still guessing and wondering.

Then trouble sprang up at one of our factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. I was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout, I pacified the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then this factory has led all our plants in production.

I could tell you dozens of similar instances, but they all tell the same story—the ability to make people like you, believe what you want them to believe, and to do what you want them to do. I take no personal credit for what I have done. All the credit I give to the method Peters told me about. We have told it to lots of our friends, and it has enabled them to do just as remarkable things as Peters and I have done.

Which reminds me: One of my wife's close friends moved to another town where she was a stranger. My wife of course knew of my method. She told it to her friend with the idea that it might be of assistance to her in meeting new people. It helped her so wonderfully that in a very short time she won the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Everyone wonders how she did it. But WE know.

BUT YOU want to know what method I used to do all these remarkable things. It is this: You know that everyone does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. What pleases one offends another. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there's your cue. You can make an instant hit with anyone if you say the things they want you to say and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you, and believe in you, and will go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple things. Written on every man, woman and child are signs, as clearly and as distinctly as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe what you want them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

Knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advancement. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you. And you will want to use it if for no other reason than to protect yourself against others.

WHAT Peters told me at luncheon that day was this. "Get Dr. Blackford's 'Reading Character at Sight.'" I did so. This is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about.

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Volume 51
Number 12

McCLURE'S

DECEMBER
1919

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Publisher* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

"Come," said Lester, his eyes on her; "I've been waiting to see you at my table. I've wanted to see how you looked there."

The Trap

An Amazing New Serial of Love, Mystery and Intrigue

by Maximilian Foster

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

Part I

THE north side of Fitzhugh Square, in contrast with its curious surroundings, is a never-failing source of astonishment to the stranger unfamiliar with the peculiar neighborhood. Three sides of the Square, a city park of drab, discouraging aspect, are little better than a slum, its salient features an array of flyblown boarding-houses, apartments, studios, sweat-shop lofts, stale saloons and tenements; yet in spite of this, in spite too, of the quarter's somewhat unsavory repute, the Square's isolated upper side is one of the most aristocratic sections of the city.

The long row of huge old-fashioned houses, each with its pretentious brick and marble front, its Colonial doorway, its battery of prim square-paned windows, survives as a relic of the day when the Square, all its four sides intact, was the hub and pivot of the town's smart-social life. How long ago that was or why its glories waned no one remembers now; the fact remains, however, that the row's tenants, a handful of the old regime, have ever since that day stood their ground, resisting stoutly every effort to dislodge them. Having been born in the Square, with the calm decision of the true aristocrat, evidently, they mean to stay.

True, in the lapse of time, the row has become a good deal battered about the edges; its vast interiors, always somewhat dim, seem to have become rather dingy, too; however, this decay the tenants regard— not with regret but, instead, with apparent pride. To them, the crumbling brick and stained, flanking marble stamp the row with distinction—the respectability of mellow age. It is, in fact, as if each house, like wine, had been improved in worth by time—a quality, now it is mentioned, that seems shared by many of the tenants, too. All the older families, at any rate, have about them this look and manner—an air of sound, seasoned importance rather more convincing than that of the newer up-town aristocracy. But then, the prestige of Fitzhugh Square does not depend on money. Money these families always have had—a fact that enables them to look down on those whose wealth is of newer origin. As for those who have never had it, these, naturally, do not enter into any of their calculations.

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The essential fact, in short, is that Fitzhugh Square, at the north, rates itself as a bit above the rest of the world.

Eight o'clock is the hour at which the row, in its habit of formal stateliness, seats itself at dinner; and this hour was just striking from the city's clocks when a closed motor turned the corner at the avenue, its destination a door half-way down the block. The house, the residence of Henry Lester, was one of the most pretentious in the row. The motor, however, unlike the usual equipages that bring guests to dinner in the Square, was merely a hired car—a livery cab of not too smart appearance.

Two passengers rode within. The two were women; and, as it seemed, at least one of these was as unfamiliar with the neighborhood as the dowdy vehicle that brought her there. At any rate, as the cab drew up at the curb the lady in question was leaning forward on her seat, peering at the surroundings and commenting volubly.

SEE, Sally, how big the houses are! Aren't they swell! Look what a big park it is, too! The houses on that side look pretty seedy, though. I wonder Mr. Lester don't buy the places and tear them down. He could with all his money!"

The speaker was a slight, slender woman with light brown hair, tresses a little faded and thin. Manifestly, though, she was a person of active, energetic habit; in fact, the only uncertainty about her seemed to be her age. She might have been fifty, even fifty-five; yet her air, that manner of brisk activity, was in its energy youthful. So was her attire. The dress she wore was a dinner gown cut in the extreme of fashion; but what one would have remarked about it most, perhaps, was not its extreme nor its propriety; it was, instead, its unmistakable look of newness. But then, on some women new dresses always seem conspicuously new. It is just as it happens.

As the cab stopped the lady hurriedly adjusted the rather large-lensed glasses she wore, and cast a look at the house.

"Oh, see, there's a butler opening the door! Come on, Sally!"

It was not a butler, it happened, but Lester's valet, Mawsby; however, the girl in the corner of the cab said nothing. Silently, her brown eyes vague, she drew her wraps about her and alighted.

The other was already half-way up the steps. Over her shoulder she addressed a brief direction to the girl.

"Pay the cabman, Sally. A dime's enough for a tip."

Then she turned briskly to the servant, apparently recognizing the man.

"How de do, Mawsby. Hope we've not kept any one waiting?"

The man seemed to stiffen. It was not the speech, however, that gave him this air, it was the tone, rather, in which it had been addressed to him. Its easiness, not to say familiarity, was, to say the least, unaccustomed.

"Step in, if you please," he said dryly.

Then his eyes wandered to the girl at the curb. She had caught up her dress as she alighted, the hem of her skirt lifted so that her flat, slender ankles showed; the wrap, too, had fallen a bit from her shoulders, and they were white, soft and rounded. Mawsby had seen other good-looking women before—smart ones, too, they were; but about this girl and her array of attractions must have been something unusual. At any rate, as he gazed down the steps at her, his eyes had in them a curious interest.

The other he ignored. As the girl drew out a smart beaded bag, and felt in its depths for the cab fare, the servant left the door, and went hesitantly toward her. "If I could pay him, Miss . . the master," he faltered uncertainly; but the girl shook her head. Giving the cabman a bill, she also handed him not the dime the other had suggested but a twenty-five cent piece. "That is for you," she was saying, when in the dark, from around the end of the cab, one of those terrifying, slouching figures, a nightbird such as those that frequent the Square, shambled up beside her. Startled, the girl gave a gasp—a murmer of alarm, repulsion, too; and turning swiftly, she pattered up the steps. For some reason the encounter seemed to have shaken her strangely. She shivered slightly as she entered the hall.

The other woman was waiting there.

"What was it, Sally?" she asked.

"Nothing, a tramp, that was all," was the reply; but as if dissatisfied, the other glanced at her alertly. "What was that man, the servant, saying?" she whispered swiftly. "I saw him talking to you."

The girl was gazing about the big hall, her eyes wandering over its dim, shadowy vastness.

"He asked me to let him pay for the cab," she replied.

"Did you?" demanded the other; and when the girl shook her head, she exclaimed: "You didn't?" A jerk of her shoulders showed her evident annoyance. "That's a dollar and more gone! What were you thinking of, anyway?"

The brown eyes withdrew themselves from the recesses of the hall beyond, and fixed themselves gravely on the questioner.

"I was thinking, if I did, what might be thought of us. Isn't that sufficient?"

But her companion, obviously irritated, seemed neither to heed the speech nor the tone of significance in which it was uttered. "Pshaw!—a servant!" she ejaculated disdainfully.

"True," replied the girl quietly; "but then, even servants are quick to see, to understand."

There was a directness in this so definite as not to be mistaken; and the other's eyes dropped beneath the girl's steady gaze. Once the older woman opened her lips as if to speak, but then seemed to think better of it. The manservant, too, was just re-entering. "This way, if you please," he directed; and showing them down the hall, he indicated the room where they were to remove their wraps. In the room a middle-aged, voluminous person in an apron and black gown stood waiting.

The brief journey down the hall seemed to have revived the older of the two guest's animated spirits. "How de do!" she exclaimed, buoyantly addressing the aproned attendant, that personage, too, like Mawsby, seeming startled at such friendliness from a superior. The lady, however, meant clearly to be friendly. "One of Mr. Lester's old family retainers, I presume," she suggested.

The girl looked up with another alert, quick-eyed gleam. The servant's confusion must have been clear to her—its cause, as well; for again the shadowy eyes had in them the fleeting hint of a smile. It was amused, mocking; it seemed curiously, a little worried too; but saying nothing, with a movement of her shoulders she slipped off her heavy brocaded wrap. Under the glow of the gas-jets she stood revealed now, her young shoulders dazzling, her face with its clear skin, its deep brown eyes and rather full expressive mouth, boylike in its vigor and freshness. A more than ordinary young person, one would have thought her, and even her companion seemed to think so, too. After a searching critical glance, she nodded her approval.

"Come along, Sal!" directed Mrs. Steese gaily, and started away.

But at the door the gaiety lapsed swiftly. The attendant, busy with their wraps, had her back to them, and the woman again bent swiftly to the girl.

"Mind, it's your chance!" she whispered. "Now remember!"

The girl's eyes fell, in them a look of langour, weariness. Again her figure quivered, trembling as with a chill.

"I remember," she replied; and down the hall, at this juncture, Mawsby drew back the hangings of the doorway that led into Lester's sombre, cryptlike drawing-room.

"Mrs. Steese, Miss Raeburn!" he announced.

"Come along, Sal!" directed Mrs. Steese gaily. But at the door the gaiety lapsed swiftly. "Mind, it's your chance!" she whispered. "Now remember!"

CHAPTER II

DINNERS, as a prescribed method of entertainment, are habitual to Fitzhugh Square; but invariably formal they are seldom, if ever, what one might call animated. The dinner to-night, though, appeared to be the exception. It was so much so, in fact, that a somewhat unusual expression applied to it by one of the guests, the Mrs. Steese just announced, seems in some respects justified.

Cozy was the term she used.

Safe to say, few other dinners in the vast, imposing dining-room ever had earned the description; however, it was not only in this cosiness, such as it was, that the evening was out of the ordinary. The Square's other residents, had any happened to be present, would probably have considered many of the details unwonted. One, in point, was the manner in which the host had been at pains to give it.

For a year the house had, to all intents, stood vacant, its only occupant a caretaker in the basement. It was, in fact, this woman who had helped the ladies with their wraps. That same afternoon, though, dusk had just begun to fall when the silent, shuttered dwelling so long untenanted began to bustle with activity, the first sign of this the arrival of a taxicab laden to the roof with luggage. Rounding the corner it drew up at the curb in front, when its fare alighted and hurried to the basement door. Here the man—it was Mawsby, Lester's valet—laid hold of the antiquated bellpull and gave it a series of energetic jerks. Instantly, the house resounded with the bell's echoes, a clanging audible even in the street; but as if unsatisfied with this, the valet also thumped and pounded on the door. Presently, in answer, the caretaker appeared and the very instant she laid eyes on the manservant she gaped, her astonishment evident.

Mawsby abruptly cut short her exclamations. Giving the woman an unceremonious shove, he darted inside, reappearing a moment later at the street door above. This he flung open, and coming down the steps with the same unabated haste he began to carry inside the luggage that filled the cab. The vehicle having been emptied of its load, departed.

It hardly had gone when a caterer's van rattled up to the door. From it descended a trio of men who under the valet's directions bore into the basement a variety of boxes and hampers. The wagon, then, having been unloaded, two of its men remaining in the house, drove away, when a few minutes later a florist's cart arrived. A number of cardboard boxes as well as half a dozen plants in pots were discharged from this when it too departed, giving way, in turn, to a small van in charge of two men in uniform, the wagon bearing on its panels the name of a well-known jewelry house. From this a huge oaken chest was discharged, its top padlocked and further secured by tape bindings sealed at the ends with wax. This, the park loungers with close interest judged to be the Lester plate; however, the manservant at the door having signed the guard's delivery-book, the chest was carried inside, after which the wagon drove off.

She knew what she was about, this girl. Lester, now thoroughly absorbed, hung over her as she played

It was quite dark now; and the huge, bleak dwelling plunged in gloom seemed to relapse into its former tomb-like quiet; but just as the clocks were striking six, and the park lights began to glow and gutter, the curtains at an upper window parted, and a heavy, squarefaced figure, its movements deliberate, stood at the opening.

For a moment the stolid face with its fixed, searching gaze peered down at the park in front. In the gloom the paths with their benches were almost obscured; but it was on these, the benches, especially, that the man at the window fixed his gaze. From one to the other, curiously, his sight wandered, skipping those that were empty, and interested, if it were only idly, in those which were occupied. These were not many, it happened; for if the time was, indeed, spring, the weather, on the other hand, was anything but balmy. However, the figure at the window inspected each, the hand holding back the curtains withdrew itself; and the figure disappeared from view. A moment later lights sprang up within; and going from window to window, Lester's valet began pulling down the shades.

In other words, after a year's absence the master of the house, Henry Lester, had just come home.

The dinner, in view of the informality, not to say impulsive haste, with which it had been arranged, was perhaps to celebrate the event. If so, however, the host's appearance as he stood now in his drawing-room did not indicate its festive nature. Having dressed himself for the evening, at half-past seven he had come down to greet the first of his guests; and, planted in the middle of the floor, his brows contracted, his eyes lowering, he seemed anything but the gracious host.

"I've told you already," he was saying thickly, "I came home because I was tired of traveling! That's enough, isn't it?"

He was a young man, not above thirty-five at the most; bulky in build and slow and deliberate in manner. However, in spite of his features, cold and forbidding as they were, he was still good looking; though what one remarked the most about him was his eyes — gray and, in expression, somber and dissatisfied. One got from them, in fact, the impression that money, in its possession, may be as provocative of discontent as poverty. A millionaire several times over, a bachelor to boot, Lester, though, was responsible to no one but himself for his happiness.

The person he was addressing, a tall, elderly man with well-bred, pleasant ways, regarded him with a smile. It was to be seen, however, that the smile was covertly sardonic.

"Tired, you say?" he repeated.

"That's what I said!" retorted Lester; and with a scowl he added: "How many times do I have to say it?"

"Once is sufficient," was the reply, "once, Harry, only please do me the justice to remember that I wasn't born yesterday. You didn't bolt home the way you did without some other reason!"

Lester turned with a scowl.

"Do you think I'm lying?" he demanded.

THE guest stared, then his lean, well-bred face froze with a bleak, stony smile.

"If I did, do you think I'd waste breath on you, my boy?" Then the smile, its hardness waning, turned whimsical. "That's the trouble, Harry! Usually, you're so damned, brutally frank when you've been up to something that I can't make heads or tails of this!" Having said this, the speaker's tone grew firm again. "Be careful, though, my lad! I warn you, some day you'll get your fingers burned!"

Sharp talk this — unduly sharp for a man like the host to hear — Lester accustomed to deference, the cushioned ease his millions brought him. But Horace Ashe — for that was the guest's name — was one of the few privileged to use such talk. The intimate friend of Lester's father, he also had been executor of the estate, the millions the father had left. That he had relished the trust, though, was doubtful. The estate he had handed over when Lester came of age; his interest in the man, however, he could not relinquish so easily. Lester was the son of his oldest and dearest friend.

"Now, hear me, Harry," exhorted Ashe, "I know you like a book, and when you do the unexpected — this home-coming, for example — you do it with a purpose. You've got me worried, son; I'd hate to tell you how many nights' sleep old George Lester's son has cost me. You don't drink, of course, don't run wild, cut loose with your money — to the things other boys, the sons of rich fathers, do . . . that's just it! If you did, I'd know how to act. What you do is usually so devilish strange and outlandish that I've been staggered! . . . Be frank, Harry; tell me — what now?"

A sulky growl came from Lester. During the harangue he had stared at Ashe, his eyes uneasy.

"How do you know I'm up to anything?" he mumbled.

Ashe shrugged his slender shoulders.

"Suit yourself, my boy! A week ago you wrote me you'd not be home for six months, yet here you pop up like a Jack-in-the-box, telling no one your change of plans. Now don't say you're not up to something," Ashe said abruptly; "to be blunt, I've been warned you are!"

Lester stared.

"Warned?"

Ashe met his look undaunted.

"Is it a woman, Harry?" he asked; and instantly he seemed to strike fire.

Lester's eyes, veiled under their heavy lids, leaped with sudden light; and halting abruptly in his uneasy pacing to and fro, he glanced at Ashe as if startled. But only for an instant. The next moment his lip curled, and he laughed, the laugh contemptuous.

"A woman? . . . rot! What are women to me?"

Little of consequence, that was sure, as Ashe knew more than one woman had learned; but, reaching into his pocket, he took out an envelope. Its paper was thick and heavy; on its flap a crest was embossed. Silently Ashe handed it to Lester, who opened it, and, as if idly, glanced at the writing inside. Then, as idly, he looked up at Ashe.

"So that's how you heard I was home, was it?"

"It was," replied Ashe.

"How you were warned, too, I was up to something?" added Lester.

Ashe nodded; and, his face ironic, Lester handed back the note. The writer Ashe had known since a child; and as he took the envelope he looked Lester square in the eye.

"Harry, do you mean to marry Mrs. Dewitt?" he demanded.

The reply was definite. "I do not," said Lester, bluntly. It was, in fact, so blunt that Ashe for a moment seemed confused.

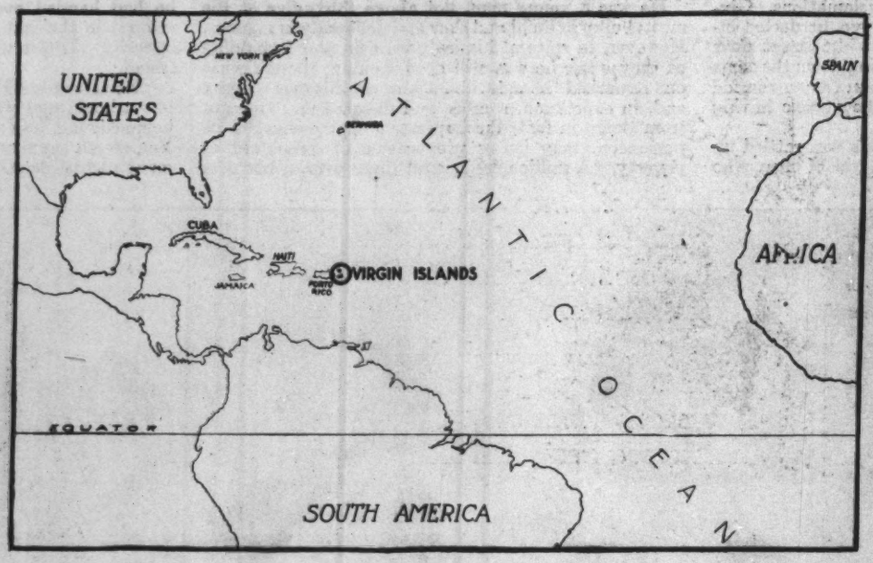
"What!" he exclaimed.

"No," said Lester; and Ashe stared again.

"That's singular," he said slowly; "Mrs. Dewitt told me over the telephone she was dining with you to-night."

"So she is," responded Lester; and, grinning covertly, he added: "That's why I asked [*Continued on page 37*]

The little town of Charlotte-Amalie, St. Thomas



The bust of Christian X still looks out over the harbor

The Country We Forgot

by Daniel Henderson

The Special Correspondent for McClure's

"THE people of the United States don't care a rap about the Virgin Islands!" said a young American whom I met in St. Thomas. "Few Congressmen realize our needs, and scarcely one person in a hundred thousand knows anything about our location, our conditions, or our problems!"

What he said was true. My own experience on the steamship *Brazos* bound for San Juan, the port from which I was to sail for the Virgin Islands, proved it. There was the typical American tourist, for instance. He came lurching down the long deck, steadying his wind-beaten bulk by frequent clutches at the rail. He espied a copy of the ship's wireless in my hand, and down into a vacant steamer chair he thumped. He read the wireless reports from home and launched into a discussion of the League of Nations. I turned the conversation to the Virgin Islands. He grew apathetic. Were they near Porto Rico? No, he didn't intend to visit them — only well-known places were on his itinerary.

There were Americans on the boat whose business took them to Porto Rico. The man who sold tractors did not think there was a sufficient market for them in the Virgin Islands to justify a side trip to them from San Juan. The Hebrew clothing salesman on his annual trip through the West Indies did not see enough business in sight in this new American territory to pay him to make the trip. Americans located in Porto Rico praised the hospitality of the people of the Three Virgins, but really, it would be better for a person to spend his whole time in seeing San Juan, Ponce, and other Porto Rican towns. It seemed not so much the country we had forgotten, but, instead, the country of which we had never heard.

I had expected to find a steamer waiting to transport me to the Islands; instead I found a two-masted schooner, a Hereshoff yacht that had been built to defend America's cup from one of Sir Thomas Lipton's assaults, but which, failing in the trial races, had been forced to earn her salt in the sea lanes of commerce by carrying all sorts of cargoes. She now lay moored to a wharf in San Juan, awaiting her share of the motors, gasoline, flour, garlic, and all those varied articles which the tides of trade had cast upon this Porto Rican shore.

I glanced at her dubiously; so did the group of young American business men who strolled down to the wharf to see me off. The *Brazos* had just plowed her way into harbor through heavy seas. It was hurricane season. Could this two-master span the eighty miles of abnormally high waves to St. Thomas without mishap? It was this boat or nothing, so I put doubt behind me and went on board.

Perched upon an odorous crate, I watched the *Virginia* load.

Here, Too, Postal Inefficiency

Down the street from the splendid modern building which houses the Federal offices in San Juan, came the mail. The mode of transporting it was in sharp contrast to the imposing post-office from which it came. Two brown-skinned natives in nondescript attire pushed down the wharf a grocer's hand-truck, piled high with mail bags. Around the truck gathered native stevedores. Each hoisted one of the bulky, blue-striped bags to the top of his head. Up the swaying boards that served as a gangplank they went, dropping their burdens through an open hatchway in the after-deck of the ship. Later I saw these bags unloaded upon boats at the ship's side, and only the nimbleness of one of the native handlers saved a carelessly-thrown bag from dropping into the Caribbean Sea. Later, at St. Thomas, I found that the personal squabbles and inefficient regime of the postmaster — a political appointee — were on every tongue.

My own experiences were soon to impress upon me that Uncle Sam had paid twenty-five million dollars for these Islands and forgotten to provide a way to get to them. Senators and Congressmen can visit them on battleships. The Governor of the Islands very properly has been provided with the cruiser *Vixen;* but the ordinary patriotic citizen who desires to visit our new territories from San Juan — the logical route between them and the United States — must undergo all the discomforts and privations that attend a three or four days' voyage in a primitive sailing vessel, with no food except that which the passenger himself provides, and with no other means of sleeping than in a coop on deck or in an ill-smelling cabin, the berths of which are shared indiscriminately by whites and blacks, men and women, well or seasick.

As an example of the way in which the Virgin Islanders and relatives in the United States suffer to-day for lack of ready transportation to the United States, let me cite the following case:

Father Blank is an American Redemptist Father, now stationed at St. Thomas. He received a few weeks ago a cable stating that his father, who lived in Baltimore, was seriously ill and wished to see him. No passage was procurable at St. Thomas. He came in the *Virginia* to San Juan, hoping to obtain transportation on a steamer leaving there, but was informed that all berths had been booked for weeks ahead. He tried to persuade an army transport to take him, but there was a rigid rule against carrying any one but soldiers or their relatives. As he was wondering what attempt to make next a cable came that his father was dead.

Nothing can weave the United States more closely to the West Indian Islands than steamships. On the Quebec liner *Guiana,* on which I managed to secure

What more could the tourist ask in the way of quaint charm than this little street?

Rothschild Francis and a group of Radicals who want Home Rule meaning Black Rule — on the Islands

passage home from St. Thomas, were a dozen young men and women coming from the Virgin Islands and neighboring islands belonging to Holland, France and Great Britain, to go to college in the United States. Some were even going so far as Valparaiso University, Indiana.

The Forsaken Islands

In March, 1917, the Danish flag went down over the Virgin Islands and the Stars and Stripes arose. The purchase price was twenty-five million dollars. From a military viewpoint the price may have been a fair one at the time. At the present time, even the price of five million dollars, for which the Islands could have been obtained a decade ago, seems high. St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix are the three principal islands of the Virgin group. St. Thomas and St. John lie close together and constitute one governmental territory. St. Thomas and St. John have an area of forty-eight square miles — about twice the size of the District of Columbia. Ten thousand people live on St. Thomas and about one thousand on St. John. The inhabitants of St. Thomas are crowded into the town of Charlotte Amalie, which spreads out around St. Thomas Bay.

The town is built on a series of hills that form an emerald horseshoe about the turquoise waters of the harbor. The houses run from the beach up the hills, as if they intended to cover the summits, but halfway up they seem to tire, and leave the peaks unconquered. The cluster of white and red steeples and roofs surrounded by palms and tropical flowers, with the yellow beach and blue water at its feet, gives you the impression that you are entering a quaint and lovely town, and the rumors that have come to you of discontent and contention and misery seem unbelievable.

On the outskirts of Charlotte Amalie dwells a little community of white French fishermen. The natives call them Cha-Chas in contempt. They are fishermen, desperately poor. They live in hovels that are worse than those occupied by the blacks, yet they possess a code of morals that few of their contemners can boast; and — what few of the other races here can say — they marry their own kind and keep their white strain pure.

Forty miles south of St. Thomas lies St. Croix, the largest and most beautiful of the Virgin Islands, with an area of eighty-four square miles and a population of about 15,000. Christiansted, the capital, and Frederiksted, its rival, lie twenty miles apart, at opposite ends of the island, with a fair road connecting them. Christiansted has facilities for a fine harbor if the reef that bars its entrance could be dynamited. Frederiksted, the port nearest St. Thomas, has its harbor on the open sea, yet due to its southwest location, it is well sheltered.

Too many human problems press upon us for discussion to permit me to dwell upon the tropical loveliness of these Islands; the humming birds that peck out of your sugar dish as you eat; the pet deer that in St. Croix are almost as common as dogs; the friendliness and courtesy of the people; the pirate castles and legends; the turbaned street merchants; the cool ever-blowing trade winds and healthy climate; the blue waters in which bathers revel the year round; indeed, all those charms that have made neighboring islands winter paradises for northern people. Given a larger American colony, and prompt and comfortable steamer service, there are big inducements here for private capital to erect a chain of American-conducted hotels on the green hills overlooking these shores.

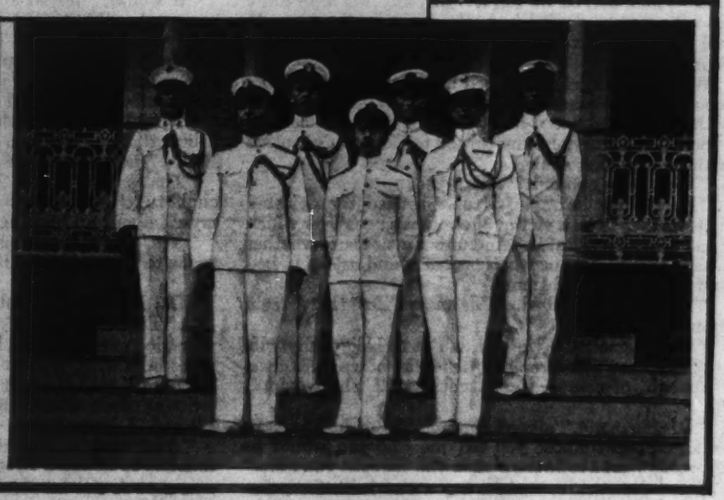
American or Danish

It adds a piquancy to these towns, even if it makes one reflect that we have forgotten to create an American atmosphere here, to find Danish traditions and customs still prevailing. The Danish settlers themselves are neighborly, industrious, and well-intentioned people; yet an American visiting the Islands remembers the enormous purchase price and wants at least an American atmosphere to show for it. In Charlotte Amalie, I heard the native band play "The Star Spangled Banner," and watched Old Glory rise to keep its daily vigil over the harbor; yet under its folds I saw the bust of a Danish king looking out over the harbor, as if it were still under his dominion.

The street corners still carry sign-posts bearing

FORCE, FORCE TO THE UTMOST--FORCE WITHOUT STINT OR LIMIT!
-WOODROW WILSON
LONGVIEW, TEXAS-
WASHINGTON, D.C.
CHICAGO, ILL -?
GIVING THE "HUN" A DOSE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE
SINCE THE GOVERNMENT WONT STOP MOB VIOLENCE ILL TAKE A HAND
THE NEW NEGRO

A cartoon from a revolutionary negro paper, printed in New York and circulated in the Virgin Islands by the Francis group



Admiral Oman and his staff — efficient administrators of the Islands

Danish street names, such as: "*Tolbodgade*," "*Kongegade*," etc., the last syllable in each case meaning "street." Larger than any American business inscriptions are such signs as "*Den Dansk Vandiske National Bank*" and "*Det Vestindiske Kompagnie*," These signs, it is true, have painted under them their English meanings, which are, respectively, "The National Bank of the Danish West Indies," and "The West India Company, Ltd."

The chief inconsistency with American customs is that of the money used on these Islands. Uncle Sam, when he bought them, made concessions to Denmark that do not appear to be "good business." The most glaring is the one made to the National Bank of the Danish West Indies, by which the exclusive "monopoly to issue bank notes" is continued for the term of years set forth in the original charter by the Danish government — until the year 1 34. Thus we have the anomaly of an American territory dealing for the next fifteen years almost exclusively in Danish money. The yearly budgets of the three islands is made up in terms of Danish francs — a franc being equal to 20 cents of United States money. I sent a porter into the post-office at St. Thomas to procure me change for a dollar bill, and he came back with five francs and a "bit" piece in his hand — the "bit" represented the premium allowed on the American dollar. To make matters simple for Americans, it is stated in English on each coin just what its value is in United States currency. On the notes, however, there is no such translation. You read in English that the bank will pay to the bearer on demand five francs in gold; the value of five francs is left for you to discover. When an American goes to draw a check for, say ten dollars, he writes its equivalent in Danish money.

The bank officials are accommodating, and American business men in the Islands find no fault with them — yet to permit this Danish institution to continue its peculiar monopoly implies that even at the beginning we forgot that new American business men might come to these Islands and want to use the currency to which they had been accustomed.

A Congressional Committee was appointed this Fall to examine into the condition of affairs on the Virgin Islands. Several months before that Committee undertook this work, McClure's Representative made a tour of these Islands, studying social, industrial and political conditions there. This article reveals the discouraging and startling conditions which our Senators and Representatives will find in our newest American possessions.

A planter stated with a chuckle that one of the reasons he voted for the income tax was that the Danisn bank would have to leave some of its large profits in the Islands, for the upkeep of the country, instead of sending them all to Denmark.

A humorous instance on Danish methods is found in the apothecary shops, one of which is located in each town. Each of the apothecaries had been granted by the Danish Crown the exclusive right to operate in its locality. When the announcement came of the purchase of the Islands by the United States, and when it became known that the Danish bank had been protected, the apothecaries complained to the king that they had been overlooked, and were now subject to American competition. Denmark had more money than she knew how to use. Here were loyal subjects who thought they had been injured. Money would salve their wounds. To each apothecary the king made a grant of $30,000. Two years have elapsed since then and each apothecary is doing business at the same stand, with no American rivals in sight. Business is booming. They carry side lines of American canned goods and confections. They will continue to prosper during their lifetime, and each has stowed away at good interest — $30,000.

The Benevolent Pooh-Bah

Like one of Gilbert and Sullivan's immortal characters, "Pooh-Bah," who filled simultaneously the office of First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Chamberlain, Attorney General, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Privy Purse and Private Secretary, is G. C. Thiele, who is Judge of the Town Court, Judge of the Dealing Court for the administration of debts, Police Master, and Member of the Colonial Council by appointment. As policemaster he arrests a man; as police judge he tries and sentences him. Hearing these things you enter his office in a critical mood, but you meet a modest, good-natured, obliging young man who smilingly confesses himself guilty to the crime of performing so many duties, and who ventures an explanation that makes you go back and reconstruct your preconceived opinion of him.

The reason is this: Until its new code of laws goes into effect several months hence, St. Thomas is being administered under the old Danish laws. Judge Thiele was formerly the assistant judge, and when his superior resigned he took his place. He is of Danish birth, but when the transfer was made he gladly complied with that section of the treaty that permitted him to become an American citizen. He then was perhaps the only man in St. Thomas who thoroughly understood the [*Continued on page 70*]

"Home, Sweet Home"

Here is a Scream of a Story

by Salisbury Field

Author of "Twin Beds"

Illustrations by Peter Newell

IT was toward two o'clock of a summer's morning that Officer Corrigan entered the Locust Street Police Station convoying a bewildered and dejected little man. Jimmy Briggs, reporter for *The Morning Press*, who happened to be present at the time, surveyed the good-natured big Irishman and his diminutive prize with interest.

"What you got, Corrigan?" he asked.

"You can search me, Jimmy," Corrigan replied. "Maybe he's sick like he said he was but now says he ain't — and maybe he ain't. Anyway, his wife ain't his wife, and he don't live in the house he lives in. If you want to know any more, you'd better talk to him yourself."

With that, Corrigan crossed to the desk to make his report to the Sergeant, a grizzled, barrel-shaped man with a face of iron and heart as soft as a marshmallow.

Scenting a story, Jimmy turned to Corrigan's captive with an engaging smile.

"Well, how about it?" he asked.

"Everything he says is true," replied the dejected little man. "I'm a victim of circumstances over which I had control but lost it. And now I'm not sure whether I have the disease, or whether I'm sound asleep in bed and this is all a nightmare."

"You're not in bed. I'll answer for that," said Jimmy.

"Well, somebody's in bed, if I'm to believe my wife — if she is my wife," replied the victim of circumstance. "Though, of course, if I'm not myself, she wouldn't be."

"Of course not," agreed Jimmy. "But just for sake of argument, suppose you tell me who you would be if you happened to be the person you thought you were."

The little man favored Jimmy with a look of admiration. "Now we're beginning to get somewhere," he said. "It would be a blessing if the police force was composed of men as intelligent as yourself."

"It would," agreed Jimmy. "But that's too much to expect. What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say. But my name should be William McMasters, and I should live at 2327 Elm Avenue. I've an envelope in my pocket addressed to that name and number," he added eagerly. "Here!"

Jimmy took the envelope and examined it with due deliberation. "William McMasters, 2327 Elm Avenue. Right!" he said. "We'll call this Exhibit A."

"That's fine," said Mr. McMasters. "Maybe I ought to tell you, though, that I addressed that envelope myself about an hour ago."

"Yes," said Jimmy gravely, "I think you owed it to me to tell me that. Been out with the boys?"

MR. McMasters replied sadly in the affirmative. "That's the worst of it," he said. "I may not always do the right thing, but I always want to. Besides, you know what women are."

"Sure!" said Jimmy, who, being twenty-four, knew twice as much about women as he would at forty-eight. "Sure! I know."

"And even if that envelope I gave you doesn't amount to much, I've still got this." Mr. McMasters now gravely produced a key from his pocket and handed it to Jimmy.

"Correct," said Jimmy, taking the key. "Exhibit B. Exactly. We're doing pretty well."

"So now," said Mr. McMasters, "you know all."

"Well," admitted Jimmy, "I do know more than I did. But if your name is McMasters, and you do live at 2327 Elm Avenue, and Exhibit B is, as I suspect, the key to your front door — then why don't you go home?"

"Ah!" replied Mr. McMasters. "That's it. You see, when I should have gone home I didn't want to, and when I did go home that policeman brought me here. Of course he may have been right, for my wife is an exceptional woman, and if her husband was really in bed . . ."

"Excuse me," said Jimmy hastily. "Before we go into that I'd like to have a talk with the officer that brought you in."

"All right," said Mr. McMasters. "Only I would like to find out whether that key fits the front door of the house I was telling you about before I go to jail."

"Cheer up!" said Jimmy. "You're not going to jail."

"But I am in jail," objected Mr. McMasters.

"No, you're not," said Jimmy. "This isn't jail, it's only a police station. Now try and pull yourself together while I have a talk with Corrigan, and then maybe I'll take you home."

"It's a frame house," said McMasters wistfully, "a white frame house with green shutters. And there's a monkey-puzzle tree in the backyard."

Alas! The only result of Jimmy's interview with Officer Corrigan was to deepen the mystery.

"He's a nut, I'm telling you," declared that worthy man. "I was there, so I ought to know. The thing to do is to take him over to the Receiving Hospital and have the Doc put him into bed. When he wakes up maybe he'll know what's what."

"But how about my story?" protested Jimmy. "If he goes to sleep, then he can't talk, and I'm sure there's something behind all this."

"All right," said Corrigan. "If you enjoy hearing him rave, go to it. Only don't forget to put him to bed like I said when you're through with him."

"I'll not forget," said Jimmy. "Though I may be taking him home, instead. You see, he has a monkey-puzzle tree in his backyard, and I've an idea I can solve it. If it is his backyard."

And Jimmy Briggs did just this. So now we come to the story. It all hinged on two yards of scrim. If two yards of scrim had not been needed for the bathroom window, it never would have happened. So this story properly begins with the bathroom window; or, to be exact, with the neighbors who moved in next door. For so long as the neighboring house stood empty, there had been no necessity for curtains, the bathroom window being far above the ranging eye of the butcher's boy, the baker's boy and the iceman. With the advent of neighbors, however, the necessity for scrim was soon apparent.

Irene McMasters mentioned this necessity to her lord and master at breakfast one Sunday morning.

"William," she said, "to-morrow, on your way home, I want you to stop at Hamlin and Starr's and buy two yards of scrim."

"Whafor?" mumbled William, his eyes glued on his newspaper, his mouth full of buttered toast.

"The bathroom window," replied his wife.

"Better remind me to-morrow morning," said William.

"I will," said his wife. "Now, if you're through, take your paper outside while I clear up."

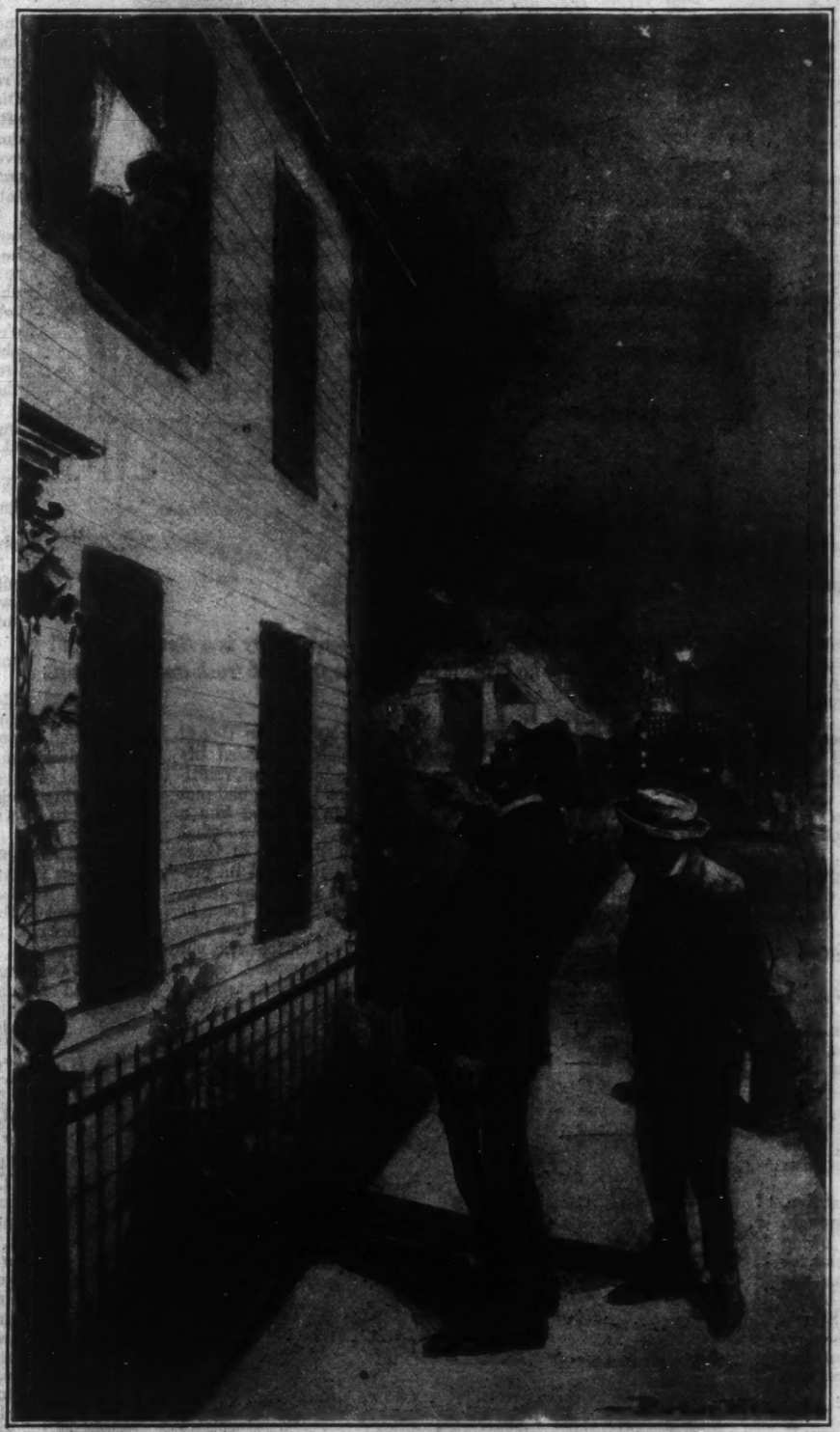
With that, she rose from the table and began collecting the dishes.

Although William had rather counted on a third cup of coffee, he saw at once that breakfast was officially over. So with a perfunctory "Can I help you?" voiced in the tone husbands use when an affirmative answer is neither expected nor desired, he departed; and a moment later we find him seated in the shade of the monkey-puzzle tree in his backyard reading the sporting page of *The Morning Press*. Purchased ten years before in a moment of arboreal extravagance, the monkey-puzzle tree—or, if you care to call it by its vulgar Latin name, the *auricaria banderlogis*—was a source of great satisfaction to William. Having tended it all these years with anxious care, its serpentine, weaving branches now rewarded him with a grateful if meager shade.

AS for the sporting page of *The Morning Press!* If there was one thing in the world William loved, it was his morning's morning in the shape of epic tidings from track, gridiron, diamond and Homeric happenings from the prize ring. He could tell you, without stopping to think, what horse won the Kentucky Futurity in 1900, how many battles Jake Kilrain fought, who pitched the greatest number of shutout games in the National League the year of the San Francisco earthquake. He was a little weak on yachting—he admitted it. But he knew all the prominent golf players by name and handicap, and could have edited a "Who's Who in Tennis" without consulting anything but a blue pencil. In short, he was the answer to that question: Why is a Sporting Page? which newspaper readers of sedentary lives and imaginations so often ask.

Though possessed of this large fund of knowledge, William was fiercely partisan in his likes and dislikes. He had his favorite baseball player, his favorite racehorse, his favorite prize-fighter. He had even his favorite actress, but as she was not Maude Adams, he did not relate this interesting fact to his wife.

In short, William was a hero worshiper. And if he found his heroes on the pink page of *The Morning Press* instead of in old chronicles and old romances, who shall say he was the loser thereby? At least his heroes were alive. And one can't help thinking, at times, that perhaps the gilded heroes of the past are—well, gilded; and that we would probably have regarded them with



"No, Officer," she said, "that isn't my husband. My husband is in bed and asleep." William couldn't believe his ears!

aversion had we lived across the street from them.

The monkey-puzzle tree and the sporting page, then, were William's special property. Irene's special property included everything else on their 50 by 150 foot lot. The house was supremely hers. Hers then and that trained the trumpet vine to follow the chimney skyward; hers the voice that had directed the painter to paint the shutters green; hers the inherent modesty that had demanded scrim curtains for the bathroom.

On this particular Sunday morning, all was peaceful and serene. Yet there was a wistful look in William's eyes: he had just finished reading an account of a prize-fight that was to take place next evening at the Eighth Avenue Arena—twenty rounds for a decision between Battling Belknap and Knockout Kelly.

How he would love to see it! There hadn't been a prize-fight in the city for years. Public Opinion, or, to be more exact, the State Legislature, had seen to that. But times had changed, and Public Opinion, after demanding that countless men and boys should become proficient in the art of killing Germans, had decided that prize-fighting wasn't such a brutal business after all.

So prize-fighting was to come in at the door, and booze-fighting was to fly out of the window. Hail and farewell! But as yet, the latter, soon to become a lost art, was still a licensed recreation. Life was not yet all skittles.

IT might as well nave been, however, as far as William was concerned. For though Battling Kelly was his own particular hero, though he could tell you in detail the history of every ring battle his hero had ever fought, William knew that he stood no more chance than a rabbit of ever seeing his hero perform any of those fistic marvels for which he was so justly famous. Irene, alas! did not approve of prize-fighting.

True, as nominal head of the family, William might have asserted himself. But he didn't, for the reason that, as actual head of the family, Irene wouldn't have allowed it. So he thought wistfully of the glorious spectacle he would never see—blazing lights—crowded arena—his hero in green shorts driving the already doomed Battling Belknap before him in the squared circle and finally landing his celebrated right on the tip of opponent's jaw. Result, a knock-out in—well, to be conservative—four rounds. And he, William McMasters, wouldn't be there to see it!

Joe Walker, his neighbor, would go. And when he got home there would be a bottle of beer and a plate of sandwiches for him in the icebox. That's the kind of a wife Joe Walker had.

Of course Joe's wife wasn't refined like Irene. And she did cheat at bridge. But there were other things in life besides refinement—great, glorious, primitive things!

William held the highly responsible position of bookkeeper—M to X—in the Merchants' and Traders' Bank. Responsible for the daily balances of all depositors whose names began with the last thirteen letters of the alphabet, his the important task of separating the financial sheep from such financial goats as were inclined to overdraw their bank accounts. When the paying teller sent him an S. O. S. he had but to consult his ledger to tell at a glance whether Abraham Zoalsky's cheque for $26.69 was to be honored, or returned to the indignant holder with those maddening words, "Insufficient Funds," stamped in purple ink across its face. This, then, was William's daily task.

Precisely, at half-past eight each weekday morning, he left his white frame house with green shutters, his ample wife, Irene, and his precious monkey-puzzle tree for his high stool in the Merchants' and Traders' Bank. But he didn't leave the sporting page of *The Morning Press;* he took it with him to read on the trolley-car on his way downtown.

On this particular Monday morning the sporting page fairly sizzled with interest. The Battling Belknap-Knockout Kelly fight was to be staged that evening. Honest John Murphy had consented to act as referee—

Philadelphia Gates, the well-known sportsman, had wagered ten thousand dollars that Battling Belknap wouldn't last ten rounds—Bugs Nelson, the Mad Swede, would challenge the winner—The Reverend Joseph Day protested against: "*this brutal exhibition which cannot but lower the morale of our fair city*"—Opposed to this, the famous fighting Chaplain of the immortal Bear-cat Division, was recorded as saying: "*Belknap and Kelly both fought the good fight in France. They are fine fellows and I am proud of them. Tell the boys I'll be there.*"

So, on the sporting page, the new spirit of Christianity—the 1920 model—challenged the god of the ancient one-cylinder machine. But, alas, the one-cylinder machine carried many passengers. And one of these passengers was William's wife. William sighed frequently as he turned the pages of his ledger that fateful day.

Hamlin and Starr's Department Store is exactly three squares south of the Merchants' and Traders' Bank. The day's work accomplished, William remembered that Irene had directed him to purchase two yards of scrim. So, instead of walking north on Third Street, as was his habit, he turned south. And now the baleful influence of scrim becomes apparent. For it was on his way to Hamlin and Starr's that he met Mr. Phipps.

"Buy you a cigar," said Mr. Phipps, indicating an adjacent cigar store.

"You're on," said William.

"You gents are just in time," said the clerk, as he returned the depleted cigar-box to the shelf. "They're just two chances left, and as soon as they're gone we'll have the drawing."

In short, William was the answer to the question: "Why is a Sporting Page" If there was one thing he loved it was tidings from the track and prize ring.

After listening to the explanation which followed, Mr. Phipps declared himself. "I'll take one chance," he said, "and I guess my friend will take the other."

"Nothing doing," said William firmly. "You see, I wouldn't be able to use it if I won."

"If you win, I'll give you ten dollars for it—cash," said the clerk.

"Aw be a sport!" said Mr. Phipps.

That settled it. Producing two dimes and a nickel, William laid them on the counter. He'd show Phippsy whether he was a sport or not!

Mr. Phipps, agreeably disappointed in his friend, now paid over his quarter.

"We're all set," said the clerk. "Wonder who's going to be the lucky guy!"

"Don't make me laugh," said an officious stranger. "Sold fifty chances, you did, at two-bits each, on something that only cost ten dollars. You should worry about who's the lucky guy!"

"Go chase yourself!" said the clerk. Then, turning to William, he said: "The drawing takes place at half-past five sharp. Here's your number."

As it was already almost half-past five, William decided to stay and see it through. There was, however, some delay, owing to the clerk's insisting that they wait for Al. So, by the time the drawing was over, and the prize awarded to the holder of the lucky number, Hamlin and Starr's Department Store was closed for the day. Not only that, but, as you have doubtless guessed; it was William McMasters, who won the prize.

TRUE to his promise, the clerk, immediately offered him ten dollars for it.

"Not on your life!" said William.

And the prize? O, shades of scrim! It was a ticket—a beautiful pink ticket for a ringside seat for the Battling Belknap-Knockout Kelly fight.

Figure it out for yourself. Irene had never asked him to buy scrim before in all the twelve years they'd been married. Why, then, must she choose this particular day for it, thereby sending him straight as an arrow to the ringside seat his heart longed for? And Mr. Phipps! Until that day he hadn't seen Phippsy for a blue moon. And then those fifty chances—one chance in fifty of winning the ticket!

Multiply twelve years of completely married life by fifty chances, add the length of a blue moon, multiply the result by the number of times William had met Mr. Phipps when Mr. Phipps hadn't offered him a cigar, and, if you are good at figures, you'll know what the odds were against it. Yet, in the face of these tremendous odds, the pink ticket had found its predestined owner. It was fate! But there was Irene.

William was sure he'd never be able to tell Irene he was going to a prize-fight. He wanted to tell her. He knew he ought to tell her. But if he told her, she wouldn't let him go. So he was tempted, sorely tempted, to tell her a lie. That he resisted the temptation was, alas, entirely due to the fact that he couldn't think of a convincing one, and he knew Irene wouldn't believe him if he told her any other kind. So he didn't tell her anything. He simply didn't go home to dinner.

"Aw, be a sport!" said Mr. Phipps

Irene, expecting both her William and her two yards of scrim, waited dinner a half hour, then ate her mutton chop and spinnach in grim silence. True, there was no one to talk to but Dicky, the canary bird. But she often tossed a pleasant word to Dicky during meal-times. To-night, however, she felt in no mood for canary conversation; she was extremely irritated with William.

Why was he so late? He had no business to be late. The very least he could do, when late like this, was to telephone. And he hadn't telephoned. As the minutes passed, irritation gave place to alarm. Nine o'clock came—still no William. Unable to stand the suspense longer, Irene put on her hat and ran over to the Walkers.

Joe Walker had gone to that disgusting prizefight, but Rose, his wife, was at home.

"Don't you worry," she said. "Your William isn't in any hospital, and he hasn't met with an accident."

"But you can't possibly know that," objected William's wife.

"Yes, I can," said Rose. "When men go on the loose, they don't get run over by taxicabs and trolley cars until lots later in the evening than this is."

"But William isn't that kind of a man," his wife protested.

"All men are that kind," declared Rose, "only some hold in longer than The trouble with William is, you don't give him enough rope. Give your husband rope, that's what I always say. I give my John all the rope he needs, and always, before he gets to the end of it, he comes flying back like a homing pigeon. That's the only way to do with husbands—give 'em rope."

WELL, I hope William is all right," said Irene. "I guess I'll go now. He may be home by this time."

Home! At that very moment, her William, in his ringside seat at the Eighth Avenue Arena was cheering himself hoarse. Knockout Kelly had just stepped into the ring.

Round One was a sore disappointment to William, for instead of "mixing it," the sole idea of the principals in this fight of fights seemed to be to avoid each other.

"'Taint a prize-fight, it's a Marathon."

"Go on, you Kelly!"

"My grandmother can lick the two' of you!'

"Get busy, you Belknap!"

"A little pep! For the love of Mike, a little pep!"

The arena rang with cries of encouragement, shouts of derision. But the fighters kept on as they'd begun. Keenly watchful, they circled and feinted, advanced and retreated; they were feeling each other out.

In the Second Round, however, things began to happen. Sharp, jabbing blows were exchanged; upper-cuts were cut loose; Belknap stopped a jab with his eye. On the whole, Battling Kelly seemed to have had a shade the best of it.

His faith restored in his hero, William lighted a large cigar and beamed happily on the assembled multitude. Great stuff! He'd tell the world it was. Battling Belknap was a bum. Outclassed from the start. Nothing to it.

The Third Round started with a rush. But, alas! it was a Belknap rush.

Kelly was against the ropes!

Kelly was clinching to avoid punishment!

Kelly was down!

One, two, three....

Would he never get up?

Four, five, six....

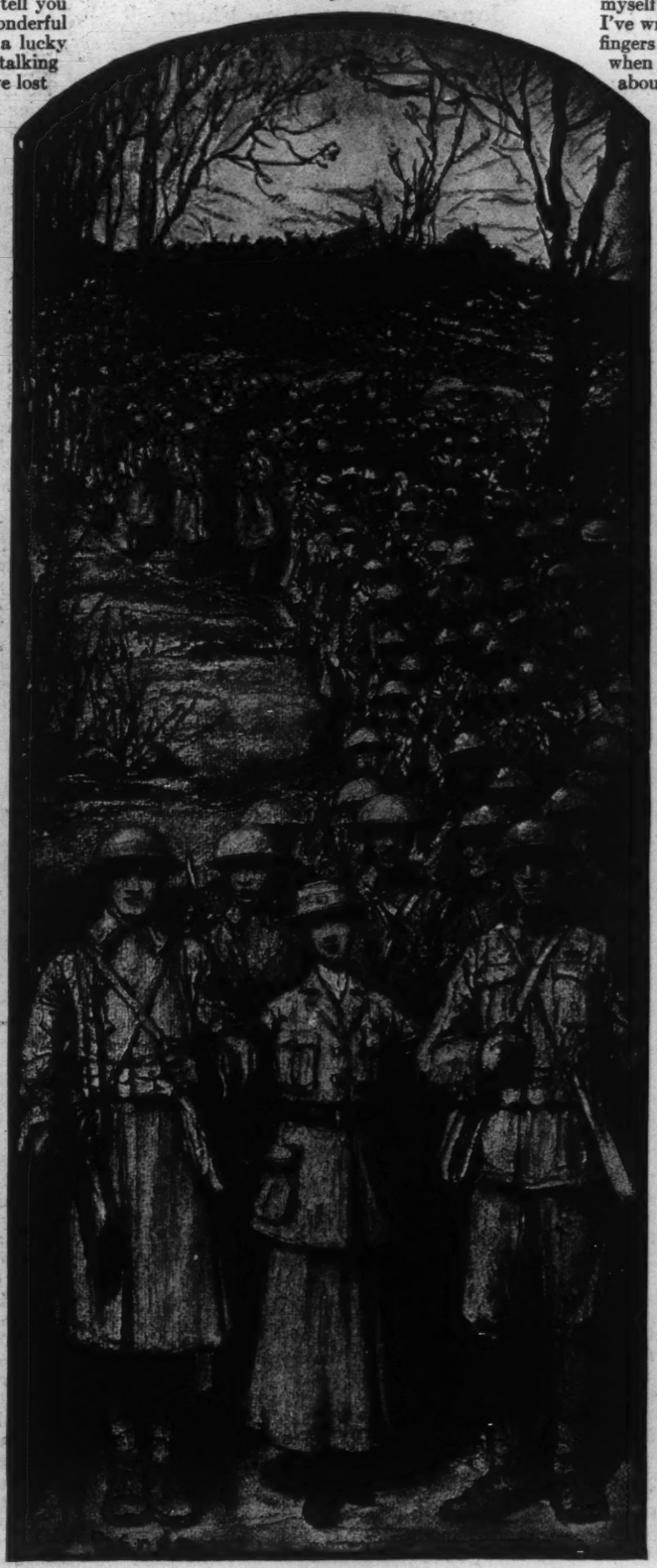
It was all over. [*Continued on page 52*]

My A. E. F.

A Hail and Farewell Before The Gallant Adventure Fades

by Frances Newbold Noyes

Illustration by W. T. Benda



BECAUSE you are the best thing that ever happened to me in my life, I want to tell you so, my A. E. F. You were the most wonderful playmate—the truest comrade—that a lucky girl ever had, and I can't let you go without talking to you just once more. I can't realize that I have lost you—that all the world has lost you—that in such a little while you will have passed like a dream in the night; you, so vivid that you seemed eternal, so alive that it seemed that you could never die, swinging along with that incredible blending of dignity and impudence, a flash of white teeth and shining eyes lighting up your lean young face, singing and swearing in the same breath; never too weary to swagger a little—and God knows that sometimes you were mortally weary; never too bitter to find a jest—and sometimes, my A. E. F., you were bitter; never too rough to fail in gentleness—and there were times when no Sunday-school in the universe would have awarded you a diploma. But no more gallant figure ever swung through the ages than you in your bright youth and your drab khaki; you, with the dreams of an old world and the vision of a new behind you.

How can you be just a memory, who were more alive than Life itself? You were more friend than any friend that I have ever had, dearer than any love, the comrade that we go seeking all our lives. When you saw me standing there by the road down which you were striding, your hand came out to me quicker than thought, and you swung me along with you, small and breathless and a little frightened, because you were so big that I was wondering whether I could keep up with you, or whether I mightn't be only a bother, after all.

But you swore that it was easier to walk with my hand in yours; you never laughed when I took three steps to your one; you never let me go. You made me feel that I was your pal, and your slave, and your goddess—and it's a lucky girl who has even one man to make her feel that. I had a thousand!

There were very few things that we didn't try together. I've served you everything from soup to doughnuts; sold you everything from cigarettes to postage-stamps. I've given you everything from ice-cream to good advice—and my heart; I've hiked hundreds of miles with you, and danced, I verily believe, thousands; I've sung every song that you ever sang, from the days when we passionately demanded, "Where do we go from here, boys?" to the days when we even more passionately queried, "How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm?" And when we sang, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" I didn't substitute "deuce," either. I've ridden with you in side-cars and trucks, freight-cars and river-boats, busses and airplanes; I've played auction and pinocle, pitch and poker with you, and I've even shot craps. I've ruined innumerable perfectly good games, in spite of the fact that I am able to reason fluently with that adamant young creature, Phoebe Five, and fully understand that four aces beat two pair; but if a fellow has to cut out any language more fervent than "Gee," and can't play for even a quarter of a *centime* it takes away some of the first fine careless rapture of the game, doesn't it? And I can pay no higher tribute to your splendid chivalry and superb mendacity, my A. E. F., than by saying that never, never did you fail to make me feel that the party would have been a dismal failure without me.

I have been in hospitals with you when you were dying, and I had to smile at you; and when I thought that I was dying, I had to smile at myself—and that was a good deal the easier of the two. I've written your letters for you, when you hadn't any fingers to write with, or when you hadn't any words; when you had been so brave that you couldn't tell them about it, or when you had been so weak. I think that I have looked at seven hundred and eighty thousand photographs that you carried with you, and once in a while the lady has been so devastatingly plain that I've barely been able to murmer a feeble "Hasn't she got a nice straight look in her eyes?" and the baby has been so fantastically ugly that I've just managed to gasp heartily, but ambiguously, "Well, that *is* a baby!" But oh, I've loved them all.

I have taught you my French, and you have taught me yours—and they're both very good languages. I may also state that though the Alexandrines of Racine and Corneille, those companions of my childhood, may grow dimmer and dimmer with age, I firmly expect to go down to my grave saying, "*Beaucoup francs*" and "*Ça ne fait rien*" and "*Pas compris.*" "*Ah, oui,*" my A. E. F., we are citizens of the same far country and speakers of the same tongue—I'll say we are!

You've taught me more than your language, my A. E. F. You've taught me that there is nothing better than the average man—the man who is building bridges in Oregon and planting corn in Iowa, driving a truck in Newark or an engine in Nebraska; that whether he has a cattle ranch in Texas or a hardware store in Tennessee he is of the stuff of which heroes and comrades are made—because he is the A. E. F.—he is you.

I don't idolize you, for all that I love you; well, well do I know your faults—did you ever hide them? Intolerant, arrogant, over-confident, taking for granted that the best is none too good for you; to swift too draw conclusions, too slow to relinquish them; sure that if things are not done as you would do them, they must be done wrong; reckless of consequences to yourself and others—no saint, my A. E. F. But you are the average American, and you are more generous, more chivalrous, more humorous and gentle and gallant and strong and fine than any knight of Arthur's court—and a little maid whose comrade you were for so many weary months will love and honor you until she dies. Because you did something for her that she can never repay—no, not though she served you all her life with the hands and feet and heart and head that were so eager to help you. You took the world that she lived in—her little, narrow, pretty world, full of furs and frills and flowers and foolish, pleasant things—you took her little world and made it safe for democracy.

DEMOCRACY! We learned that the railroad engineer was as good a fellow as the railroad magnate; that the railroad magnate is just as good a fellow as the engineer. Because we weren't snobs, were we, my A. E. F.? We weren't snobbish even about the upper classes; they were all right when you got to know them. You see, they were that vague generality, Humanity, and you learned how ridiculously unimportant were the great accidents of birth and fortune. Why, the only man that we ever knew who could be cheerful and K. P. at the same time was a Harvard graduate whose income ran into higher mathematics!

And because I've loved you so—because we were such pals—I want you to come back to me just once, my A. E. F., before you leave me forever.

[*Continued on page 44*]

The Last of The Duellists

A Gleaming and Brilliant Romance of To-day

by Perceval Gibbon

Illustration by

James Montgomery Flagg

BELOW the veranda where, arm in arm, they leaned upon the balustrade, the early summer foliage of the garden poured in a faintly-rustling cascade to the lake's edge; beyond it, the wide waters of Como, upon which the night floated like a presence, had yet a last dim tinge of the sunset red. Neither spoke; they leaned, gazing, shoulder against shoulder, in that silence which is the eloquence of perfect companionship; till at last the bride, with a little sound like a sigh, withdrew her hand from her husband's arm and stood upright.

He rose likewise and stood facing her. "Yes," he said slowly, as though he answered some spoken word of hers. "Yes, it's like — it's like overhearing a prayer, isn't it?"

She lowered her head in a deliberate nod of understanding and agreement. She was tall, scarcely half a head less tall than he; in the light of the windows that gave upon the veranda she showed as a shimmering white shape, slenderly young; her face, with the great dark eyes, was lustrous in the shadow.

"I will go in now," she said, in the strong low voice of Italy that makes music out of speech. "This — " her gesture was toward the spaces of the night — "and this hour, they make me want to cry: and it is too soon for you to see me cry, Warren."

"Lucia!" They had been married a bare ten days; he reached out long arms and gathered her to him. "What's all this about crying? Don't you know I'd die before I'd —— "

"Hush!" she said. "You don't understand, dear. I said — too soon to *see* me cry."

"But — " he would have interrupted; she lifted her face to his, her slender body surrendered to the clasp of his arms.

"I have cried many times since we came here," she said, almost in a whisper. "When you have been away from me and could not see. Such crying, Warren: all my heart going out in tears because I was so happy — so terribly happy, dear. That is strange to you — yes?"

He bent toward her willing lips. "No," he answered. "It's — it's not as strange to me as you might think, Lucia."

"Beloved!"

From across the lake the lights of a village, strung out between mountain and shore, watched them; and there was a ripple of water beyond the garden-foot as though a boat moved in the darkness. The sound of it reached to them in their privacy; the bride disengaged herself gently.

"Now," she said. "I will go in. And you — you will smoke a cigar in the garden — yes?"

"You'd rather I didn't come in with you?" he asked doubtfully.

"You shall smoke your cigar like always, thinking of me," she answered.

He stood to watch her as she glided toward the open French window, and became suddenly clear to see, in the soft light that shone from the room within, slender and supple in her vital and abundant youth, alluring with the early ripeness of the South. She paused upon the threshold to smile back at him, framed in the subdued radiance of the tall window like a figure in a lit shrine; then passed within. Warren Lisle let go his breath like a man in a sudden excitement.

IT was from that vision, and companioned by the memory and the sense of it, that presently he passed under the trees of the garden toward the low wall that overlooked the lake, the glow of his cigar alternately reddening and fading upon his face. He was a tall young man, still some two or three years short of thirty; and neither the ateliers of Paris, where he had studied the art of painting, nor the studios of Rome, where he practised it, had availed to eradicate the personal quality — a sort of boyishness that is formidable and a manhood that is boyish — which Europe recognizes as the brand of the American. A strain of Italian blood, that reached him on his mother's side, had saved him from the character of the rich man who plays at being a painter; it showed in a certain vivacity of countenance and gesture, quieted now as he strolled.

He came forth from under the roof of leaves to the immense dome of the summer night where the quiet water lapped sleepily against the marble steps of the water-gate. The sunset tinge had died by now; great stars made a radiance over him; and for the moment, after the deeper darkness beneath the trees, things were blurred for him. It was some seconds before he perceived the man who sat on the stone-rail beside the steps or the skiff that lay at the foot of them.

It was the boat, jarring against the marble, that called his attention. He moved forward to look at it, and then he was aware of the man — a black figure against the pale marble, with a gleam of white face under a broad hat, watching him motionlessly. His mood of dreaming broke like glass under a blow; for an instant he was abominably startled.

"Who are you?" he demanded sharply.

THE stranger rose, a man as tall as Lisle, and bowed ceremoniously, with doffed hat. His motion, and the cloak he wore, flung over his shoulder in the fashion of the country, gave him the aspect of a character of melodrama.

"Signor Lisle?" he inquired.

"Yes," said Lisle. "What is it?"

He spoke harshly, resentful of the thrill of alarm that had touched him. The other nodded, still holding his hat in his hand. It was possible to see him now — a man of middle age, lean-bodied, with stooping shoulders under the great draped cloak, and a thin face with pointed black beard. As Lisle spoke, his teeth shone white in a smile.

"I shall have the honor to give you my card," he said, in English. His hand came forth from under the folds of his cloak and he tendered the slip of white pasteboard. "My card," he repeated, as Lisle made no motion to take it. "I must ask the Signor to accept it so that I may explain why I am here."

His voice was even and precise; it was not any quality of the tone so much as something in the man's whole attitude and demeanor, a kind of sinister levity masked under a show of formality, that suggested a particular intention behind the words. Lisle took the card and blew his cigar to a glow by which he could read it. The other replaced his hat and watched him from the shadow of its wide brim as from an ambush.

"*Cavaliere Donatello Ruffini*," read Lisle, slowly.

"You do not know the name, Signor? No?" The level voice had the hint of a sneer in it now. "But that is no matter. I have come on behalf of the Count Ugo Mantovani — a name that *is* known to you, that one! — to request you to give me the name of a friend."

"Oh!" Lisle stared at him; then removed the cigar very deliberately from his mouth. "Look here! What are you talking about?"

The other did not move. "It is not clear?" he asked.

"No," said Lisle. "It isn't. I find you sitting on my steps, late at night, watching my house. Then you give me a card and tell me you want the name of a friend. What d'you mean by it? You aren't trying to propose a duel to me, are you?"

His temper was rising on edge. He had a vague sense that the man before him was enjoying himself, that though he had listened without a word or a gesture, there was an emanation from him of derision and contempt.

"A duel," repeated the other, equably. "Then it *was* clear, after all!"

"Well, I'm damned!" exclaimed Lisle. He was on the point of lifting a fist and knocking the fellow down the steps to his boat. But the stranger went on, in the toneless voice that none the less galled and infuriated, and he paused to hear him.

"It is true that my visit has some appearance of irregularity," he said. "But since the matter is urgent and it was possible to arrive here in a boat from my hotel, it was best not to delay. But upon landing, I sat down to wait, since I perceived that the Signor was not alone."

He motioned with his head toward the villa. Lisle, turning his head, could see that the veranda stood in full sight, with the windows at the back throwing into relief whatever should happen there. The man had seen that he was not alone — had sat, of course, like a spectator in a theater, watching at his ease through those moments, great with passion, holy with beauty, when Lucia had leaned on his breast and told him of her tears. The blood sang in his ears as he turned back to the man.

"And now I'm going to throw you into the lake," he said.

Cavaliere Donatello Ruffini did not move as the younger man strode up to him. He was like an absurd bird, with his thin legs upholding the cloak-wrapped man of his body; he was ridiculous, with his ceremony and his polished English, and vile with the hate that radiated from him and the preposterous mission he had accepted. But he did not move or shrink. Instead, he began again to speak, and once more Lisle found his purpose deflected by the mere voice.

"No, Signor. I cannot allow you to do that," he said, evenly as ever. "Count Ugo Mantovani has been sufficiently injured by you; you must not attempt to lay hands upon his second. So, if you will give me the name of a friend —— "

Lisle swore; the whole affair was like an insane nightmare. "Mantovani!" he cried. "Why, I've hardly spoken to the man! What the blazes does he think he's got against me?"

"Does Signor Lisle ask that seriously?" The stranger shrugged, expressing somehow in the single movement a worldful of disdainful incredulity. "Is it possible that the *Circolo dei Stanieri* — the new Foreigners' Club — in Rome is already forgotten? *Ma chè!*"

"Oh!"

"So you recall it," said the Cavaliere. "That is satisfactory. And now if you will give me the name of a friend, the matter can be arranged at once, since Count Ugo Mantovani is at Como."

"Wait while I think a moment," said Lisle.

THE stone rail of the water-gate was beside him and he sat down; the Cavaliere, disposing his cloak expertly, sat opposite to him; between them the wet marble steps went down to the water. The matter, then, had a certain seriousness, for the prestige of the duel dies hard; and among the fistless races it can still be difficult to hold up one's head among one's fellowmen if one will not guard it with the sword. Count Ugo Mantovani had proposed himself for membership in the club of Rome, and Lisle, passing the word around among his friends, had secured his rejection. He had nothing to regret about it; the man was impossible. While the Cavaliere, sitting like the stuffed figure of a man, watched him from his seat, he was recalling, with his painter's memory for scenes, the occasion of his meeting with Mantovani, in the Aragus café on the Corso. The Count was newly notorious for a ferocious duel at Trieste; he had escaped by boat to Venice, leaving a dead youth and a woman's shattered reputation as mementos of his visit; and when he entered the crowded café there was a hush in the clatter of talk and a turning of heads to look at the great theatrical creature, conscious of his conspicuousness and posturing for admiration as he moved between the tables. His great height, the power and trained litheness of his body, could not redeem the arrogance and vanity of his face and the mountebank airs of him as he swaggered before his audience. He had served in various armies and snatched at profit in revolutions and *coups d'état* all over the world; he was eminent in the little band of professed duellists who are still spared to a prosaic world; and he gave to his exploits and slaughter, by the defects of his manner and personality,

the meretricious quality of cheap melodrama. For Lisle, he was a figure of sheer disgust.

"Well?" The Cavaliere, anxious to go on with the game, broke into his thoughts. "You have chosen among your friends, Signor?"

Lisle looked up at him. He was more birdlike than ever, perched upon the stone seat, a monstrous carrion-fowl, fed upon the fruit of duels. The night was about him, magic and mystic; he had rowed himself over those waters of romance, a shadow steering itself among shadows. For him, the beauty that has inspired poets since poetry was born did not exist; but duels were real; duels were commonplace and in the natural order of things.

"Your throat, villain — come here with that throat!" came the terrible voice

"Yes," said Lisle, suddenly. "Raymond — that's his name; Barry Raymond. He's an attache in our Embassy; I guess that's good enough for you. And now, here's something I want to know. This Mantovani's fellow, he knew I'd just been married, didn't he? Ten days ago to-day — he knew that?"

The question seemed to disconcert the Cavaliere; he hesitated.

"It is possible ——" he began.

Lisle broke in impatiently. "Cut that out," he said. "He'd found out I was here, so he knew. Didn't he know?"

The Cavaliere shrugged. "In point of fact, he knew," he answered. "It was not a secret, and, of course he could not allow that to——"

"That'll do," interrupted Lisle. "He was going to strike at us both — me and my wife at once; like when he murdered that helpless boy at Trieste. Well, just for that; I'll fight. I'll write Barry to-night and he'll come running. Where'll he find you?"

"I am at the Grand Hotel, Signor Lisle, "replied the Cavaliere.

"Right!" said Lisle, briskly. "Barry'll find you. And look here — just one more thing!" [*Continued on page 65*]

"I suppose," she suggested in a voice too slurring sweet, "that Marston's will seem awfully slow after being 'over there"

The World Is Full of Them

Ideas, We Mean But—Then Again We May Mean Girls

by Royal Brown

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

IN the girl's eyes there was something close — oh, very close — to disdain. Of this, however, Jimmie Gillespie was blissfully ignorant. The little cares that had bothered him yesterday had slipped away, along perhaps with the O. D. uniform he had slipped out of last night. As for the girl, he had only just met her and as yet he hadn't bothered to pay much attention to her which may, conceivably, have had something to do with the fact that she was disdainful.

"The Watching the Rhine stuff has nothing on this," he assured, not so much her, as the world at large.

The glance she favored him with revealed the fact that her eyes were an admirable shade of blue.

"Really!" she drawled, in a tone that had a selvage of sarcasm.

He missed this, too. "You bet!" he exploded, boyishly.

One eyebrow went up and the other stayed where it was, as she gave him an aloof stare of appraisal. Though it was already late November he was still healthily tanned. Had she not been prejudiced she would have admitted that he wasn't bad looking — he had gray eyes and close-cropped, sunburnt fair hair. As it was, she let her eyes wander from his face as if she had found nothing there to warrant further consideration and, placing one hand on the hip of a black frock of that dignified simplicity whose marriage to perfection of line is always accounted a costly function, she proceeded to look unconscious of his presence.

Around them was the dull gleam of much mahogany; the glow of well polished brasses, the white glitter of silver, the sparkle of jewels and the exquisite, exotic tints of lustreful silks and satins running a gamut of color that made the rainbow seem obvious and sophisticated. Overhead, great bronze bowls hung pendant; bowls into which it seemed sunshine must have been poured until it flowed over and splashed on the riches below. An orchestra played in the distance; on the air hung the haunting appeal of elusive, costly fragrances.

It was what Jimmie Gillespie had been bred to. Now, savoring it for the first time in many months, he took a large breath into lungs that had been thoroughly renovated and enlarged. Life did not loom so darkly as it had yesterday. True, he had a war record about which he felt apologetic; he had been returned to his native land so belatedly that even the welcoming words on the victory arches — those that still remained — were weather-beaten and worn. There were no bands, no banners for him; the only concern anybody had in him was that he be deloused and demobilized as quickly as possible. Yesterday he had felt all this; to-day — but at that point he was brought back with the rudest of possible turns.

"Will you please wait on this lady?" suggested his companion's voice. Interwoven into the request was reproof, and a suggestion of impatience.

Jimmie sprang forward. "To match this?" he repeated, taking a colorful bit of silk the would-be-purchaser proffered. "Something about an inch wide." He swung about and faced the tier of drawers for an instant. Then he turned to his companion. "Oh, Miss Stewart —"

The girl glanced up, appraised the sample, and indicated a drawer. He searched through this, hope springing eternally and being as eternally crushed as the fruit of his labors was scorned. The exact shade the customer wanted was not there; he had considerable doubt as to whether it was anywhere. As she departed unsatisfied, he expressed this doubt to Miss Stewart.

"If there's anything that can beat a K. P. detail," he added, philosophically, "it's trying to suit some of these old girls."

THAT, so far as Jimmie was concerned, was a step toward their better acquaintance. She did not even meet him half way. One eyebrow up and the other stayed down — it couldn't have been more effective if she had practised it — but she made no reply.

Jimmie's brow tautened. "I wonder," thought he, "what's eating her, anyway?"

She was a newcomer to Marston's, at least, she had not been there when he went away. He felt sure of this; in spite of the fact that Marston's required the services of some two thousand employees. She wasn't so very big, but what there was of her was noticeable. The slim figure had a notable trimness; so did the dark, almost black hair, which she wore coiffed in a fashion that might have suggested she had reason to be ashamed of her ears — which she hadn't. Her blue eyes were a thought heavily lidded and her nose had evidently considered tilting up and then decided merely to hint at the retrousse. Altogether she gave reason to believe that some day somebody beside God and her mother would love her — a lot.

To Jimmy, who harbored another ideal of feminine beauty, all this was a matter of merely academic interest. Yet he continued to survey her, pleasantly ruminative, until she glanced up at him.

"I suppose," she suggested, in a voice too slurring sweet, "that Marston's will seem awfully slow after being 'over there'."

The shade known as Liberty Red would have matched Jimmy's face perfectly. "Oh, I don't know," he answered, uncertainly.

Then: "How many Germans did *you* kill?" she asked.

Her summer's sky eyes were fathomless, but Jimmy knew the worst. He *was* being kidded. And if there was anything that he — and there's millions like him for the world's full of them — feared more than anything else, it was ridicule.

"Not m—any," he replied, inanely.

"There's a man in kitchen utensils, "she went on, "who says *he* killed a dozen. Mr. Macilvery — did you meet him?"

At that Jimmy's eyes — they were remarkably honest eyes, she had to admit,— widened. "Why, he never saw a Hun until the Armistice was signed," he blurted out. "He was in the same squadron with me ——"

He bit his tongue at that, but apparently she did not notice the slip.

"What I don't understand," she went on, eyes so crystal clear that it seemed impossible that malice could find shelter there, "is how you can bear to come back to the ribbon counter after such a wonderful experience."

Evidently, however, her interest did not strike deeply. She began to hum the air the orchestra was playing.

"What else could I do?" demanded Jimmy.

She glanced at him, as if to say, "Oh — you still here?" Aloud: "You *might* have got one of those farms the government is handing out."

"Who — me?" Jimmy looked startled. "What do I know about farming?"

"What did you know about ribbons when you started?" she demanded. And added as a flippant afterthought, "You might have studied it by correspondence anyway."

Jimmy's face flamed anew. He *had* been taking a correspondence course before his Uncle Sam had beckoned with peremptory finger. But that had been a secret which Jimmy guarded as he would have his life. A momentary indiscretion and somebody would be sure to slip into the *Jin-Jer Jar*, the store paper:

"Jimmy Gillespie of Ribbons is taking a correspondence course in advertising. Hats off to our coming advertising manager."

"I — I never heard of such a course," he temporized.

"Neither did I," she admitted serenely. "Perhaps" — deliberately — "farmers are like ribbon clerks — born, not made."

This was unfair. For no matter what some folks may think about it — ribbon clerks are more often made than born. Jimmy was the proof of this. His mother, who was decidedly Scotch and decent, had died when he was five. His father, who was neither, had lived seven years longer. During that time Jimmy had become exceedingly quick on his feet and an admirable dodger. After his father's death Jimmy, master of his fate and captain of his soul, emerged from the city's backwash into a new atmosphere, as wonderful to him, those first days, as the Cave of the Forty Robbers, and much more full of the loot of the earth. Enchantment was upon him then. It seemed but right that the haughty women who dressed like princesses should regard him scornfully as he came, fleet-footed at first, to their strident summons:

"Cash!"

IN time he got a truer perspective. He encompassed the defeat of every other cash boy in physical combat; he learned to give the bristling saleslady eye for eye when she wished to know what he had been doing, with "this lady waiting five minutes." Marston's no longer swallowed him whole. He began, indeed, to have a new vision. The *Jin-Jer Jar*, the store paper, announced his step upward by printing the following:

"James Gillespie is now on the Ribbon counter."

Achievement, that; a bit of solid news in a column devoted too much to such items as:

"Is anybody here brave enough to ask Mr. Leonard Moore of the Fourth Floor Flannel Department why he resembles a piece of Red Canton when he comes down to see Miss Nina McSweeney of the Basement Bargain Aisle?"

Jimmy had no objection to their printing that sort of stuff about other folks. But just imagine Jimmy himself suddenly coming upon something like this in the *Jin-Jer Jar:*

"The ambition of James Gillespie, of Ribbons, is to swallow Marston's whole, one of these days. Somebody ought to tip Mr. Marston off."

Day dreams are the stuff nightmares are made of — if they, by look or by crook get into print.

Jimmy recognized her at once. His heart began to pound, his knees to knock. His face looked as if about to burst into flames

Then Jimmy went to war. The draft got him, not because he was a laggard so much as because he couldn't see himself volunteering. This was part modesty and part shrinking from the limelight. He wasn't certain that he was the stern sort of stuff soldiers are made of, and anyway, when Charlie O'Connor enlisted — the first man in Marston's to answer the summons — the *Jin-Jer Jar* took particular joy in kidding the life out of him.

"Those who said that Charlie O'Connor, of the Boys' Shoes, wouldn't hurt a flea were all wrong. Charlie is going to France to fight a million of them — only they call them cooties over there."

Of course, Charlie was given a great send-off and a wrist-watch and had his name emblazoned on the Roll of Honor; but Jimmy bought his watch at the jewelry counter. He went to Camp Devens, became obsessed overnight with the ambition to be a hero and elected aviation. Afterward he discovered that many who wear wings on their uniform never fly. As an aviator he was a ground-swallow. He did, however, learn a good deal about the internal organs and temperament of a gasoline engine.

EVENTUALLY Jimmy found himself in France, where in a last effort to cover himself with either gore or glory, he managed to squirm out of aviation and into infantry, just in time to march upon the Rhine — after the Armistice. His worst encounters with the Huns came at Coblenz and were with the female of the species, which, being more flirtatious, were deadlier than the male, so far as Jimmy was concerned. He blushed for them when they failed to blush themselves; he spent eight months after the War blew up, alternately longing to be sent back home and fearing that all the jobs in the land would be snapped up when he got there.

Besides all this there was a certain other emotion, too, that Jimmy was beset by. And if the *Jin-Jer Jar* had gotten wind of that it would have been a sorry day for Jimmy.

"Ask Jimmy Gillespie," it would have blithely suggested, "who he danced with at the Hostess House in Devens — and what the name is of the girl he intended to present with that Croix de Guerre he didn't get."

Jimmy had not told Elizabeth Marston that he worked in her father's store. He had not, in fact, said much of anything to her. He had recognized her at once, as the third assistant equerry may recognize the king's daughter. She was tall, very blonde, and to Jimmy's bedazzled eyes the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. That she was also good and tender and true he would have staked the only life he had to give his country. Had she not come to him, selecting him from the mass of rookies who stood askwardly uncertain in the doorway? Had she not danced with him? He could bear witness to it!

What he could not have borne witness to was that just before all this happened she had said to another

"What can we do! They stand there like solemn gawks! We'll simply have to get them started. I'll take that one that looks like a lost calf ——"

Then, because Jimmy was in O. D., and because he was so impossible anyhow, she had been nice to him. She was doing her bit! To Jimmy she did quite a bit.

Poor Jimmy! The greatest experience that had come to him while in uniform had not been staged on crimson field or in flaming town, but at the Hostess House at Devens. He ——

"If you'll be good enough," suggested a slurring voice, "to come back from Germany and help me put some of these ribbons in place, I'll be much obliged."

Jimmy jumped. "I — I'm sorry," he apologized, and sprang to assist her. She was not to be propitiated. "I didn't know they took color-blind men in the army," she observed, taking a red roll from between cerise cousins, where Jimmy had placed it, and putting it in its proper place in the chromatic family tree.

Now *what* could be done with a girl like that!

It appeared, shortly, that her other name was Jane. Another girl supplied that information and actually added "dear," in addressing her.

"Jane *dear!*" he soliloquized, satirically, as he mounted to the employees' washroom at noon. "Jane *dear!*"

"Hullo, Jimmy," broke in a blithe voice. "Back to the ribbon counter?"

Jimmy lifted an outraged countenance from the washbowl.

The other stared. "For the love of Mike, what's eating you?"

Jimmy made no reply. He took his hat, descended to the ground floor and emerged into a November drizzle. He strode pessimistically — and preoccupiedly, — across the street. Whereupon it was nearly demonstrated that peace has its casualties no less than war. A truck driver swore as Jimmy saved himself by the scantest of margins.

"Run around the block and cool your head," Jimmy advised the driver, who was passionately desirous of knowing why in Hades he didn't look where he was going.

Safe on the sidewalk Jimmy strode along. A crowd in front of a window drew his interest for a moment; he edged in. An electrical pencil, gripped in a tripod, was writing on a sheet of paper:

"A moving object always attracts attention. You are interested in what this is writing ——"

A fat and determined woman, with surprisingly sharp elbows, attacked Jimmy from behind and he chivalrously gave way. He reverted to his previous grievance. "Jane *dear!*" She certainly got his goat. . . .

"Evidently you didn't have to punch a time clock 'over there,'" she observed when he returned a few minutes late.

"Oh, no — we were just over sight-seeing," Jimmy assured her. He paused, and then added, deliberately — "The women over there are certainly some class. I haven't seen anything since I returned that could touch them."

"I suppose *you* saw a lot of them."

"Oh, I saw a few," said Jimmy, in a tone that intimated that he was being commendably modest.

"It it true?" she demanded, "that now and then you see a girl with a tooth or two left?"

Jimmy hesitated. To his mind came the picture of a waitress in a little café in Brest who was good-looking until she smiled. And while he hesitated Jane Stewart smiled, as if to demonstrate that she could, with impunity.

"They don't go in much for false teeth," he retorted, with wholly unchivalrous implication. "But you don't notice their teeth, anyway."

Jane Stewart's eyes flashed. But her voice was restrained, except for the hint of sarcasm. "Because they're so beautiful, I suppose?"

"It's not that," said Jimmy. "It's because they don't keep their mouths open all the time."

They certainly hated each other. A malign destiny had brought them together and the economic aspects of the situation condemned them to spending eight hours and thirty minutes in each other's society every day except Sunday. Outside of business hours they were privileged to forget the existence of each other. But — well, the night of the day that Jimmy had made that unwarranted and ungentlemanly crack concerning false teeth, Jane Stewart stood before the mirror of her pine dresser in her eight by ten third-story back and gave her teeth a passionate scrutiny.

"He can't really think they are," she assured herself.

Even so she felt a great need of proving to him that they were all her own. She felt like — like biting him, if necessary.

As for Jimmy, who had scored and should have been content, he — he wasn't. He sat in a back-tilted pine chair, hands in his pockets and stocking feet on the bed, assuring a still, small voice that it was her own fault. She was too darn stuck on herself. And she did have her mouth open most of the time!

He almost wished now that he had taken the other job they had offered him — over in men's shirts. Of course he could still do that but one-half of him was Scotch. Jimmy got a commission on his sales and, as financial prospect, ribbons had it all over men's shirts. Men who are their own purchasing agents feel lost in a department store — which is why so many haberdashery shops flourish, impudently, right under department store noses.

THE only way out was to get a *better* job! At that he clasped his hands behind his head and began to dream. No stern parent had ever forbidden him to read the works of Horatio Alger; environment had attended to that prohibition. Nevertheless, as he sat there, imagination soaring free, his thoughts took the form of the classic Alger plot. The poor but proud hero, the beautiful daughter of the rich merchant; the latter's opposition; the episode illustrating character in a crisis, and forcing recognition of the hero's sterling worth; his rapid rise in business; the tall, very blonde and beautiful bride ——

Jimmy stretched, and then, letting his arms drop, sighed like the furnace whereof Mr. Shakespeare spoke in one of his plays.

"I wonder," he thought, "if I will ever see her again."

A mathematician might have calculated Jimmy's chance of meeting Elizabeth Marston again socially as one in a thousand, and his chance of showing character in a crisis at the same time and thereby impressing Edward Marston, as one in a million. A chance in a million, however, is the stuff dreams are made of. Jimmy got his in a very humdrum and prosaic way.

One thing army life had given him was a body that required physical exertion beyond the demands of the ribbon counter. Every Sunday, he trolleyed out into the suburbs and then struck out on long hikes. On a thrice-red-lettered Sunday, which happened to be the second in December, Jimmy, striding along one of those lonely roads that make one wonder what other states must be like if Massachusetts is thickly settled, happened upon a stalled roadster. A moment later he identified the hapless motorist as his employer. The latter was standing beside the upthrust hood staring at the engine, which he seemed to hope to make function by pure force of will.

Engines, however, are independent creatures, differing from department store employees. Marston's engine ignored Marston's displeasure.

In the roadster was a girl — no, a goddess! — in furs. Jimmy recognized her at once, whereupon he himself experienced motor trouble. His heart began to pound, his knees to knock, and something apparently happened to his cooling system — his face looked as if about to burst into flames.

Marston looked up. "Know anything about engines?" he demanded, abruptly.

Jimmy acted like one of those small boys whom terribly old ladies ask to stick out their tongues to prove they haven't lost them. But he managed to nod.

"See what you can do about this one then," commanded Marston.

Jimmy was thankful for an opportunity to hide his blushes. He had hardly dared glance at the goddess who, for her part, had not condescended to glance at him. She was very much out of patience with her world at the moment. She had had outspoken doubts, from the first, of her father's ability to get her to Concord by four, as he had promised. So she sat, her eyes straight ahead and nose held high, while Jimmy studied the engine.

At first his fingers fumbled inexpertly, but as they touched remembered bits of metal some hard-learned lore came back to him. Marston began to look hopeful; the goddess unbent and considered Jimmy. It struck her there was something familiar about him. (Perhaps it was the way his ears glowed.)

"Found out what the trouble is?" Marston demanded, as Jimmy straightened up, fingers grimed and a smudge across his nose.

"Yes, it's ——"

"Can you fix it?" Marston broke in. Details never interested him; what he wanted was results.

"If you'll try the starter," began Jimmy and stopped short. Elizabeth Marston was bending toward him.

"You have forgotten all about me," she charged.

Jimmy's expression said, much plainer than words, "If this be forgetting you, sweetheart ——"

Elizabeth Marston smiled. "You went to France?" Jimmy nodded. He was having a great deal of trouble with his epiglottis.

"And you never sent me a Hun helmet," she said, reproachfully — though why reproachfully only Heaven — or professors of feminine psychology, if there be such — knows.

Marston, who had been watching them, waited an instant for the inarticulate Jimmy to speak and then abruptly drew out his watch. "If you're still in a hurry — " he suggested, drily, to his daughter.

Elizabeth Marston glanced at her wrist-watch. "Heavens!" she exclaimed. "I'd forgotten." She glanced up at Jimmy and made a little face that he considered bewitching. "We'll have to scoot — thank you for making it possible," she added, giving him her hand, very prettily, though she had the impulse to withdraw it when she saw his engine-soiled fingers. She did regard her gloved fingers furtively while her father shook hands with Jimmy.

"Much obliged," he said, and climbed into the driver's seat. As the electric starter whirred, the most beautiful girl in the world bent toward Jimmy.

"Have you registered at Liberty Hall — on the Common, yet?" she asked.

Jimmy shook his head.

"Oh, you must!" she commanded. "I'm there Tuesdays and Thursdays."

The car got under way and Jimmy was left, to gaze after it until it disappeared in a final cloud of dust, taking his heart with it. It was as well that his heart did not have ears.

"Who was it?" demanded Marston, who asked that question many times a day.

"Heavenly days!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "I don't even remember his name. I danced with him at the Hostess House at Devens and he walked all over me."

This, however, was not to be the end of the episode. Marston, passing through the store the very next morning, caught a glimpse of Jimmy.

"You're the chap that helped [*Continued on page 68*]

Promises

by **Theodosia Garrison**

I HAD almost forgotten in this strange, new joy of mine,
Forgot the nights of fears and prayers, the days of stress and heat;
The world seemed like our little town
Where peaceful folk go up and down
Until — a boy on crutches went by me on the street.

Oh, beyond the sight of him, I saw the world — the real world;
All I had forgotten surged back and called to me.
I saw the broken, blinded men,
The million murdered homes again,
The wasted, wistful faces appealing oversea.

I had almost forgotten — but a boy on crutches passed me,—
For all the torn and shattered world the symbol and the sign —
And all those promises I made
When I was faithful — and afraid —
Had made the patience in his eyes, and put the shame in mine.

Everything was perfectly lovely and serene ahead. Mr. Crothers was as cheerful and chipper as a bird store

A Man Who Wouldn't Make Enemies

Last month Mr. Kelly told of a man who wouldn't make friends. Do you recognize these types, so sharply and clearly drawn? Amazing revelations they are—of men you meet in business every day; true human documents

by **Fred C. Kelly**

Illustration by Winemiller and Miller

FROM early manhood, Hayward Crothers always seemed to take a peculiar tack in the matter of friendships.

There were numerous persons that he genuinely liked, I think, but there were a great many more whose friendship he craved simply because he feared that if they were not his friends they might some day be his enemies. He had a dread of enemies that was like a superstition. It was as if he feared that every enemy might contrive to cast a taboo upon him and exert some permanent malign influence over his life. Moreover, he appeared to have an idea that an enemy would get others, and that he must avoid an enemy as cautiously as he would the germ of bubonic plague. His fear of enemies was not unlike some men's fear of the liquor habit. They dare not take even one drink, lest they eventually become drink slaves.

Even a man of conspicious inconsequence loomed up before Crothers as a person of grave importance, once there was any danger of incurring his serious displeasure. Never once did it seem to dawn upon him that an enemy is quite likely to be a perfectly harmless institution, and that the right kind of enemies may even prove a downright boon in the way of giving a man a proper status in a community. For example, think what a delightful thing it would have been to have the deep personal enmity of Count von Bernstorff at the time he was sent away from these shores! What better recommendation of good citizenship would anybody want than to have it generally noised about that Bernstorff had a serious grudge against him? It is the same way in every community and in every neighborhood. To be the friend of certain persons places one under suspicion; but to be their enemy is almost proof positive that one has never done anything worse than tell the truth or done his duty. And the less desirable a man is as a friend, usually the less dangerous he is as an enemy.

But Hayward Crothers had his own ideas about enemies. He not only sought the friendship of everybody, but he did it with an obviousness that often defeated his purpose and made him a good deal of a joke. When he spoke a word of encouragement to anybody, with genuine sincerity, there was always the suspicion that it was just some of Crothers' hot air.

Crothers was born with the makings of a good personality. He was well set up, had an agreeable voice, good features and good breeding. If he had not been so intent on making friends—or, rather, so afraid of not making them—he would have had sincere friends a-plenty. But people resent the [*Continued on page 56*].

Something for Nothing

Jurian Discovers the Happy Ending

by Freeman Tilden

Part VII

JUDGE HARRIS, who presided over what was known in Foxlake as a "magistrate's court," was a tall, dignified man with hawk-nose and closely-cropped white beard and mustache. As the judge was also in the real-estate business and did a side-line of fire insurance, the court-room was conveniently situated in the rear of his business rooms — a bare hall, furnished only with three or four large tables, some single chairs, and a number of those instruments of torture for witnesses and spectators, known as "settees."

The judge was past seventy, and in rather feeble health. For that reason Frederick Jurian had been compelled to spend a sleepless night in the brick cell of the town lockup. The money for which Hazel Kernon had telegraphed arrived in Foxlake some time after ten o'clock, and then the constable flatly refused to wake up the judge to admit Jurian to bail.

There was another characteristic of the judge, which LaBonne recited bluntly to the young prisoner. Mr. Harris was not in the habit of taking chances upon his own judgment. It was far wiser, he held, to turn cases over to the grand jury for their verdict. This, according, to LaBonne, might mean for any accused person who could not get the required bail, a long wait in jail. Jurian was too far depressed to realize what the information implied. He shrugged his shoulders noncommittally — further convincing his lawyer that there was a difficult case ahead of him.

"But there's one thing about Judge Harris," went on the lawyer. "At least he isn't afraid of the Oldridges. They couldn't influence him one iota against what he thought was his duty. I — don't know as that will help any, though," he concluded, sourly. For Jurian still clung to the palpable falsehood (as LaBonne saw it) that there had been nobody else in his room on the night, or morning, of the explosion at the Oldridge Store. No threat, wheedling or adjuration of the lawyer's could shake the young man's insistence on this point.

Next morning, after Jurian's arrest, the court-room was packed long before the session time of nine o'clock. When Jurian was brought in by the constable, and placed at the right of Judge Harris's chair, he looked out dazedly at the people in front. It couldn't seem to come home to him as real. Serious as his situation undoubtedly was, he couldn't yet make himself feel it. To be connected with seemingly incontrovertible evidence with a crime of which he had never dreamed; to be confronted with a black bag filled with burglar's tools, of which he had never known the existence, and barely remembered the mention of by Miss Blair; and to have this bag definitely placed as his property by his own sweetheart — it was too sudden an overturn of the realities.

ON the settees for witnesses, at Jurian's left hand, were both Hazel Kernon, to whose perfectly tailored gown all the feminine eyes made a devout pilgrimage, and behind her, at the end of the bench, Dorothy Blair, pale, huddled up, the picture of despair. Joe McKenzie was at Dorothy's side. Now and then Jurian saw the good fellow put his big hand upon the girl's, and whisper to her, and sometimes the response was a faint attempt at a smile. And again, Joe's eyes turned toward young Oldridge, who was on the settee with Hazel, and toward Samuel Oldridge, with fierce hatred.

Just before the judge came in, LaBonne seated himself beside Jurian and made one last effort. "You've got an alibi, I know," he said. "Why don't you use it and cut this thing short? If it's a sound one, that will hold water, you'll be back in your store in half an hour — and you're needed there, I should think."

Jurian shook his head, and replied, "I can't do it."

"Well," said the lawyer, "If you won't, you won't. I'll do what I can for you. But that won't be much. Here comes the judge. Stand up,"

"Well, what about this?" began Judge Harris, without formality. "What about it, Mr. Irving? This young man is charged with entering the Oldridge Store, destroying the safe and stealing, let's see —"

"Over seven hundred dollars!" interrupted Samuel Oldridge. "He —"

"You'll have a chance to talk later, if you want to," said the judge with a glance which sent the stout storekeeper back into his seat with a thud.

"Well, judge," began Irving, "it was this way. The safe in Mr. Oldridge's store was burgled yesterday morning. I didn't hear it. I live too far away. But Mr. Oldridge, senior, came after me, and I seen the damage, and seen a window lock busted which the thief pried open. I didn't think of Mr. Jurian's being connected with it, of course, till Mr. Oldridge begun to tell me how the young man came to town under queer circumstances — well, judge, you know about that because we got the warrant from you. We went to the young man's room and found this bag in his closet. We talked with Miss Blair, and she told us how the bag was found with Mr. Jurian by Miss Hesketh, the morning she picked him up on the side of the road. Miss Hesketh gave it to her to keep, after she had had Mr. Blair — he ought to be here in court by this time — seal it up with a sort of steel ring, so it couldn't be opened. I found out to-day that Mr. Jurian was over at East Marion trying to borrow money from Mr. Whitehead, of the bank there, but he didn't get it ——"

"I don't think you need go into it. I know about what the circumstances are," interrupted the judge. "We better proceed to examine the witnesses and get the story from them."

"Your honor," said LaBonne, "I ask that these spectators who have no business with the court be cleared from the room."

The judge looked over his spectacles, surprised. "Your reason, Mr. LaBonne?" he asked. "We don't usually forbid them to be present, if they're quiet."

For reply, LeBonne went to the judge and whispered to him. But Mr. Harris shook his head. "No, I don't see any good reason," he replied, firmly, and the curious spectators sighed with relief and settled back harder in their seats.

LaBonne looked at Jurian hard for a moment. Then he sat down.

The inquiry went on briskly, but with that informality of the magistrate's court in a country town which gets at the truth more often, perhaps, than the stiff, disconcerting formality of the city and superior courts.

Miss Kernon took a bit of paper from her hand-bag and scribbled on it. She chose a favorable moment, and got it to Jurian by the hand of Mr. LaBonne. Jurian read the words: "Don't worry about this silly bucolic business here, Fred. We'll furnish bail for you, and get a real lawyer from the city, who'll settle it in no time before the grand jury, or whatever they call it. It's really exciting, though, isn't it?"

Jurian looked over at the beautiful girl after he read the note. She met his eyes with a promising smile and a little shake of her head, as though she were merely amused, as he ought to be, by the proceedings. And yet, as Jurian sometimes glanced at her, as witness followed witness, he thought he saw her hands clenched and a nervous shudder pass over her, now and then. She changed her position constantly, now resting both elbows on the back of the seat before her, then throwing herself back suddenly and staring hard at young Oldridge, who, when he saw her, simpered, much pleased, in return.

SUDDENLY, during a lull, the spectators saw Arm- and LaBonne rise quickly to his feet. "Your honor," he said nervously, "I've got a refractory client." He grinned, with wry face, as he spoke, and the judge, nodding with a smile, replied, "I can see that, Mr LaBonne. What do you want me to do about it?

"Your honor," went on the attorney, "I am an officer of this court, before everything. Perhaps I take myself and my profession a little too seriously, but I feel called on to secure justice in the shortest and quickest way possible. I say my client is refractory. He has not, and will not tell me the truth. Your honor, I absolutely feel that Mr. Jurian could save the State's time and money, and bring this case to an end at once, by the simple means of producing an alibi."

There was a murmur all around the room. The judge stared at LaBonne and repeated, "An alibi. Well let him prove one. Why shouldn't he? A man accused of a serious crime would be only too quick to adduce such testimony, I should think, Mr. LaBonne."

"There was somebody in Jurian's room, yesterday morning, at the very time of the explosion," went on the lawyer, in a loud voice, shaking his finger at Jurian. "I can get no satisfaction out of this young man. He has practically confessed to me that it is so, but now, for some mysterious reason, he denies it — Mr. Jurian you are in a most serious predicament, I can tell you. Who, sir, was in your room at the hotel when the explosion was heard by you, yesterday morning? I demand that you tell the court."

"Was there somebody with you, young man?" asked Judge Harris, peering at Jurian over his spectacles. Then he added quickly, reassuming his judicial capacity, "You don't have to answer that. But it seems to me, young man, it seems to me, that if I were you ——"

Jurian was bending forward, clutching the arms of his chair. In precisely the same attitude, except that her hands were clasped tightly in front of her, Hazel Kernon gazed at Jurian. Their eyes met. Dorothy Blair had aroused from her crumpled attitude, and, with lips apart, also searched Jurian's face eagerly.

"There was nobody. I was alone," answered Jurian, steadily.

LaBonne threw down his hands impatiently. "Oh, well, the young man should know whether or not he was alone," said the judge, coolly. "As it is, young man, I think there is ample [*Continued on page 32*]

The Recompense

by **Robert Nichols**

IF it should hap, I being summoned hence
To an unknown and all too hazardous bourne,
One should bring news charged with this heavy sense:
He has gone further and cannot return,
Waste not your hour in weary "Why?" and "Whence?"
In grief that my young years be compted so —
I grieve not. Nor should you. My recompense
Grows with the years, and with them yours shall grow.

For England's fairest, her best belov'd lands,
Her watchful hills, her slumb'rous trees and streams
Shall surely teach a heart that understands
What depth and amplitude of noble dreams
She gives, and how content into her hands
I yield the little life without her seems.

Lois Meredith

The young American actress who beguiled royalty into the motion pictures

SHE has been playing recently in London in the leading rôle of Albert de Conville's "Joy Bells," but that was not enough. The world was too full of a number of things that were ripe for the motion pictures, and so—

LOIS Meredith went to Belgium armed with a motion picture story in which an American girl was the leading figure. But the other characters in the story were almost as interesting. She added, for instance, the King and Queen of Belgium and the Duc de Brabant and the Princess Marie-José and Mr. Hoover and Cardinal Mercier and innumerable honest-to-goodness heroes, with one of whom she is seen in the small picture above. This gentleman was wounded eighteen times in one day. But it isn't all war-ridden Belgium in the picture. It's the races at Ostend, and the brilliant social life in Brussels, and it is beauty and adventure and romance! It is going to tell us a lot about Belgium, and it also tells us a lot about the worth of a new idea. It is something new in pictures, where we thought the last novelty had been discovered long ago.

Talks With A Great American

Theodore Roosevelt and the Critics of His Boys

As recorded by John J. Leary, Jr

The Well-known Newspaperman Kept A Diary Wherein He Put These Famous Conversations With T. R.

THE important thing," Colonel Roosevelt used to say to those who sought advice on going into the War, "is to get into the game. Get in as you would like to get in, if you can, but get in!"

One of the Roosevelt boys — Kermit — "got in," via a commission in the British army from which he later transferred to Pershing's forces. Kermit's entering the service of another power aroused some criticism from Sinn Fein and pro-German sources. These declared it to be unpatriotic for an ex-president's son to serve under the flag of another country, criticism which aroused the Colonel's ire.

"I do not care a hang how or where my boys or any other man's boys fight, so long as they do fight," he declared. "The important thing is that they are fighting and that they are fighting Germany.

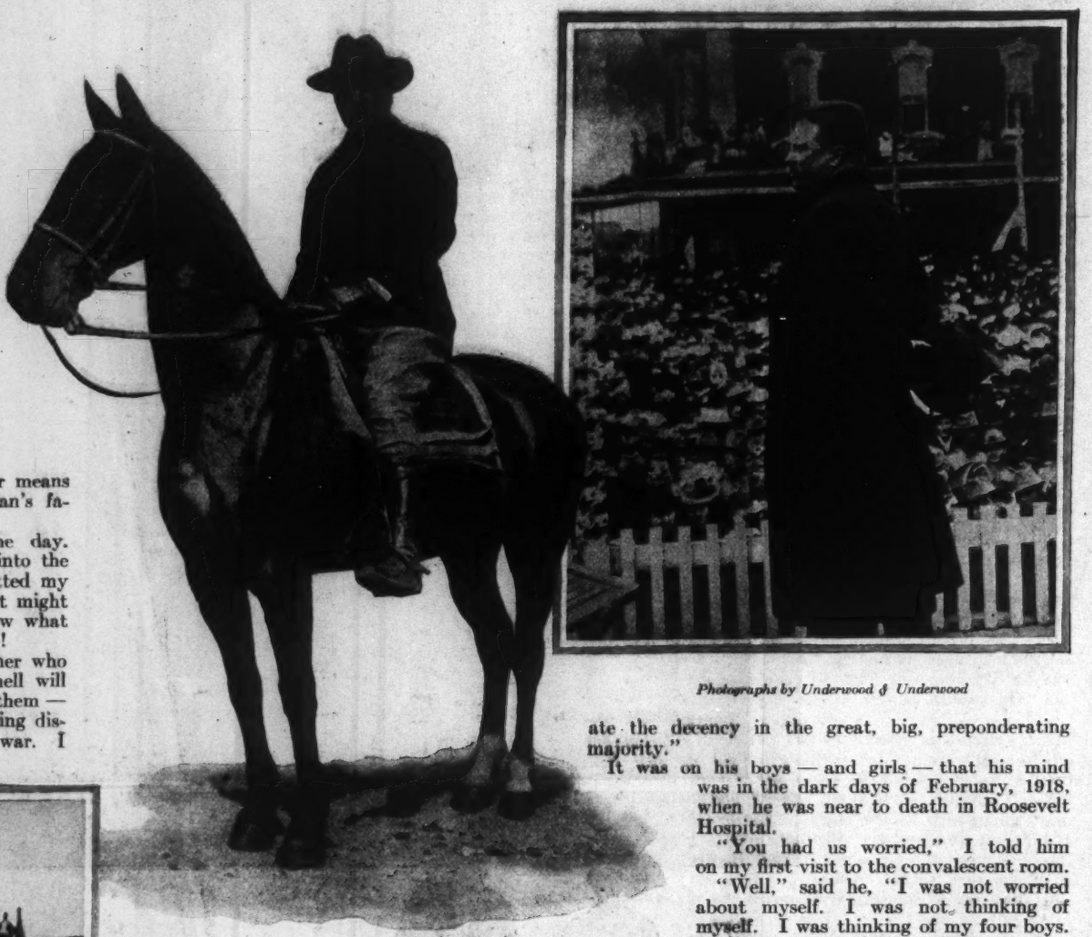
"Three of my boys are in the American army and in American uniforms. This one is going to fight in a British uniform. It does not make any difference to me what uniform they fight in. The main point is they are fighting, and I don't care a continental whether they fight in Yankee uniforms or British uniforms, or in their night shirts, so long as they are fighting. That's the main point — they are fighting."

JUST the same, the departure of the boys had its effect on the Colonel. He was more thoughtful and at times gave little hints that he did not expect to see them all again. Better than most men, he realized that war means death, and that modern war justifies Sherman's famous saying.

"Those infernal jacks!" he declared one day. "Criticizing me for allowing my boy to go into the British army and talking as though I permitted my boys to go to war for the personal glory that might come to me! The infernal jacks do not know what modern war is like! Nor what shell fire is like!

"It isn't pleasant for me or any other father who knows the fearful things a high explosive shell will do, to think of his boys being exposed to them — to think that at the moment they may be lying disemboweled in No-Man's-Land — but this is war. I hope and pray that they'll all come back, but before God, I'd rather none come back than that one, able to go, had stayed at home. I pray God will send them back to me safe and sound, but in my heart I know it is almost too much for me to hope for. I know my boys. I know they will do their part. That means danger.

"I miss them, their mother misses them, their wives miss them. But let me tell you their wives are bricks — every one of them. They are splendid — just as splendid as their mother. I tell you I have been blessed not only in my boys, but in the young women my boys chose for wives."



Photographs by Underwood & Underwood

AGAIN, an Oklahoma editor aroused his ire by charging editorially that "Roosevelt's boys were enjoying soft snaps in safe berths." A rival editor wired the attack to the Colonel with a request for an answer.

"The infernal cur," he snapped when he read the wire, "the infernal curs who dare say that my boys, every one of them in combat service, have shirked their duty with the aid of my supposed influence. The infernal cur — how dare he say that of an American father! That man's a ghoul! I won't dignify him by replying to his contemptible attack, but I'd like to have him here for just three minutes! He'd wish he was in the front line trench or some other comparatively comfortable place. The infernal cur!"

The Colonel was "mad" from toes to topknot, but in a moment he relaxed a bit.

"I'm foolish, I suppose," said he, "to allow a creature like that to annoy me, but—well, God had a reason for everything he created and I suppose he created fellows like this that we might better appreciate the decency in the great, big, preponderating majority."

It was on his boys — and girls — that his mind was in the dark days of February, 1918, when he was near to death in Roosevelt Hospital.

"You had us worried," I told him on my first visit to the convalescent room.

"Well," said he, "I was not worried about myself. I was not thinking of myself. I was thinking of my four boys. I tell you I am mighty proud of my boys and" — after a momentary pause — "just as proud of my two fine girls."

THIS pride in the boys became more and more manifest as frequent reports began to come back from the front of their valor. Always affable to strangers, he fairly beamed — that is the best way to describe it — at the visitor who was thoughtful enough to ask, "How are the boys?"

Sometimes the question would come from some one in a crowd, as it did one day out in St. Louis. Answering it, he made ten thousand people laugh.

"I met Peter Dunne the other day," he said. "You all know Peter Dunne — 'Mr. Dooley,' you know. Well, Dunne said: 'Colonel, you want to watch out. The first thing you know they'll be putting the name of Roosevelt on the map.' "

He enjoyed the story and the laughs it raised, but he was never without the thought that the boys were in danger.

"Gray was right," he said, when told Ted Jr. was in a hospital. "You remember his line, 'The paths

of glory lead but to the grave.' He is not dangerously hurt, but I cannot expect all will escape. I can only hope."

The end of the hope that all would return came to the Colonel one July night at Sagamore Hill. Phil Thompson, the resident correspondent at Oyster Bay, had called to ask about a cable message to the New York *Sun* from Raymond G. Carroll, one of its men at the front.

"I have here," he told him, "a cable message to *The Sun*. The censor has cut it some, so that it is blind. It reads 'Watch Oyster Bay for.' Have you any idea what it means?"

"Something has happened to one of the boys," he answered. "It cannot be Ted and it cannot be Archie, for both of them are recovering from wounds. It is not Kermit, for he's not in the danger zone just at the moment. So it must be Quentin. However, we must say nothing of this to his mother to-night."

Confirmation of his fears came early the next morning. The Colonel took the blow exactly as one would expect him to take it.

"I must tell his mother," he said.

When he returned, a few minutes later, he gave to Thompson the wonderful comment, expressing the joy of Quentin's parents that their boy had had his chance to do his bit before he was called to go.

The next day, despite what he must have been suffering, the Colonel kept an engagement to speak at the Republican Convention in Saratoga.

"It is my duty to go there," he said.

To the stranger, Colonel Roosevelt gave no sign of his bitter affliction. Those who knew him best saw, however, that the blow had slowed him down. Not that he paraded his grief — even to them. That grief was a secret, sacred thing — to be exhibited to none.

Not long after, Captain Archie, crippled in arm and leg, came home. His coming gave the Colonel relief, for the young man was in much better shape than had been anticipated, and the doctors were strong in assurances that his recovery would be nearly complete. When he was well enough to leave the hospital he and the Colonel "chummed" about town and Oyster Bay.

"Colonel," I said one day, "Archie is making splendid progress. I just saw him running down the street. He runs as well as any boy. I congratulate you."

"Thank you, Jack," he replied. "The surgeons are working wonders. In the early days of the War he'd have lost arm and leg if not his life. As it is, he's coming around splendidly.

"And Ted — I've just had a letter from a regular army officer who says Ted's as good an officer as there is in the regular establishment. He's been made a lieutenant-colonel, you know. Isn't that fine? And Kermit's doing well too."

But the dead boy — the eagle whose fall had hurt him to the heart — he did not mention.

Poison Gas

Germany's Broken Pledge—A Crime and a Blunder in One

by Cleveland Moffett

THERE is no doubt that Germany, as a signatory of the Second Hague Conference in 1902, agreed not to use poison gas in future wars; yet she broke her pledge (as she broke other pledges) and made preparations during the decade preceding the great conflict to employ all the resources of modern chemistry in her struggle for world conquest. With characteristic thoroughness and with extreme secrecy she mobilized her laboratories, her scientists, calling upon them to discover new methods of battlefield destruction that would give the Teutonic armies a terrible supremacy over their enemies.

And this supremacy — infamous supremacy — was gained overwhelmingly, so that when the Kaiser was ready to strike, in the summer of 1914, he had at his disposal agencies for the wholesale poisoning of armies that had never been dreamed of in the history of the world.

So horrible were the possibilities of slaughter and human torture involved in these poison gas preparations that the Allies refused to credit vague rumors of what was coming. For months before the Huns launched their first gas attack at Ypres (1915) the British secret service had received warnings that such an attack was impending; but Englishmen refused to take these warnings seriously or to make preparations for gas defense. It was incredible to this race of good sportsmen that a nation calling itself civilized could deliberately pursue so treacherous and ignoble a way to victory.

But the Germans had chosen this way, and, if they had not blundered in it, as they blundered in many other respects — witness their stupid violation of Belgium (which brought England into the War) and their stupid submarine campaign (which brought America in) — they might have been victorious over the Allies, who were taken entirely by surprise, and were helpless against this new and ghastly weapon.

I may remark here that the casualties suffered by the thirty American divisions that reached France and took part in the fighting were approximately thirty per cent. of the total casualties sustained. It is true that not over three per cent. of these poison gas casualties resulted in deaths, but the horrible injuries done to our troops through this temporary disablement indicate sufficiently what a terrible new weapon this was.

It is interesting to consider why the Germans, having gained an overwhelming advantage, threw it away when victory was within their grasp. Here were the Huns, after years of laboratory investigation, possessed of a formidable military secret; yet they failed to make efficient use of it. Why? Alone among nations of the earth they knew how to produce and use toxic gases that would annihilate whole regiments. This was literally true. The bravest French and English soldiers, without gas masks or gas protection, must have melted away before these poison clouds (as thousands of them did melt away at Ypres in agony) like men armed only with bows and arrows against the attack of machine gunners. Germany was sure to win. Why did she not win?

There was, first, the general reason that God does not allow evil to prevail on this earth; those whom He wishes to destroy He first makes mad; and it was fated that Germany should lose the War. Furthermore, the Germans played their poison gas cards bunglingly.

HOW did Germany bungle? How did she throw away her chances in this matter of poison gas? The answer is that the Huns lacked the courage of their wickedness. They made their first gas attack on too small a scale. It is conceded now by highest military authorities that if the Germans had launched their first attack over an extended front, several miles instead of less than a single mile, they could have walked right through the British lines, for there would have been only dead and dying men to oppose them. What could the most valiant do, after breathing into their lungs innocent air that turned out to be the fire of hell? And if the German armies had broken the Allied line on that historic summer day (April 22, 1915) they could have crumpled the English up against the sea and inflicted upon their adversaries an irremediable disaster. They would without a single question have won the War.

Members of the U. S. Signal Corps working in a gas-infested region in France

A second reason for their failure to snatch victory was due apparently to German fear of the Frankenstein monster that their chemists had created, but had not yet learned fully to control. They were afraid of their own poison gas. There is no evidence that the Germans had provided their soldiers with gas masks at the time of this first attack; they depended for safety upon the wind which must blow these deadly clouds away from them, toward the enemy. Had the wind shifted suddenly the poison gas clouds would have rolled back upon the Kaiser's men and destroyed them. In other words, with all their boasted military efficiency in numberless little things the Huns were inept and inefficient in this supremely big thing. Their poison gas surprise, which might have settled the fate of the world for centuries to come, proved to be only a half-baked surprise. They started to do something before they were ready to do it, before they really knew how to do it. Once more they lost the War through sheer stupidity!

This opinion is contained in an official report recently issued by the Assistant Secretary of War, in which reference is made to the first German gas attack (with chlorine) at Ypres:

"This chlorine, which floated in a pale greenish-yellow cloud upon the defenseless Canadian troops at Ypres, with such terrible effect, was the first gas used. Chlorine, though easy to obtain, the principal source of supply being common table salt, was, from the standpoint of strategy, far from being the ideal gas of warfare. Troops could be quickly and easily protected from it. *But even as it was, only lack of faith in their new weapon prevented the Germans from winning the war with it then and there.* Had they brought into the fighting a sufficient supply of chlorine, they might have gassed their way to Paris in short order. In fact, they brought to the line an almost negligible supply, and they themselves were insufficiently protected to go through their own gas and follow up the attack. By the time they were able to renew gas warfare the French and British had equipped themselves with masks which were sufficient to protect men against chlorine."

A further explanation of this German failure was given me by an American officer who was in France with our poison gas troops.

"The Germans were hampered in making ready for their first gas attack," he said, "by the necessity of keeping their plans a profound secret. They had never been able to experiment adequately with their poison gas on a large scale, as in army maneuvers; in fact, they had never tried it under actual war conditions until the battle

He thought it was a scream whenever he had to hurry into his mask. Everyone to his own sense of humor!

at Ypres. It was like putting on a play without rehearsals. Of course it failed."

As soon as this poison gas secret was given to the world, all nations began frantic preparations to follow the Teutonic lead — they must learn to defend themselves against this terrible agency of destruction and, if possible, to use it. Here it should be noted that the United States, unlike Germany, had never entered into any agreement not to use poison gas in warfare. At the Hague Conference referred to, Captain Mahan (later Admiral Mahan, a world-famous authority on international affairs) who represented America, had refused to renounce the use of toxic gases, saying that he would not bind his country to a step the importance of which could not be estimated, since the whole subject was wrapped in obscurity.

SO American military authorities were free to develop this new weapon if they saw fit to do so; but such was not the case. For a long time the Washington authorities frowned upon the use of poison gas and discouraged a suggestion made by some of the younger Ordnance officers that tear gas be employed in our 1916 Mexican expedition. The thing was altogether barbarous, it was felt, and no action was taken looking toward the entrance of America into the poison gas field.

Meantime, as the months passed and it became evident, early in 1917, that we could not keep out of the War, these younger officers, well informed as to the poison gas situation in Europe, realized that we must be prepared in this respect, and soon after war was declared one of them took a step that well illustrates our national quality of individual self-reliance. Proceeding quietly, so as not to arouse opposition, and revealing as little as possible of his ultimate purpose, this officer succeeded in obtaining two blanket orders, one to build a gas shell filling plant, the other for the procurement and manufacture of filling material. These orders were in blank, as to expense and location, because the officer himself had only the most general ideas as to the details of his task. He simply knew that America *must* be ready to carry on a successful poison gas campaign against the Germans. As to his very busy superior officers, they understood that he was conducting some chemical experiments up near Baltimore on a neck of land between the Gunpowder and the Bush rivers, and let it go at that.

So carefully were these poison gas preparations guarded, even within the War Department, that for months the plant was referred to vaguely as the Gunpowder Reservation. Only one man knew in full detail what was happening there, and he (backed by General Crozier, then Chief of Ordnance) was risking everything on the soundness of his judgment.

In the rush of vast war preparations this little chemical enterprise received small attention, the general idea being that it might involve an expenditure of $100,000 or so. Imagine then the astonishment of various high officials on learning, early in 1918, that this young officer, acting in co-operation with French and English experts and with the valuable co-operation of the Department of Mines, had gone ahead and constructed and made ready for operation on a great scale a poison gas plant, now known as the Edgewood Arsenal, that called for the expenditure of $30,000,000! As a matter of fact, up to the signing of the Armistice the outlay for this plant in cost and operation was $58,000,000. And this was in addition to various smaller plants for necessary chemicals and toxic compounds at Philadelphia, Stamford, Conn., Bound Brook, N. J., Charlestown, W. Va., Saltville, Va., Niagara Falls, and elsewhere. All these were rushed through to successful completion, one may say, by the faith and energy of one man!

The excellence of this work is shown by the fact that at the signing of the Armistice America was making *more poison gas than France and England together*, and was turning out *six times as much mustard gas* (this may be called the king of poison gases) as the Germans were making, although they had been working at it for two years. Besides this America manufactured over 5,400,000 gas masks, of which 2,600,000 were delivered to our troops in France.

American chemists also analyzed and tested hundreds of substances to see whether they could be made to yield new and more effective battle gases; and I can state on the highest authority that, as a result of these experiments, there were discovered several gases and toxic products (now preciously guarded military secrets) that possess greater formidableness, taken in connection with a new method of gas attack, than anything used in the War. Had the fighting been prolonged until the summer of 1919, America would have struck a poison gas blow at the enemy that would have come as a staggering surprise which the German armies could scarcely have withstood. I have been informed as to the general nature of this surprise; in fact, I have seen a photograph of an experimental attack made at the Lakehurst, (N. J.) Proving Ground, in which this discovery was tested on a large scale, and it is evident that this gas development must have caused horrible casualties among the Teutons.

"THIS discovery might have inflicted a great military disaster upon Germany," said my informant, an officer in the Chemical Warfare Section, who held a high command with our special gas troops in France.

He added that this particular gas development was the joint discovery of England and America and would have been employed by both nations in a simultaneous blow against the Huns.

"This new gas owes its military effectiveness," he explained, "not to its greater deadliness, as compared with other poison gases, but to the fact that no gas mask in existence at the time of the Armistice would protect a soldier against it."

"You mean that a soldier wearing one of the ordinary masks would, nevertheless, have breathed this poison gas into his lungs?" I asked.

"Exactly. It would have been as if he had worn no mask."

"How about American soldiers or English soldiers using this new gas — what would have protected them?"

"They would have worn special masks that we were perfecting when the War ended. These masks were part of our secret. No doubt the Germans would have ultimately learned to make such masks, but, meantime, they would have suffered frightful losses. You understand there is a constant struggle between the poison gas maker who discovers some new toxic offensive and the mask maker who then works out an adequate defense. It's like the progressive rivalry between the manufacturers of projectiles and manufacturers of armor plate."

THE year 1918 witnessed frantic efforts by the Germans to increase the efficiency of their poison gas campaign, and many chemical "stunts" were attempted by them, some of these being neither clever nor successful, but all calling for incessant watchfulness on the part of the Allies. Flame-projecting machines were developed, and various smoke devices; also incendiary projectiles and shells that were designed to burst and scatter in the air minute particles of solid poisons.

In order to keep abreast of these novelties in frightfulness it was necessary to have gas officers trained to investigate each new development. These officers were required to study the features of every gas attack, to gather fragments of exploded gas shells and draw conclusions, by observing calibers and markings, as to the chemical contents. For example, a trained observer, on picking up a fragment bearing a double yellow cross, would know that this had come from a special kind of mustard gas shell. These investigators developed to an extraordinary degree their sense of smell, just as tea-tasters develop their sense of taste, so that they were able to recognize by its special odor every gas and chemical used by the enemy.

In pursuit of such necessary information these gas officers were often called upon to take perilous chances. Thus in February, 1918, the Germans tried a new plan of attack in the hope of deceiving their adversaries; they bombarded some front-line trenches near Cambrai with high-explosive shells which tore up huge craters in the ground with crashing detonations, and at the same time, under cover of these explosions, they dropped over two hundred large gas bombs, hoping that the presence of the latter would be undetected until the poison gas had done its work.

"Tom"—— at the front, all dressed up in his gas mask

In this case it was the business of a gas officer to determine immediately what percentage of gas shells the Germans were using here; and this involved crawling out over the bombarded area in broad daylight with scarcely any cover and studying the comparative size of the craters so as to decide how many were made by high explosive shells and how many (the small craters) by gas shells.

Another dangerous duty of these investigators was to open and analyze German gas shells that had never exploded, either because they had never been fired or because they had failed to explode, after being shot from the batteries, as happens with "duds." As soon as an enemy ammunition dump was captured a gas officer would search through the piles for indications of chemical warfare preparations, and while thus engaged he would usually find himself under fire of enemy guns, for the retreating Germans would pound away at their own abandoned dumps, sometimes from a distance of eight or nine miles, in the hope of blowing up their pursuers. And often they would conceal inside the dumps delayed-action fuses adjusted with fiendish precision to explode after eight or twenty-four or even seventy-two hours, when a corrosive liquid had gradually eaten through a wire restraining a needle that would ultimately snap forward into the detonator. Then the whole dump would flame up to heaven with a blast like an earthquake. The flashes of these exploding dumps were visible for a dozen miles.

The chemicals obtained from German poison gas shells (opened with infinite precautions, for there was no telling what would be found or how the stuff would act) were examined at five well-equipped laboratories maintained behind the lines by the British (one), the French (two), and the Americans (two).

As soon as a new poison was detected a complete analysis was made and the facts reported to all the Allies. Then the effects of this new substance were studied in an atmosphere artificially poisoned by the same chemicals; and the resistance of our respirators was tested (thanks to the devotion of volunteers) to make sure that our soldiers had adequate protection. This watchfulness often revealed the *tendency* of German gas experiments so that we were able to keep our gas defense months ahead of their gas offensive. It is well known that this gas ascendency established by American and Allied chemists was an important factor in breaking down the morale of the German armies. After long preparation they would put over a gas attack that was supposed to be a complete and destructive surprise to the Allies, and it would prove to be quite innocuous *because our chemists had outguessed their chemists.*

One result of the War is to explode thoroughly the idea that German chemists are a race of supermen; the fact is that, *man for man, invention for invention, laboratory for laboratory, America met and surpassed Germany in every branch of chemical warfare, although at the start this was Germany's own game.*

I have had the privilege of talking to an officer who perhaps knows more about gas fighting than any man in the country, since he served for many months with the gas forces of France, England and America. He described graphically the projector method of gas attack adopted by the Germans in 1918 in place of their original rolling-cloud attack. By this method a great number of shells filled with poison gas were hurled simultaneously at a [*Continued on page 51*]

At Last We Escape

More of the "Dawn Patrol" Adventures

by Robert A. Anderson, *First Lieutenant, U. S. Air Service*

Illustrations by Wallace Morgan

IT was next day at about noon that Tillinghast arrived from the camp across the street. We had known each other only half a day, yet it was like meeting an old friend to see him again. Gunn, the Scotchman, joined our ranks at the same time. Rumors were soon afloat of an early start for Germany, since now there were some eighteen or twenty of us in camp. The sooner the better, I thought to myself. I was tired of this flea-infested place.

At about two o'clock that afternoon I saw Donaldson again. He was talking to Tillinghast when I caught sight of him, so I quickly joined the two for a chat. Donaldson was just on the point of leaving for his cell when I came upon them. He suggested that the two of us come along with him to meet Mandell. He did not think that the guard would stop us. Mandell, he said, had been chatting with him in German and had won him over to being quite friendly. We agreed to go along and see what would happen. The three of us proceeded across the yard into the guard-room. Mandell rose to greet us. We all sat down, two on the floor and two on the bed. I squatted on the floor, near the one little window that overlooked the main gates and the courtyard.

Tillinghast and I were, of course, most interested in the escape that our new friends had recently made. We plied them with question after question, until finally we had the whole story. Why not escape again?

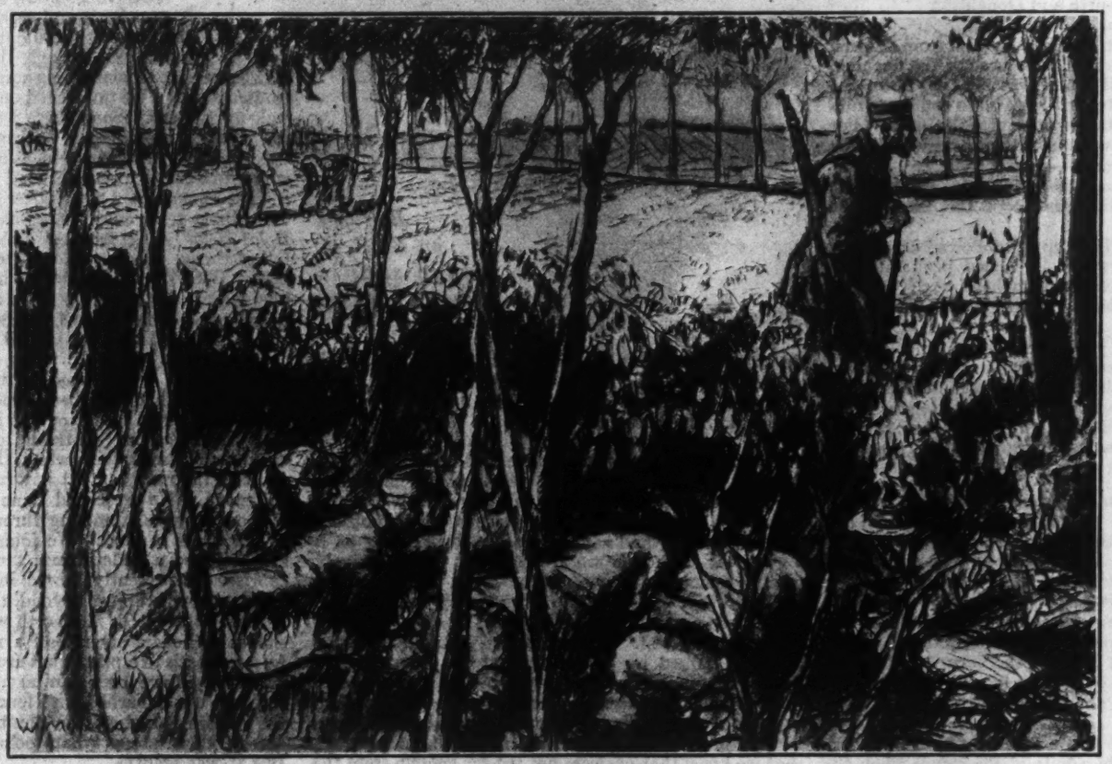
The afternoon gradually wore away. The campfires were lit. I was standing near one of them, helping to get dinner, when I turned to find Mandell at my shoulder. They would be off that night, he told me quietly, so that none of the others heard. Then he went on saying something. Would I like to go along with them? That was it; they wanted me to join the party and escape with them.

I collected my surprised wits as quickly as my excitement would permit.

"Come on—the more the merrier!"

I learned that Tillinghast was to come, too. So now it was all decided; there would be five in the party, four of us American flying officers, the fifth Rogers, the English corporal.

We lost no time making preparations.



"He walked by within twenty yards of us, all unconscious of our presence"

I undressed and dressed again with all the clothing I could put on me. I donned three shirts, the two flannelette Red Cross ones, then my own khaki on top. I could just button my jacket over it all. No danger of my freezing with all that on, I thought! I loaded my pockets with all the smaller articles they would hold.

In my breeches pocket, right where it would be most handy, I stowed away my tiny compass.

It was six o'clock when at last we were ready. Dusk was settling down outside, but as there were still men about in the yard, we hoped that we would not be stopped by any of the guards. It seemed to me very risky business to be marching through the guard-room with overcoats and knapsacks on our arms.

Off we marched, Donaldson leading again, across the yard, and once more entered the guard-room. Lamps had already been lighted inside. At the table, two Huns were lounging over the opposite sides of a checkerboard. Several others were seated around the table, looking on.

They hardly glanced at us as we entered. Donaldson led across the room and started up the stairs, whistling, too blithely, I thought.

Once up-stairs, we all sat down to wait for darkness. We maintained a strict silence for a long time. Our object was to avoid reminding the Huns below of the presence of Tillinghast and myself. We hoped that in the interest of their game they would not give us another thought.

We waited while the twilight grew fainter and the shadows deeper. I glanced at my wrist-watch. Its luminous dial showed eight o'clock. A moment later a tinny-sounding piano

tinkled out a lively tune upon the still night. The Huns who lived there were celebrating.

"We'll start about ten," Mandell whispered. "That ought to give the Huns next door a chance to get to bed. Rogers knows we're coming; he'll have everything all ready."

After that none of us spoke for ages, it seemed. I could feel my heart pump faster at the thought of the approaching moment. Would we make it? Could we all climb down over the roof without some one making a noise? If we did get down into the courtyard, how would we get from there out of the village? The minutes dragged by like hours. Nine o'clock came and went, but ten o'clock seemed no nearer.

The Huns down-stairs suddenly pushed back their bench from the table with a bumping, scraping sound that startled us. They had finished their game of checkers; would they be coming up to pay us a visit? We held our breaths and waited. There were sounds of footsteps and voices from below but no one opened the door at the foot of our stairs.

"What time?" Mandell asked.

"Five to ten," I replied.

"Get ready to move," was the order.

I had been sitting on my flying-suit. Now I stood up cautiously, throwing the suit over my arm. I reached to my hip-pocket, to draw forth my civilian cap and put it on. I slung a bag of biscuits over my shoulder.

"All ready?"

"Yes," came the answer from three of us.

Mandell took the lead to pull off the locks. Tillinghast and I followed, with Donaldson to bring up the rear. We were off!

Mandell removed the first lock without a sound. Across the empty room we tiptoed, to find Rogers' door already off its hinges and an opening into his room awaiting us. He was talking in whispers.

"It ought to be all right now," he was saying. "I've been watching the buildings next door. They've all gone to bed."

As he was speaking, I glanced upward. Just about two feet over my head was an opening in the roof.

Rogers would go first. The rest of us would wait until he had gone down to the edge of the roof and reconnoitered the yard. Mandell would follow, watching with only his head through the roof, until Rogers should motion him with a wave of his arm that all was clear. Tillinghast, whom we were all calling Tilly by this time, would be third. I would come fourth and Donaldson would bring up the rear.

At last Mandell must have got a signal from Rogers, for he began to draw himself up through the opening. He had both feet outside and was starting down the roof when something stopped him. We could see him crouched awkwardly, staring out into the dark. For fully ten minutes he crouched there, tense, holding that one position. Then——

"Come on!" he hissed down to us. He was off. We could hear the slight rattle of the tiles, as he crawled over them.

Don and I boosted Tilly up. I followed as soon as Tilly was out of the way. I reached back into the hole for the two knapsacks Don held ready for me.

When I saw he needed no further help, I cautiously began the descent.

As we crossed the yard, we passed by a lighted window. We could hear movements within that told us they had not yet all retired. We scampered across and wasted no time scaling the wall. Rogers made directly for a mound of earth thrown up against it as if by magic to help us on our way. By it we easily reached the top.

TO our left was the main street of the village, solidly lined with houses. To our right, parallel with the street, was the canal that flowed past the back door of the prison camp. We turned now to the right, making for the canal.

There we turned left and followed a footpath that skirted it. Our progress was slow because of numerous fences, some of them board, others wire, and still others picket fences, that ran down to the very water's edge. We must either climb over them or, when it was possible, swing round the end that usually projected out over the water.

We had been out of prison about an hour and were still within a quarter of a mile of the camp, when the moon came up over the distant houses and trees. It shone directly down the canal. It was beautiful; but it was so disconcertingly bright. It seemed light as day. Unconsciously we crouched down whenever we must pass across an open space.

We carefully scanned the farther bank as we slipped along. We had not gone very far before a large building loomed up in front of us. It was brightly lighted, showing that it was a factory that was being run day and night. Rogers halted. We drew up close together in the shadow of a shack that seemed to be empty. Directly across from the factory on our side of the stream was another, not quite as large but also illuminated and consequently occupied. There would be Huns about in both places, perhaps sentries, who might see us. What should we do? We couldn't turn back.

A HIGH wall surrounded the factory yard. We entered a vegetable garden and halted within twenty yards of a house. Suddenly we heard a suspicious sound. We started back; then crept forward again when nothing further happened.

"Halt!" (In German accent.)

It came like a thunderclap out of a clear sky, from the direction of the darkened factory. I never before have felt so much inclined to sink through the ground as I did at that particular moment. I suddenly envied the ant his unpretentious stature. Without so much

By rights an S. R. O. sign should have been hung out

as turning our heads, Don and I simultaneously called out most of the German we knew. The same words came to our minds and from our lips at the same moment. In chorus we called:

"*Was ist?*"

There was a dead silence after that. Ostrich-like, I attempted to bury my head between my shoulders, waiting for that ping sound past my ear that would announce the opening of hostilities. But nothing happened. We had saved ourselves by putting on a bold front, although we still glanced apprehensively over our shoulders now and again.

Ahead of us we saw a row of evenly spaced trees, which we knew marked the course of another road that ran east and west. We were down in the hollow of a triangle formed by two roads and the railway. We must get out somewhere, so we stumbled on ahead.

Midnight was past; it must have been one or two o'clock by now. We had been out of prison some three or four hours and were well satisfied with our progress, but we knew that we were not yet far enough from the camp to feel secure. Daylight must find us many miles farther on our way; this first night we must push ourselves to the limit. I began to wonder how much longer I could hold out. I felt weary and hungry. I had that "all gone" feeling at the pit of the stomach. None of the others had yet complained of fatigue. Was I the only one suffering? I trudged on in silence.

"There's a light behind us!" Some one suddenly made the startling announcement.

We all turned to see. Even as we stopped and caught sight of it there came to us the sounds of a wagon rattling toward us along the road. We took to the fields on our left at once. From a safe distance we watched the cart as it presently creaked by.

At about three o'clock, a group of houses loomed up before us, proclaiming a village. We would skirt it to the east. As we drew near we came upon a canal that flowed like a moat between us and the wall.

"It must be Condé," said Don. At that rate, we were only four or five miles from Fresnes.

We headed east along the canal, through a small wood. Very soon we heard a rumbling sound, with an occasional creak. Wagons! We were near a road leading into the town. We waited until the rattle of the wagons had died away in the distance. Then we stole forward to the roadway.

I peered along the road to where a bridge spanned the canal, not a hundred yards distant, and led up to the town gates. There was a light there now; some one must be on guard. As a precautionary measure, we crept along another fifty yards from the light, closely hugging a high board fence. Where we did finally cross the road, we were in shadow. Once across, we followed along the edge of the woods until we came to the east side of the town.

Soon we came to what must have been the house and barn of a country gentleman. We were passing close to the barn, when something happened that made us all jump.

"Woof!—Woof, woof!" in deep-throated canine accent.

SUCH a start as we got! We beat a hasty retreat, making off once more to the east to circle the village that lay before us. Long after we had left the spot we could hear, muffled by distance, the persistent, angry "Woof, woof!—Woof, woof, woof!"

By now we had turned toward the north once more and we saw ahead of us again an avenue of trees and three or four houses that were the outposts of the village we were flanking.

We advanced now toward the end house, to pass by it and cross the road. We were right up close beside it, making considerable noise as we tramped through the beet field we were in, when a second alarm was sounded. Again we had aroused a dog. We quickened our steps. Another dog took up the cry. Soon there was a chorus of all the dog voices in the village. We moved still faster.

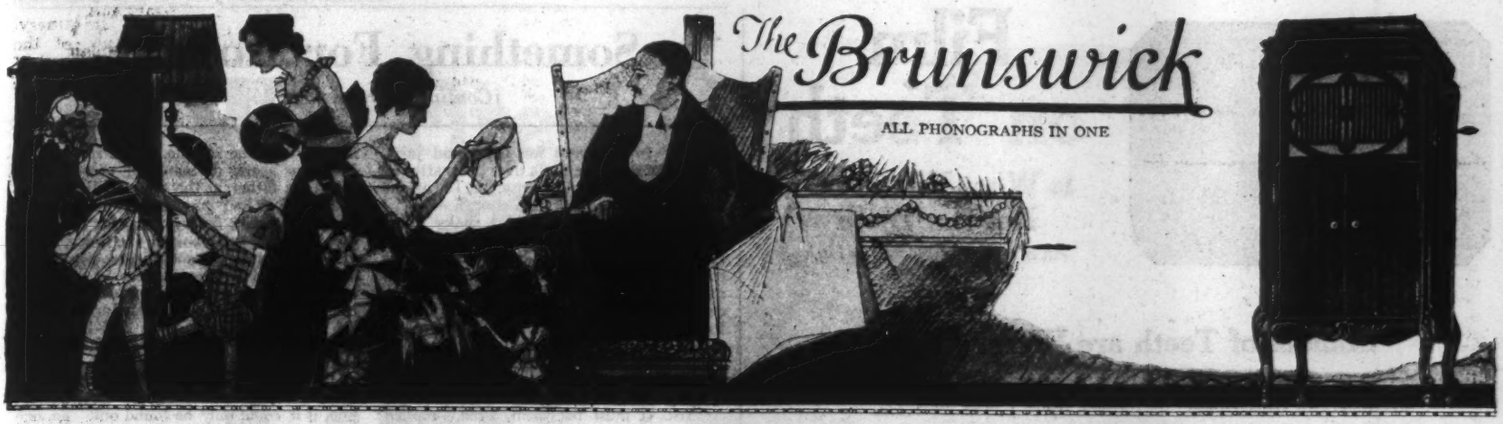
A window was raised in the house near-by. An angry masculine voice shouted out a loud "*Hola!*" Almost immediately house after house echoed the call. The whole town must be awake. Cries of "*Hola! Hola! Hola!*" came from all directions; the air seemed full of them. Then a shot! We were in full flight by now. With the first shout we had begun the retreat; now we were traveling as hard as we could go in the direction of some shrubs and trees. We reached them and crouched breathless behind them.

The shouting ceased. After a little, some of the dogs shut up. What was the meaning of the rousing reception we had just been tendered? Had it really been precipitated by us, or was it only a sort of municipal alarm system? If the latter, why the shot? We could not banish the feeling that we had been the cause of the rumpus. At any rate, we ought to be on the move. We must find some suitable hiding-place.

Soon we were stumbling through swamps again, up to our knees in mud. We found solid ground at last and followed a little stream toward the east and the sunrise. It presently flowed into one running north and south, where, just beyond, there was a small wood of young trees. To the north we could make out the shapes of houses about half a mile away. We came by a footpath to a plank that crossed the stream. The water *may* have been sanitary. Anyway, we drank.

There was a barbed wire fence on the other side of the stream. Just at the point where the plank led across, there stood what looked like a sentry-box. But it was empty.

At this juncture Rogers and Mandell left the party on a foraging expedition. They would creep up to the nearest house, about a [*Continued on page 61*]



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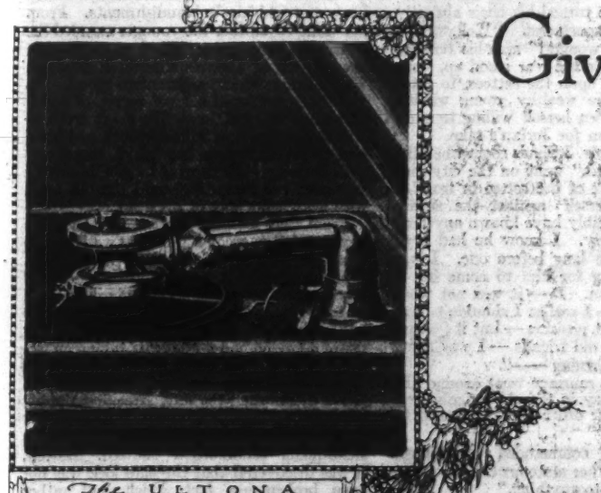

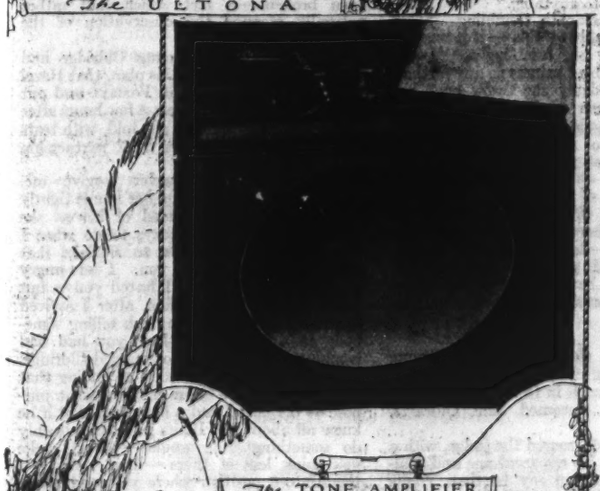

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Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears

Something For Nothing

[Continued from page 24]

evidence to hold you for the grand jury. Mr. LaBonne, we can talk over the matter of bail. This is a bailable offense, but I'm afraid I shall have to fix bail high enough ——"

"No, please! Wait!" said a shaky voice on one of the witnesses' benches. Every eye turned toward the incisive tone, and every eye saw Hazel Kernon rise with outstretched hand toward Judge Harris. "I can't let it go any farther!" she cried. "It has been brutal enough. I will prove Mr. Jurian's alibi for him. It was I who was in his room when the explosion took place yesterday morning."

"No!" cried Jurian, instantly.

"Yes. I must tell them, Fred," replied the girl. "It was just like you to go to jail rather than bring me into it. Oh, it's true that blood will tell, isn't it. Oh, it was fine of you! But it isn't necessary any longer, Fred. I'm going to tell the whole truth."

Judge Harris permitted himself to be so absorbed by the sudden twist of the examination that he turned his chair abruptly and removed his spectacles. "Well, well, I must say, young woman!" was his remark.

The spectators in the rear stood up, some of them climbing upon the settees, to get a better view of the wealthy young woman who had just shown herself willing to stain her own reputation for Jurian's sake.

"I — I was in Mr. Jurian's room when the explosion happened," went on the city girl, clutching the back of the settee in front of her to steady herself against the strain. "He couldn't possibly have known anything about that robbery. I know he had been in his room since long before one. I was sitting up waiting for him to come in. I wanted to see him. It — it was not what you may think — I realize I shouldn't have put myself in that position — but it was innocent — we are old friends — I was going to leave in the morning ——"

An incredulous murmur went around the court, and even lay in the old judge's eyes. But he rapped for order and threatened to clear the room.

"Swear her," commanded the judge. "She must make her statement under oath, if it is to amount to anything."

Miss Kernon took oath, trembling. "Can you believe I would say this — if it weren't true?" she went on, fumblingly. "I — I can't let this terrible business go any farther, that's all." Suddenly she threw back her head, and became a dignified, haughty, queenly heiress again. "Why should I care what you think of me?" she whipped out. "I don't care what you think. I was in his room because I chose to be — because I know what kind of man he is. As for the person who went through the farce of committing the robbery — because there was no real robbery — he is in the room here at this moment. If you look around, Mr. Judge, you won't have much trouble in picking him out. I mean that young man, Oldridge, there!"

AS she spoke, she pointed at the young fellow, wilting into his clothes already, on the end of the bench in front.

"It's a lie!" screamed Sam Oldridge, springing up.

"You sit down!" roared the judge, with a voice that belied his apparent age and frailness. "What do you say to that, young man?" fixing his eyes on Oldridge.

"It — it isn't so. There's a mistake," whimpered the fellow, cowering in his seat and in danger of slipping from it altogether.

"Stand up!" cried Judge Harris. "There's something queer about this! We're going to get to the bottom of it. What do you mean, sir, by saying it's a mistake. What's a mistake? What's this young woman to you? Stand up, will you!"

Christopher Oldridge pulled himself up and, paper white, stared at the judge for a moment, open-mouthed as an imbecile. Then he gasped, in a scarcely audible voice, "I'll confess, Mr. Harris. I'll tell the truth. I blew open the safe myself. I — did it — because I hated him."

By slow degrees, because of the youth's weak knees and terror, Judge Harris drew the whole account of the conspiracy against Jurian, from young Oldridge. Either the senior Oldridge had been innocent of connection with the scheme, or his son had at least the spark of manhood necessary to shield his father in the telling. Before the young fellow had gone to the Blair apartments even Jurian was feeling sorry for the overgrown tyrant who bossed the town. The veins were standing out dangerously on his forehead, and he seemed near to apoplexy.

Young Oldridge had stumbled onto the brilliant plan, of incriminating Jurian, rather by accident than design. He had been searching his mind for a long time to "get the goods" on his rival, if he could. He was certain that Jurian's arrival in Foxlake held some mystery that could be used against him, if it could only be found out. So, one afternoon, having watched to see that neither Jurian nor Dorothy would be around, the young fellow had gone to the Blair apartments, when old Andy Blair was at home.

THE old man's suspicions were easily disarmed. His trusting nature easily warmed to young Oldridge's blandishments. From one thing to another the younger man led the unsuspecting inventor, till they came upon the subject of Jurian's arrival in Foxlake. The old man was in a garrulous mood. He was the possessor of a great secret, of which he himself did not know the exact truth — and he detailed how Miss Hesketh had hired him to seal a certain bag which was found with Jurian. "I'll show it to you, but don't you ever tell Dorothy," said the old man, with a knowing wag of his head.

From that moment Christopher Oldridge never rested a second until he was able to steal the bag from the Blair apartments. When he opened it, and found the nature of its contents, the whole scheme unrolled itself to his eager, vengeful mind. To plant the bag in Jurian's room during his absence, by use of a key he had made from taking an impression of the one hanging on the hook back of the hotel desk, was easy enough. The job of dynamiting the safe, after first ripping a lock from a window in the rear of Oldridge's store, was a thoroughly amateur one, as subsequent examination showed. Indeed, it was discovered that the safe lock was not even broken — a fact which had rather naturally escaped the observation of the village constable.

It was just before young Oldridge had worked out the details of his plan, that Hazel Kernon arrived quietly in Foxlake and put up at the hotel. To Jurian, a few hours after they left the court-room, she told, with tears and protestations, of her brief partnership with young Oldridge.

"Oh, Fred, you'll never forgive me, never!" she cried, clasping her hands tightly and looking straight ahead of her as she spoke. "I was mad, crazy, to do what I did. I didn't come here to Foxlake that time, except just to see you. I was angry with you — I felt that I hated you — but I just had to come. Then, after I arrived at the hotel, I heard the clerk telling somebody in a joking way how you had had trouble with a young fellow named Oldridge. It was then I had the idea of finding that person — I didn't know just for what purpose — perhaps I had a hazy idea that if he knew all about the Blairs he could possibly do something that would — would make you think less of them — that would get them into a position where you might hesitate to have your name connected with them. I'm so ashamed — now — and yet — I couldn't help it. I was jealous. I hated them both — her and her father.

"I don't know why I tell you this, Fred. It isn't any use. I realize now that you — you can't care for me — that way. But I may as well tell you everything. I saw that young Oldridge was a perfect ninny. I told him I used to — like you, but I hated you — and I did, that moment — and he told me all about his plan for getting you in trouble with the bag of tools. Then I saw my chance, Fred. I thought — if he did — I could get a chance to help you out of trouble. I did so want to be of service to you. There didn't seem any way of making you let me help you. You wouldn't let me do it with money. So — I told the silly child I would help him. And — it ends this way."

"I'm sorry — I'm terribly sorry —" began Jurian, genuinely.

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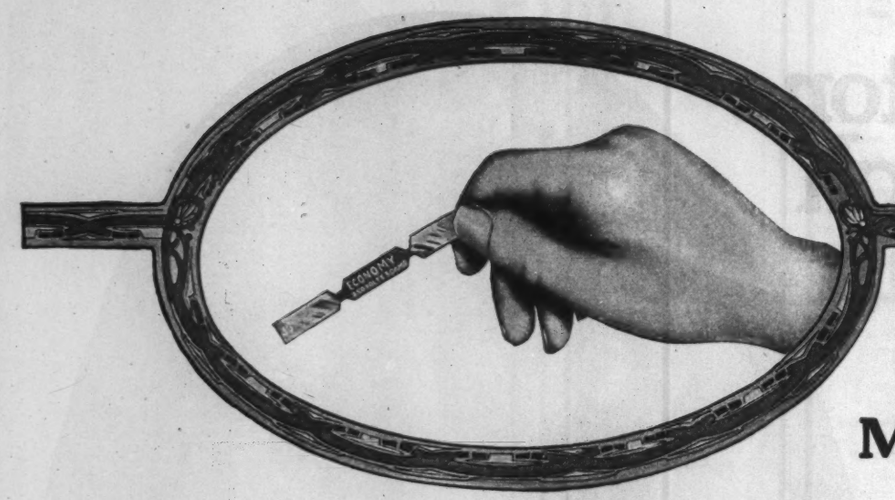

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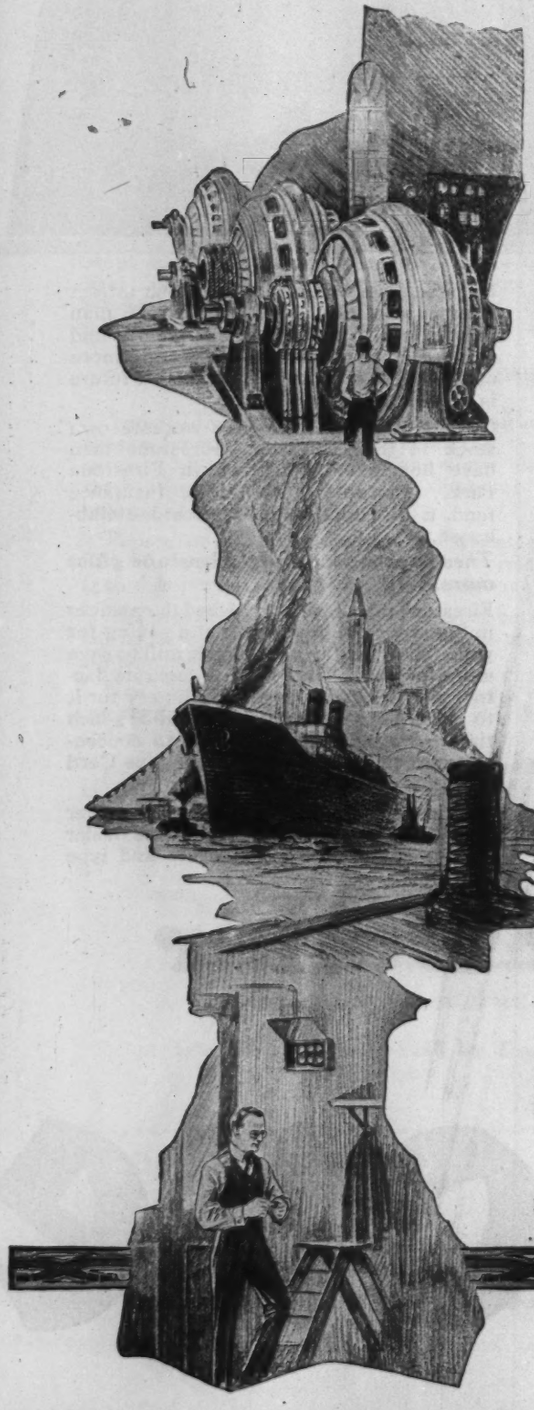

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But she stopped him, choking back a sob. A hard tone came into her words, "I don't want you to be sorry for me. I can't bear that. I'd rather you'd strike me. I'd rather — go away having you hate me. Sorry for me! Ugh! Perhaps I deserve even that. Fred, I don't know whether I care for you any more, now. Something icy has come into my veins these last few hours. I don't know whether I can feel anything any more. Perhaps I wasn't born right — it may be that. It was fine of you — splendid of you — to be willing to protect me the way you did. I liked you better when you shook your head and said there was nobody in your room, than I ever did before. But I saw, too, that such a man — who would go to prison with a secret like that, was the kind of man who would get the woman he wanted, or go without love. And — I'm not the woman. I see that."

"Hazel," began Jurian, tenderly. But she thrust out a hand as if warding off a blow.

"No! There's nothing you can say. She's a good girl, Fred. I — I can't like her, but I do respect her. Perhaps you'll be happy together. I can still honestly wish that for you. I thought — maybe — but it didn't come out that way. It wasn't meant to."

JURIAN put out his hand, and their fingers clasped for a second. Then she shook her head ruefully, as he was about to speak, and walked quickly away.

After holding young Oldridge for a few hours, Judge Harris sent him home with a scathing reprimand. The only prosecution that could be pressed against him, of course, was that of conspiracy, and as Hazel Kernon was a partner in whatever conspiracy there had been, Jurian gave a hurried negation to any such course. Besides, the young man wanted most to get back to the store. Harder work than ever was staring the partners in the face. It was obvious that if Samuel Oldridge had hated them all before, that hatred would be benevolent compared with his present feelings.

"First of all," said Jurian, buoyantly, as the partners of the Hesketh Store, in their little office, were shaking hands and beaming upon each other with unbridled happiness, "I'd better call up Mr. Whitehead and ask him how and when we get that capital to set things in motion."

It took some time to get the East Marion banker on the telephone. When the connection was made, they all stood around, with fast-beating hearts, while Jurian talked. The talk was brief. From the disappointed look that immediately came into the young fellow's eyes, and from the questions he asked, the partners knew that there was no hope in that quarter.

Jurian hung up the receiver and sat blankly for a moment. "Another hope gone busted!" he remarked, finally, trying hard to smile. "Whitehead wishes us success, but he can't help us finance our catalogue store. He didn't admit it in so many words, but he intimated that pressure had been brought to bear on him. You all know what that means. Oldridge ferreted out our scheme — perhaps he had me followed when I went to see Whitehead — and put the kibosh on it. Whitehead owes him money, maybe. Anyway, we've got to get the money somewhere else. And where in the world are we going to get it?"

"Why don't you see if you can't sell my burglar-alarm?" said a voice at the door. They all burst out laughing — a long, relieved roar of laughter. For it was old man Blair, "Andy the Mender," who stood there, blinking wisely.

"Oh, you can laugh, but there's money in it, I tell you," persisted the old man. "Caught you, once, didn't it?" he went on, smiling at Jurian. "It's a grand thing. Just needs a little salesmanship."

"Oh, don't bother us just now, father," warned Dorothy.

"Wait a minute," replied Jurian. "I don't know much about burglar alarms, but we've got to have money, and there might be something in it, for all we know. Stranger things than that have happened. I'm going to try it, anyway."

"Try what?" they all shouted at once.

"I'm going to telegraph my friend, Tommy Urquhart, to come here and look over the invention. He's in the builder's hardware business. He can tell us, if anybody can."

Such is the compelling power of youthful hope, that Jurian, Dorothy, Joe and Grace, who had never before considered Andy the Mender's burglar alarm anything better than a joke, were already beginning to take it seriously. The more they thought of it, the more plausible it appeared. In this wicked world there are burglars, and there is property to be burgled; and, therefore, everybody should have a burglar alarm, preferably the wonderful Blair alarm. In the anxious interim, while waiting for a return wire from Tommy Urquhart, the burglar alarm was tried repeatedly and found effective.

At last the telegram came. "Good old faithful Tommy!" exclaimed Jurian, fervently. "Thank the Lord, I included at least one business man in my acquaintance back there in New York.

Meanwhile, the partners — or rather, Jurian and Dorothy, for Joe and his bride were able only to offer a sensible suggestion now and then — were using all the spare time left to them by the store's business, to work on the catalogue plans. Joe was sent out into the outlying territory one day, to sound out the farmers on the scheme. Almost invariably these farmers, who confessed to being constant mail-order buyers, averred that they would gladly patronize the Hesketh Store, prices being right, if the store could arrange to carry an up-to-date line of goods of the sort they had been getting from Chicago and New York.

"That's promising," said Jurian. "But, it means capital. It means that we've got to have buying power ourselves — just what we haven't got yet," he added ruefully.

"But if we could be in a position to take orders for those things we can't carry in stock, we ought to be able to get the goods to the purchaser as quickly as he could get them anywhere," was Dorothy's comment.

"We've got to carry a pretty full line of ordinary things — much bigger than the ordinary country store. Otherwise we'd simply be middlemen, rendering no special service," replied Jurian, thoughtfully. "And it doesn't take country folks nearly as long to smell out a fake as it does city people. I've been thinking that out, dear. No, we've got to stock heavily and go into the most up-to-date stuff. We've got to be able to provide everything from a mowing-machine part to a motorcycle. Else there's no use going on at all."

It was not the rosiest kind of prospect, when they considered it apart from the sunlight of enthusiasm. The purchasing power of a dollar was not what it used to be, and their stock of dollars was not imposing. The Hesketh Store, as it was at present, was a one-person store. They all knew that. It was fine to be four partners, friends, coworkers; but unless the scope of their operations could be widened, they were going to fail. Only an inflow of money from some source could save them.

So they waited for Tommy Urquhart.

He arrived in Foxlake one evening, three or four days after Jurian sent his telegram, and about an hour after the Hesketh Store had closed. The partners, all four of them, were sitting in the cosy front room of the Blairs, when Jurian heard a familiar whistle outside. One look from the window, and he was clattering down the stairs; and the others, peering out, saw Jurian patting a brisk-looking, New Yorky young person on the shoulder, and pointing up at the store.

THEN, a few minutes later, seated in a comfortable chair, Tommy Urquhart was looking around him, and nodding his head. "I don't blame you, Fred!" he said, with a smile. Tommy's eyes rested for a moment on the charming figure of Dorothy Blair, as he spoke, and the girl turned aside in rosy confusion. "No, I don't blame you, Fred," went on the city man. "This country out here — the air — everything — fine! But who told you you could be a business man? The idea of you running a store, you old fox. You never told us you had business ability."

"Don't rub it in, Tommy!" pleaded Jurian. "I've been finding out that I am not a business man. Let me just tell you what's happened. I've almost been sent to jail lately, too. You'll be interested in that."

Tommy Urquhart listened and laughed, and laughed and listened some more, while Jurian, warming up to the recitative, got all the fun there was to be obtained from the telling. But in the end, Tommy remarked seriously, "I think I see what you're up against, you fellows. Your scheme — well, I don't know anything about country stores — they're out of my line — but it sounds as though it might be good. But you need quite a little money."

"Good Lord, we didn't need you to come here to tell us that," laughed Jurian. "We got you here to tell us how to get the money. And now comes the 'touch,' Tommy. We don't want to borrow money. We want to

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"An invention!" repeated young Mr. Urquhart. He smiled approvingly, but there was a gleam in his business-like eye which said plainly that he had come in contact with inventions and inventors before now, and hadn't seen any great rewards reaped. But he listened courteously while old man Blair, blooming with pride and faith, proceeded to expound his wonderful method of trapping burglars.

There was a long pause, after old man Blair had done his work. Even the old man himself ceased to chatter. Tommy Urquhart sat quietly, looking from one to another of the expectant faces, wondering how to begin. Finally he drawled awkwardly:

"Gosh, I don't know what to say to you. I hate to be a kill-joy. But I can't lie to you, either. You probably won't like me any more, but you got me here to tell you the truth. The truth is, there's no market for burglar alarms. And I don't think this is a practicable one. It's ingenious, but—well, it wouldn't get you ten cents, really. I'm sorry to say that, Mr. Blair. Maybe I'm wrong. I hope so."

They knew, in that moment, that Tommy Urquhart was not wrong. They saw that they had been borrowing deeply from the stocking of hope.

"We thank you just as much—even more—because we wanted the truth," said Dorothy Blair, who was first to break silence.

"Yes—of course," added Jurian, dazedly. "But are you sure, Tommy?"

Mr. Urquhart rose nervously, and shoved his hands deep into his pockets, and walked about the room. "There ought to be some way to finance your scheme, Fred," he murmured. Poor Andy the Mender was completely crushed, sitting in his corner miserably.

Suddenly, as Urquhart approached the outer door of the apartment, he stopped short and stared. Then he whistled a note of surprise, and began to run his thumb along the jamb of the door, on the hinged side. "Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. "I never saw anything like that!"

THE other occupants of the room all stared at the young man in amazement.

"Where in the world did you get that kind of a contraption?" asked Tommy turning to old man Blair. "I never saw anything like that before. What's the idea?"

The young fellow was pointing at the peculiar arrangement by which the door, instead of being swung upon two hinges, was made to open and close upon a circular shaft, around which the cup-shaped vertical side of the door moved noiselessly, and without presenting any open space.

"Oh, I made that myself," replied the old man, without interest. "You see, when Dorothy was a little girl she got her hand crushed in the door we had there. I made up my mind that the baby wasn't going to be hurt that way again, so I worked out that door, that's all."

"Is it patented?" was the quick question.

"Patented?" replied Andy in surprise. "Why, no. I just made it for myself. It never thought of it again. Nobody ever seemed to notice it."

Tommy Urquhart threw up his hands in an attitude of despair. "Well, if that isn't just like an inventor!" he cried. "Look here, folks: this wise old chap here has been mooning his way along on a worthless burglar alarm, while all the time he had invented one of the best appliances I ever saw—humane, useful, simple. And he never knew that he had invented anything. Well, well! Look at it." Urquhart swung the door to and fro as he spoke. "Why, every modern house where they expect to have children living would have to have a door like that. It's a bear, fellows! I know what I'm talking about. You've got into my line, now! Mr. Blair, how soon can you give me a blueprint of this?"

"Why, any time," responded Andy the Mender, still incapable of belief.

"You'll get your money all right," said Urquhart to Jurian. "That is, Mr. Blair will get it. I take it you've got some arrangement with him. I'm rash enough to offer Mr. Blair ten thousand dollars cash for half rights in this door. I'll call the door by his name, too. The Blair Door. It's a cinch, if I know anything about hardware. These can be made as cheaply as any doors. Or nearly. What do you say, Mr. Blair?"

"Ten thousand dollars, for half rights," repeated the old man. Then they all looked at each other. "Whoopee!" yelled Jurian. "Three cheers for Andy the Mender! Now, then!" And they cheered three times with a will, and people passing the store stopped and stared up at the window open-mouthed.

"But I still believe in my burglar alarm," protested the old man, mildly.

"Well," replied Urquhart, with a grin, "in a few years you'll be able to support your burglar alarm on the earnings of your door, Mr. Blair."

But Jurian and Dorothy had nothing to say. They looked at each other with silent gladness shouting from their eyes, and when he thought nobody was looking, Frederick leaned over to kiss her. Nobody saw him, except Urquhart, Andy, Joe and Grace.

It was about a year afterward that Samuel Oldridge, fat and pompous as ever, crossed the common one afternoon and paused in front of the Hesketh Store. Old Mr. Blair was sitting in a chair outside, smoking a cigar and looking so offensively prosperous that his late persecutor turned livid with envy. But Mr. Oldridge was not in a combative Mood today. He went up the stairs laboriously and said civilly:

"Howdy do, Andy—I mean Mr. Blair. Trust you're feeling fine. I—I wonder if there'd be any objection to my going inside the store."

Andy Blair grinned. "Don't believe so," he replied. "Mr. Jurian ain't the kind that's got anything to conceal. And he's of the live-and-let-live sort, he is. Go on in. He won't mind, I guess."

Samuel Oldridge went in very gingerly, passed through the front of the store, and entered a big, new, roughly-finished annex at the rear. He stood for a moment on the threshold and gasped. The big open space was piled with boxes, empty and full, machinery in crates, machinery just unpacked and set up. At the farther end a couple of men were working at a bench and circular saw, getting up box shooks. Jurian, in his shirt-sleeves, directed packing operations—his hands full of orders which he was checking up. And not far from Jurian, in a dainty summer dress, looking even more unexpectedly prosperous than her father, was Dorothy Blair. She seemed to have just happened in at the store where she had put in hard hours for so long.

Sam Oldridge caught Jurian's eye at last, and the young fellow stopped work and came over. He greeted Mr. Oldridge decently, but with a suspicious eye. The visitor began at once, unctuously:

"Quite a business you're doing here, Mr. Jurian, I see."

"Oh, we can't complain," was the reply.

"Funny you still call it the Hesketh Store," went on the stout man. "I guess Miss Hesketh would be surprised to see what's going on."

"I like to believe that Miss Hesketh is pleased with what we're doing," said Jurian soberly. "If we're doing pretty well, we owe it to her."

Oldridge rubbed his chin and digested that unusual sentiment. Then he said, "Fact is, Mr. Jurian, I guess I'd like to sell my store to you. That's what I came over for. I don't expect we shall stay here in Foxlake much longer. I'm gradually closing out my interests. I can give you a bargain. Would you like to come in and talk it over?"

Jurian's face did not betray his feelings. He said, shortly, "I'll come over. I might buy what's left of your store. It's on its last legs, but we might use your merchandise. You'll excuse me. I'm rather busy. I'll see you to-night."

But when Oldridge had gone, Jurian's face beamed as he rushed over to Dorothy Blair and told her. "We'll buy it, Dolly girl," he said. "We'll buy it at a figure that will make the man yelp. Not because we need it, Dolly, or because we want it, but—because—well, it will be better than flowers on Lucy Hesketh's grave. Her little score will be evened up at last.

"By George, she was a wonderful woman, Dolly girl," said Jurian, after a reverent pause. "She taught me that you can't get Something for Nothing."

A bright smile greeted Jurian, and two red lips parted joyously. "There is just one thing in life, Frederick, that you get for nothing," she said. "That is a woman's love. I gave you that, dear, when I first saw you."

"No, I earned it, by being clever enough to be cast away at Miss Hesketh's door," laughed Jurian.

The End

The Trap — [*Continued from page 11*]

you, too." Then, as Ashe stared, he drawled indolently, "It may calm her down."

"Calm her down?"

Over his shoulder Lester nodded. He had wandered to the window, and, parting the heavy hangings, he was peering out into the park, his eyes again roaming over the rows of benches there. "Yes," he drawled, his tone as indifferent as before, "I don't know how she'll act; just the same I had to ask her here to-night. It's for a reason."

"A reason?" Ashe stared at him, his wonder frank. "Tell me, is that why you came home? Is that why you gave this dinner, too?"

Lester did not reply. The door bell at that instant had sounded, and, both hands thrust deep into his pockets, he turned back into the room. Ashe was still gazing at him, when Mawsby threw open the drawing-room door. "Mrs. Dewitt," announced Mawsby; and a slender, well-dressed woman, graceful and good-looking, entered.

Slouching toward her, Lester held out a limp, indifferent hand.

"How're you, Fanny?" he drawled. Then, his tone unchanged, he added: "We've just been talking about you. Mr. Ashe showed me that letter you wrote."

It was at this instant that the door bell again rang, and the other two ladies entered Lester's house.

CHAPTER III

"MRS. Steese, Miss Raeburn," announced Mawsby.

The entrance of these ladies, the two who completed the number of guests at the dinner, was at once productive of a new note in the drawing-room's atmosphere. Not that it cleared the air, however. Lester's cool greeting, the welcome he had given Mrs. Dewitt, was evidently not just what the lady had anticipated. However, as the door opened, and the two stood revealed there — one young, attractive; the other manifestly so vivacious—the effect their appearance created was visibly distinct.

Mrs. Dewitt shot a look at Ashe. In the look was inquiry, not to say astonishment. Possibly she had expected other guests; perhaps none at all. But Ashe did not catch the glance. His own air curious, he was inspecting the two ladies with unassumed interest, eyeing the host as well.

Lester, springing to his feet, had hurried to greet the newcomers.

In contrast with the welcome he had given Mrs. Dewitt, the host's cordiality was noticeable. "Ah, here you are! Everything all right? So delighted to see you!" he was exclaiming; and Mrs. Dewitt, her brows raised, smiled vaguely as she heard him. Lester, however, seemed presently to recollect his duties as a host. Saying something to the girl, he turned to Mrs. Dewitt. "This is Miss Raeburn, Fanny," he said abruptly, adding then: "I wanted you especially to meet her."

There was a hint of mockery in his tone as he said it that evidently did not escape Mrs. Dewitt. "Delighted," she returned. That she was, though, one had doubts. A slight suggestion of chill was now perceptible in her air, a stiffness that Lester seemed to see. Again a gleam of mockery sprang into his eye.

It was gone, though, when again he turned to the girl. "Here's Mr. Ashe, he's keen to know you, too," smiled he. Then, seeming to remember Mrs. Steese, he strolled toward her.

The lady until now had been left to shift for herself. Not that it had seemed in the least to disconcert her, though. Her eyes animated, she was busily inspecting the drawing-room, the other guests as well. "Find good rooms?" asked Lester, his tone casual. "Hotel what you like?"

"Swell!" was the vivacious reply.

The reply, briskly given, for some reason produced a marked pause in the drawing-room. Mrs. Dewitt, her eyes widening, turned abruptly to stare. As it was evident, Mrs. Steese was a stranger to her. As it was also evident, she seemed to feel a close interest in her presence. Ashe, too, turned toward the speaker. He had, in fact, glanced as if involuntarily at Mrs. Steese. Then he restrained himself. The girl beside im, as if conscious of the pause, spoke.

"I've heard of you, Mr. Ashe," she said quietly, her air unaffectedly simple. "Mr. Lester must be very fond of you, I think." Her voice, too, in contrast with her companion's, was soft and modulated, its inflection cultivated. Ashe heard it agreeably.

"His father was my best friend," he replied. Then, a quick thought inspiring him, he added: "Perhaps you knew his father?"

Miss Raeburn shook her head. "I know few New Yorkers, Mr. Ashe. This is my first day here."

"Indeed!" remarked Ashe; then still inspired he added: "I supposed Lester had met you here."

MR. Ashe, frankly, supposed nothing of the sort. A downright untruth the gentleman no doubt would have scorned to utter; this, however, was different. Diplomacy, he would have termed it; for somehow, though he had just laid eyes on her, already she interested him.

Whatever the interest, though, the lady as subtly seemed to grasp it.

"I met him. . . elsewhere," she returned, smiling vaguely.

Ashe felt he had been snubbed. If so, though, the girl was quick to make amends. "It was out West, Mr. Ashe, in California. I was born there, you know."

"Ah!" Ashe smiled back at her, "a native then?"

Her eyes twinkled momentarily. "Yes, but don't be alarmed! I'm not going to take the evening telling you how wonderful our climate is." She glanced at him slyly, then. "Because, of course, you know it is," she said.

In spite of himself—the ill-defined feeling of restraint her presence first had given him—Ashe felt himself thaw. "You speak as if you come from Los Angeles," he laughed, and the girl laughed, too. "No, I'm from California, I said," she retorted.

Ashe, who had been often enough in the state to grasp the implied distinction, had to laugh again. "Ah, a San Franciscan!" he exclaimed; and the girl bobbing her head, he asked: "Is Mrs. Steese, too, a Californian?"

"No," was the prompt reply, "she's from Los Angeles!"

Ashe was charmed with her readiness.

A bright, engaging girl, he reflected. The other, her companion, however, puzzled him. Over his shoulder he could hear her talking, and at the sound, the high-pitched inflection of Mrs. Steese's voice, he wondered mildly that the two should be together. Then, to his added wonder a moment later, he learned that Mrs. Steese was Miss Raeburn's aunt. "Really?" he murmured in spite of himself.

The girl's clear eyes gazed at him levelly. "Why not?" she inquired.

More than a question, though, the quiet response had in it a note that was curiously like a challenge. Ashe, however, made no reply. Mrs. Steese was still speaking, saying something to Lester about investments she had to make—heavy investments they appeared, too, from what she said; evidently she had money. And money, Ashe reflected, signified much. It might even explain Mrs. Steese's nature and appearance.

He was still covertly studying her when Mawsby threw open the dining-room doors.

"Dinner is served, sir," said Mawsby.

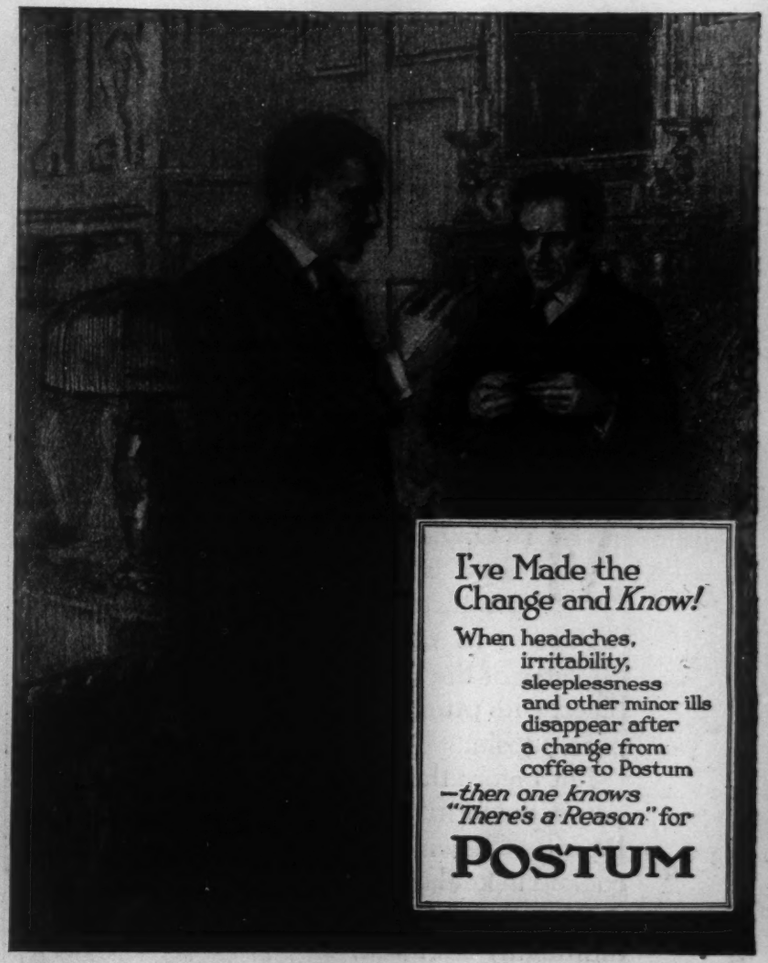
LESTER was still listlessly hearkening to Mrs. Steese. At the announcement, though, he awoke abruptly from his lethargy; and leaving her agape, strangled in the middle of a sentence, he hurried toward Ashe and Miss Raeburn. Ashe he asked to escort the other ladies; then he offered his arm to the girl.

"Come," said Lester, his eyes on hers; "I've been waiting to see you at my table, I've wanted to see how you looked there."

Then he laughed.

The laugh was light. Light as it was, though, again it had in it a veiled note of mockery; and the girl glanced at him swiftly. The next instant she colored visibly.

But the bald speech, uncouth for a man of Lester's type, had not affected her alone. It had been audible to all; and Ashe glanced instinctively at Mrs. Dewitt. She was looking straight ahead of her, head erect, her face a blank; but that she had caught the significance of what Lester had said, Ashe had no doubt. Nor did he doubt that Lester had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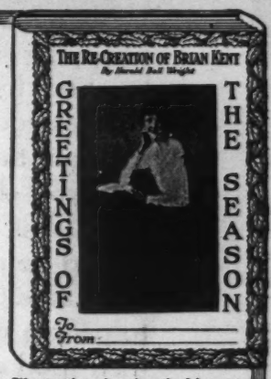

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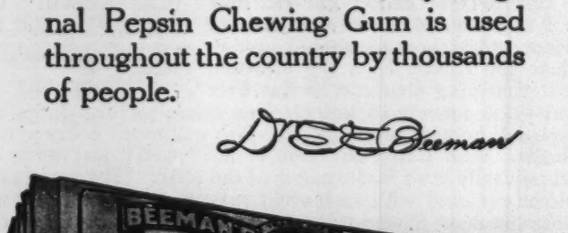

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intended she should; and as Ashe stood aside to let her pass, the lean, grizzled face darkened reflectively. The look deepened, once he had glanced at the dining-room.

The table draped with a shining cloth glittered with the Lester plate, a service he knew to be reserved for state occasions; the etched crystal glassware was the household's best besides; and at the center was a great bunch, a bank rather, of frail, fragrant orchids. What they must have cost one may conjecture; and the portraits of Lester's Godfearing, thrifty forebears, pompous in their high stocks and frilled linen, seemed to stare down at the array, their air austerely stiff. Little wonder, either. The display would have befitted a banquet, perhaps; but this dinner, informal, hastily arranged...! Ashe had reason to marvel.

The host and Miss Raeburn entered first; Mrs. Steese, all exclamations, followed. The table, its appointments, the room and all else stirred her to ecstatic comment. Ashe's eyes, at this, again wandered to Mrs. Dewitt. That lady, however, her violet eyes distant, her clearcut, well-bred features a blank, had now relapsed into absorbed, unresponsive vacancy. Now and then, though, as Mrs. Steese's voice, steadily *crescendo*, delivered another exclamation, the silent figure's lip curled faintly in disdain.

It was curious, to say the least. Certainly, at any rate, the Lester dining-room never had seated a tableful more mixed in its distinctive elements. And of this oddity one was more certain the more Mrs. Dewitt sat there frozen; the more, at the other side, Mrs. Steese amiably rattled on. Evidently it was the lady's wish to make herself charming and agreeable—at one with all, the host especially; yet it was this effort that, from the first, seemed to defeat that very purpose. Perhaps in the wish to show herself at ease she did it too palpably. Those to the manner born do not find it needful to remark on the silverware, the glass, the napery, the food set before them; but each and all these details evoked from the guest a ready comment. She remarked even the nature of the service—Mawsby's method—sleek, finished, pussyfooted.

ASHE heard her with quickening interest. Money, as he'd assured himself, signifies much. As also he'd felt, it might even explain Mrs. Steese's nature. It could not, however, quite explain the reason for Mrs. Steese's presence at that table.

There was at this moment a diversion. Mrs. Steese having exhausted apparently the topic of what was "swell" in the appointments, she turned abruptly to Mrs. Dewitt. That lady had not invited overtures—quite the contrary, rather—just the same they were briskly volunteered.

"D'you know, I feel quite as if I know you, Mrs. Dewitt—know you intimately, my dear. You're Mrs. Frank Dewitt, aren't you?"

Mrs. Dewitt was; but the animation with which the query was put made her raise her brows. Blind to this, Mrs. Steese plunged on exuberantly. "Your husband was at Monterey, last year—that's California, you know. You were at the Harbor, though."

While she had never before heard it termed that, Mrs. Dewitt divined dimly that Bar Harbor must be meant. With preceptible stiffness she replied, "You know Mr. Dewitt, then!"

"Not exactly," was the brisk reply, "he was at Monterey only a day or so—as the English say, just for the week-end. Yes." Why the English rather than any one else was not indicated. Mrs. Steese's talk, though, was interlarded with many such observations. "Mr. Dewitt in town now?" she inquired.

There was a pause. Ashe, during it, stirred uncomfortably. He was not bored—far from it—though the ennui his face expressed was endless. As for Mrs. Dewitt, her face unaltered, she sat back with folded hands.

"I'm sure I cannot tell you," she replied icily.

Ashe studied the questioner intently. The fact is, the Dewitts were divorced; they had been parted three years now. That was not Ashe's concern, though. What he pondered was Mrs. Steese.

Who was this woman? Where had she come from? Why had Lester asked her to his house? Dimly the conviction forced itself upon him that her presence was not due solely to social reasons. He had, too, the feeling that if Mrs. Steese saw fit she could cast light on several perplexities—one of them, Lester's abrupt return to New York.

The reflection made him peer swiftly toward the table's other end. The host, his voice lowered, was intently talking to Miss Raeburn. The guest, her air absorbed, sat gazing at her plate.

Who, too, was this girl?

Mrs. Steese was talking. Obviously, of the Dewitts's separation she knew nothing. Nor did she grasp it from Mrs. Dewitt's icy answer.

"What say?" inquired Mrs. Steese.

Mrs. Dewitt did not deign to reply. Instead, after another pause, she stirred as if she meant to rise, to leave the table; but restraining herself she sat back rigidly. Then, but not till then, the force of the reply she'd made seemed to strike Mrs. Steese. She smiled a deprecatory smile. "Oh, I see!" she was saying, when a swift thought seemed to strike her. Her eyes lighting, she glanced suddenly at Mrs. Dewitt. The next instant her glance sped toward Lester, hovered a moment, then came back to Mrs. Dewitt. Suspicion was in the glance—distrust and awakening alarm. She was visibly disconcerted.

ASHE saw it all. His interest now, however, had passed from Mrs. Steese. Her talk, her manner—that and the bumptious air of pretense about her, he saw to be that of any woman who, gorged on the newspapers' social intelligence, revels in the life of those she has never known, will never know. What her presence in the house involved, he had a guess; and the guess, the acute, worldly old observer felt to be accurate. But of that, never mind. Under his bushy brows, Ashe studied the girl seated at Lester's right.

All sorts and conditions of women had Ashe known in his time; but as he peered at Miss Raeburn, his lean face hawklike in its scrutiny, he confessed to himself surprisingly he could find nothing to criticize—nothing to disparage. She was not just good-looking—Miss Raeburn's manner, carriage, look, was that of a person born to it. She was manifestly what that most absurd, mishandled of all terms seeks to define—a lady, a gentlewoman!

He knew now why Lester had come home. The stroke in the dark, the query, the insinuation, had proved right after all—"Harry, is it a woman?" It was, of course, a woman. The woman was Miss Raeburn. Satisfied he had the solution at last, he smiled bleakly to himself. It was his own acumen, though, rather than what the discovery signified that pleased Mr. Ashe. However, while he was still chuckling to himself at his own cleverness, a new thought suddenly struck him. His smile waned. His brows contracted sharply. If Lester meant to marry Miss Raeburn, not Mrs. Dewitt, why were the two here to-night together?

But that was too much of a riddle. Disgusted, Ashe gave up trying to solve it. "Bah!"

What business was it of his, anyway? For all he cared, Lester could go to the devil. So could the girl, so could all the rest of them; and, annoyed now, he applied himself to the ham—it was a Smithfield; no, it wasn't—it was a real Tod, after all, that Mawsby served with the lettuce. Genuine Tods were rare even in Mr. Ashe's cosmos, and vigorously he applied himself to an appreciation of its merits.

Lester spoke abruptly.

All at once, in the midst of the low-voiced talk he had carried on with Miss Raeburn, he awakened to the fact that she heard nothing he was saying; instead, a faint color in her face, she was listening uneasily to her aunt's garrulous obligato. That lady having recovered from the momentary chill of her recent *faux pas*, had now launched into a little chat on country clubs and country places, the most select, adjacent to New York. It was to Mrs. Dewitt that she still addressed herself.

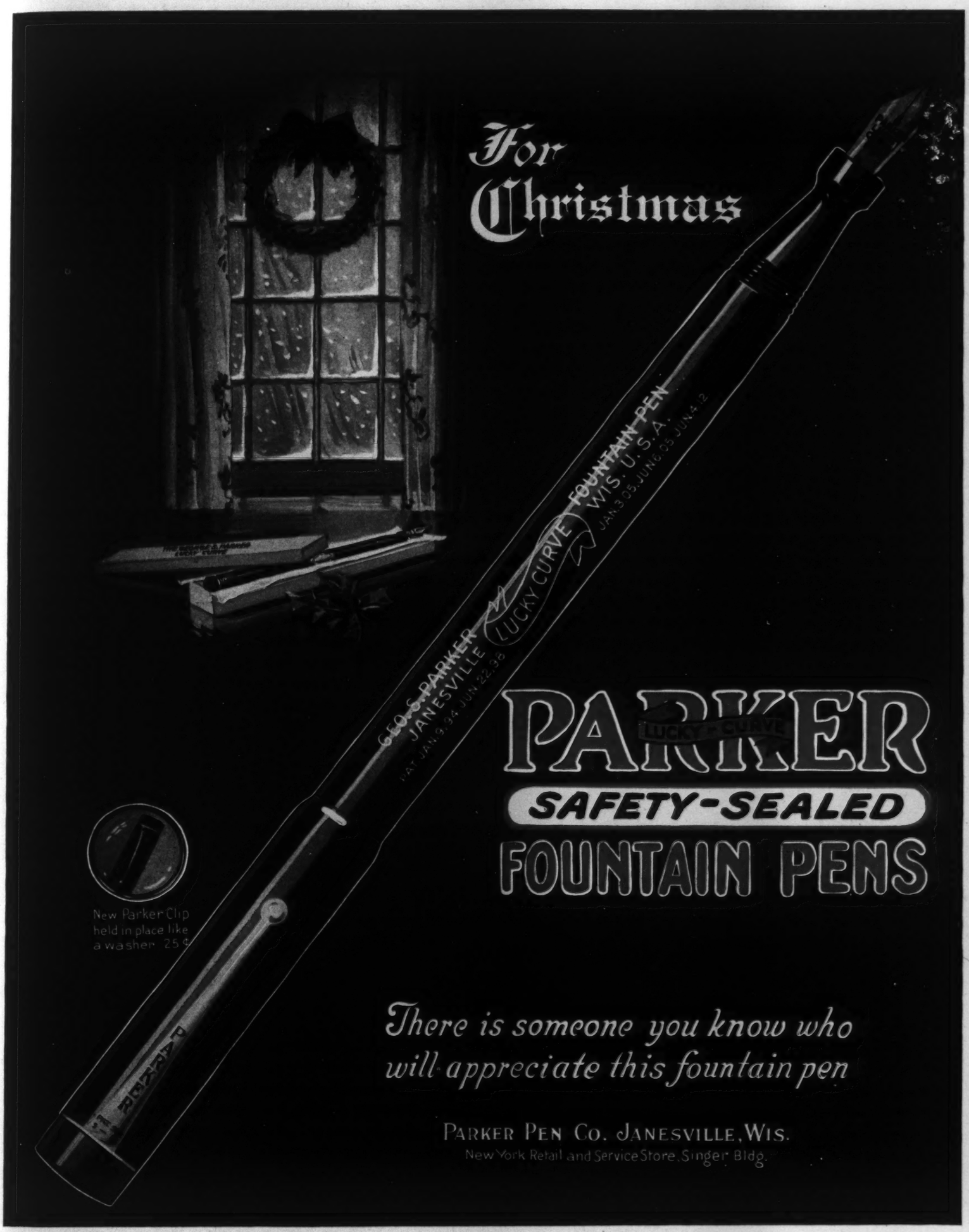
THAT lady, her ennui dismal, shrugged her shoulders resignedly; and Ashe, his mouth sardonic, was busying himself with the Tod, when Lester glancing from Miss Raeburn to Mrs. Steese, abruptly interrupted.

The girl's inattention seemed to have ruffled him unduly. "Ever been in any of those places?" he demanded.

Startled, Mrs. Steese stopped short, caught at her breath, then flushed crimson.

"Why, no, not exactly," she stammered.

"I thought not," drawled Lester. His look sulky, he added: "If ever you had, you wouldn't talk such gammon about them!" Then he grinned at her. [*Continued on page 43*]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PAT JAN 9, 94 JUN 22, 98
LUCKY CURVE
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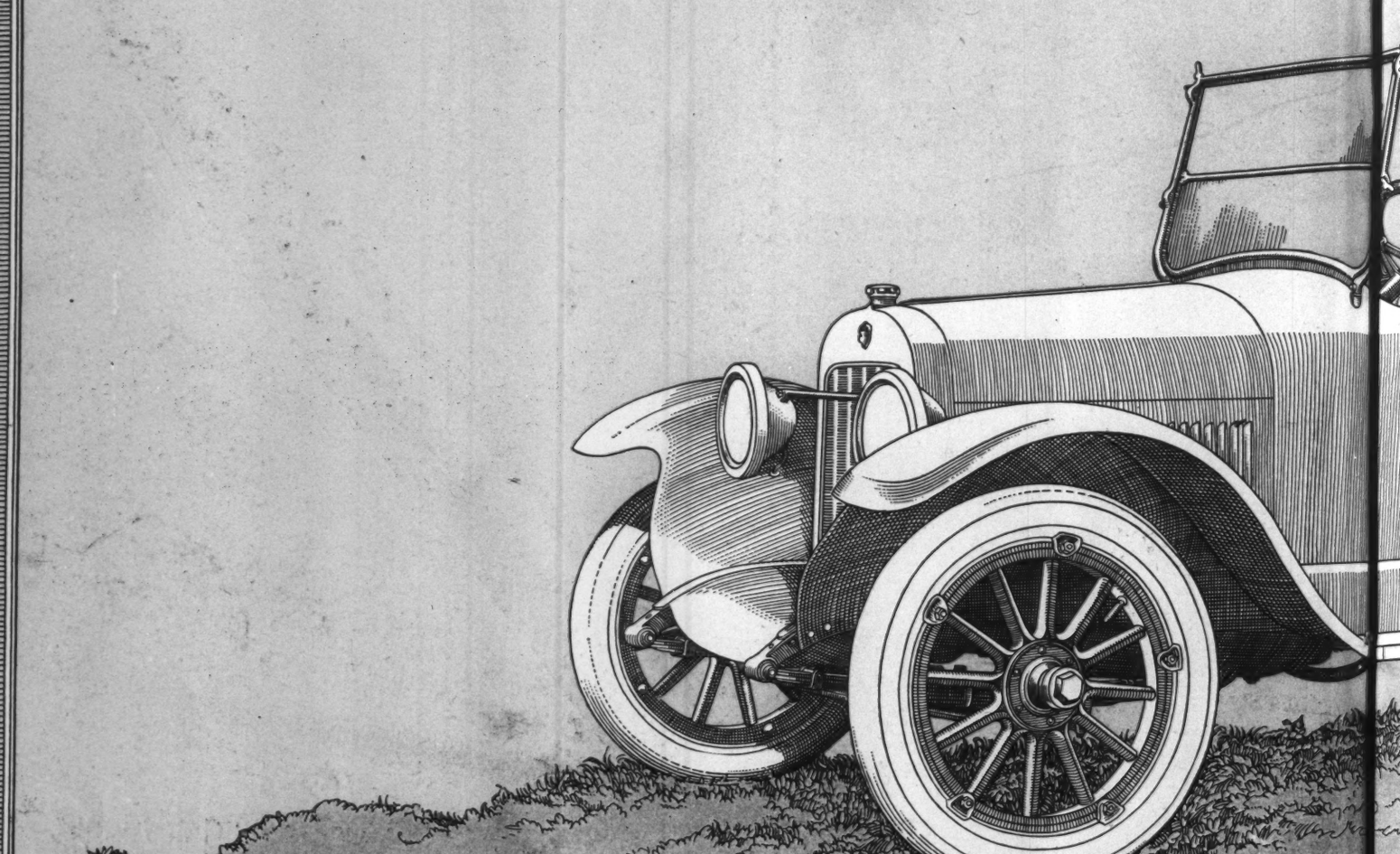

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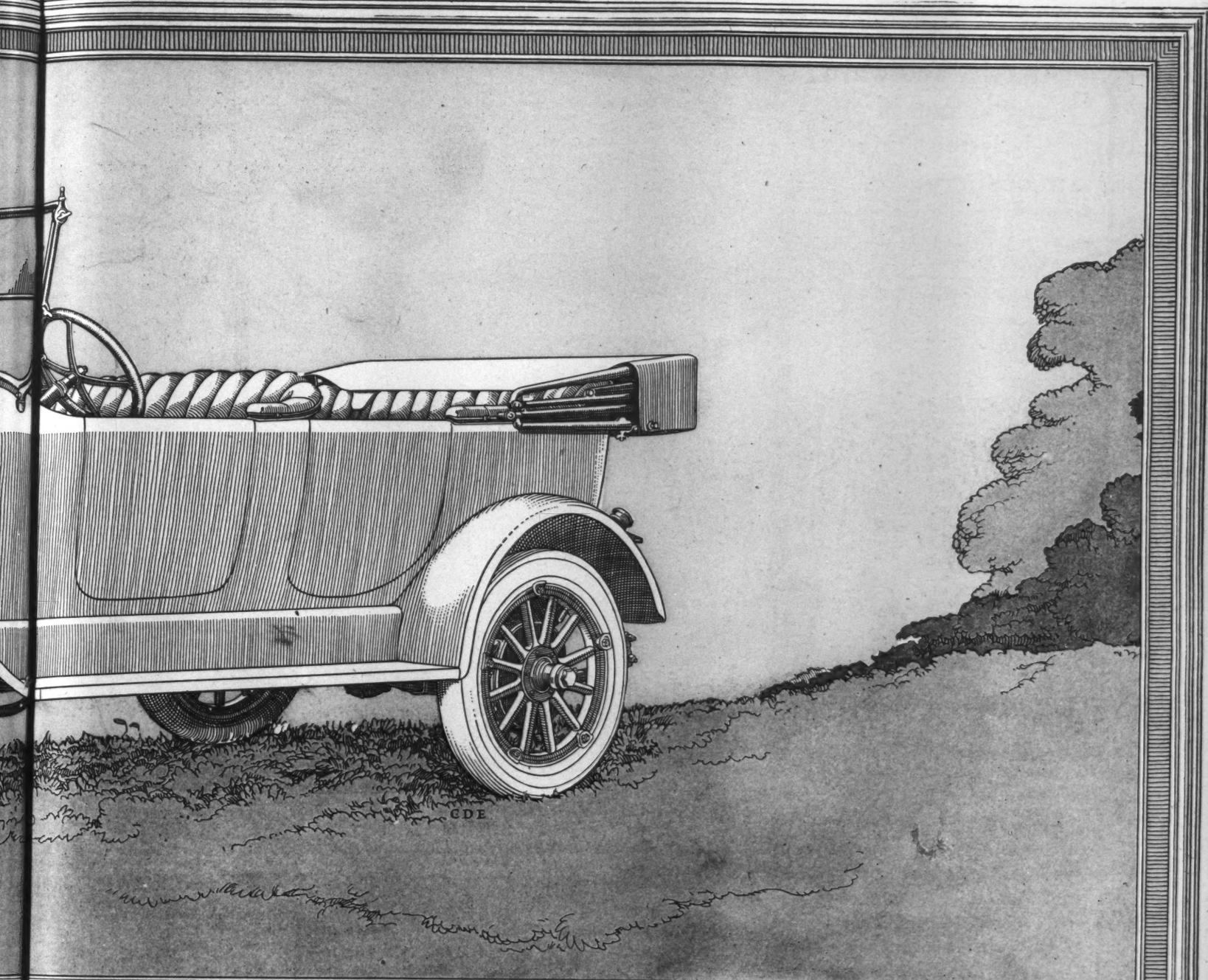

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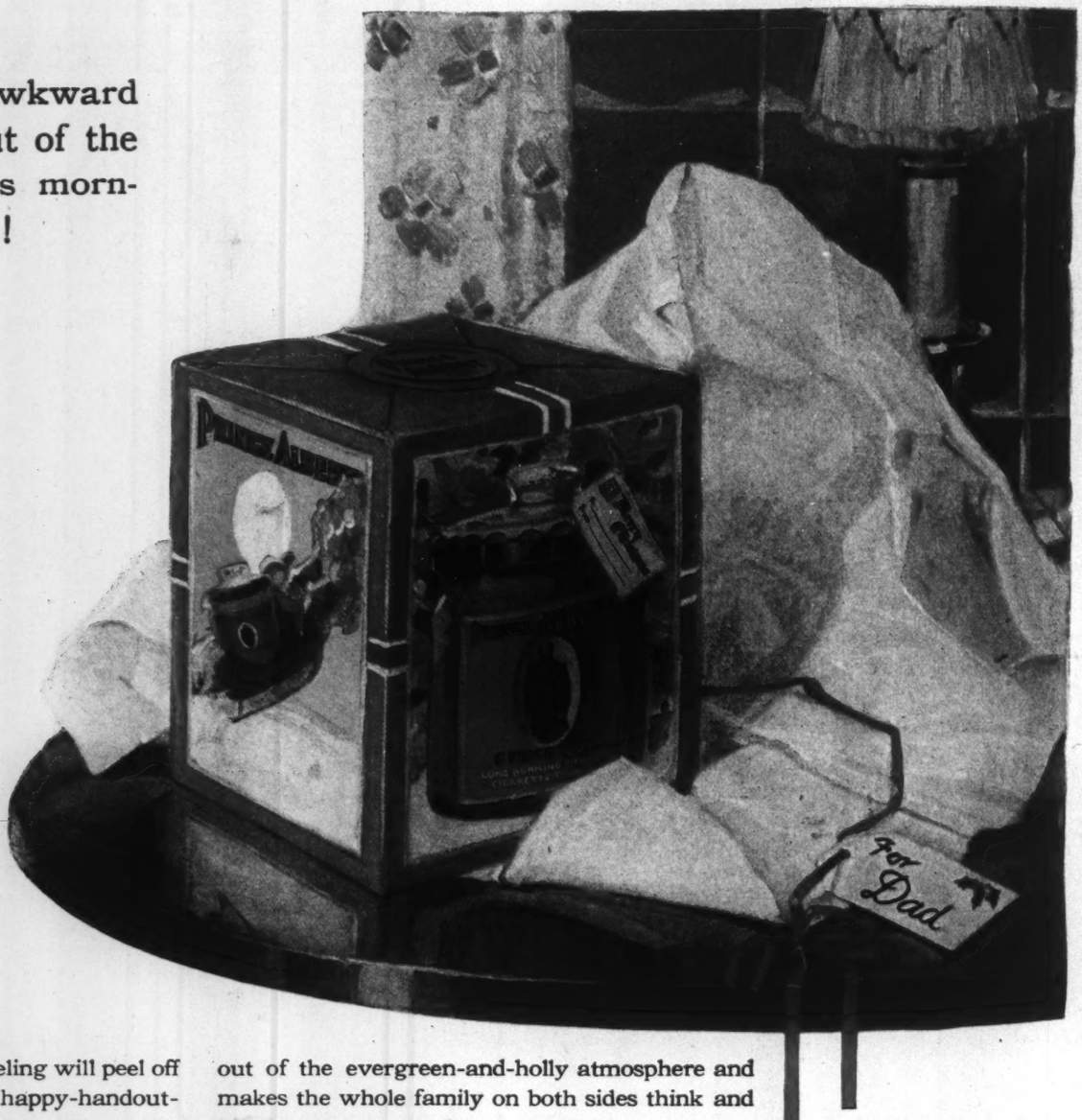
TAKING awkward angles out of the early Christmas morning atmosphere!



HOW that low-on-luck feeling will peel off *his* mind when the happy-handout-happens Christmas morning; and, his keen eye sights the stage all set with the pound crystal glass humidor of Prince Albert tobacco gowned in the glories of a radiant holiday rainbow! Turkey takes to the tall timbers compared with the all-star-feast *you* spread so temptingly before his smokeappetite!

PRINCE ALBERT for Christmas, lands on a man's tank-of-thanks like a spill-of-snow when the sleigh-bells are rusty from lack of jingles! P. A. as a *man gift* is the high-sign, the last word, the directest route to his comfort, his contentment, his smoke-happiness! It's the touch-that-lifts-the-lid; that takes the awkward angles out of the evergreen-and-holly atmosphere and makes the whole family on both sides think and talk in one language!

YOU'LL enjoy seeing *him* fuss his old jimmy pipe all brimful with Prince Albert! Or, *getting his* "rolling his own!" Never was such a delightful makin's cigarette as P. A. supplies! He can smoke the limit with Prince Albert *for it can't bite his tongue or parch his throat!* Our exclusive patented process fixes that! He'll just want to get thirty-six-smoke-hours out of the legal twenty-four, *that's all!*

FILL his smokecup to overflowing! Prince Albert is the glad-gift, the holiday-hunch that will hum him a smoke te-de, te-dum long, long after Christmas is but a merry memory!

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Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national Christmas joy smoke

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The Trap — [*Continued from page 38*]

In the grin was little humor, though. Nor did any of those at the table appear to regard what he'd said as humorous. Mrs. Steese, now scarlet, gasped anew. Even Mrs. Dewitt seemed to pity her, for after the first shock of Lester's rudeness, she shot a glance at him, the glance filled with indignation.

Miss Raeburn, too, was quick to feel the affront. A look of fright, of trepidation, sprang into her eyes; the next instant, though, it was gone. Ashe, looking on at the little comedy, saw her stiffen with a movement of dignified pride. Who she was, what she might be, he forgot instantly—the girl was, at any rate, well born — one of his own sort; and *noblesse oblige*, old Ashe's heart leaped with a quick, kindly impulse.

Suavely, he smiled at the scorched, startled victim.

"If you're staying in New York, Mrs. Steese, perhaps you'll do me the honor—you and your niece—to visit my country place. It's not much of an estate—just an overgrown farm; but if you care for flowers—roses—I can show you some that are unusual. My gardener is a celebrity, you know."

Mrs. Steese was overwhelmed. Ashe, however, hardly heard her protestations. A quick glance at the girl showed him her eyes glowed with gratitude for his timely kindliness.

Mrs. Steese, her aplomb somewhat recovered, was still thanking him when again Lester spoke.

"What's all this?" he asked. He turned, his glance inquiring, and touched the girl on the hand. At the touch she shrank; but Lester gave no heed. "You're going to visit Ashe? You came to New York, I thought, to visit Ferncliffe." Ferncliffe was his own place on the Hudson. "Aren't you coming, then?"

Mrs. Steese grew suddenly alert. Ashe saw her move as if with a foot she strove to prod Miss Raeburn under the table. And what the prod directed Ashe had no doubt.

"Yes, I'm coming," murmered the girl; "I said I would, didn't I?"

Mrs. Steese sat back, her air much relieved. "Oh, that's different!" said Lester.

A lurking smile for a moment lighted his face, and asking leave of no one, he fumbled for his cigarette-case, took out a blunt, thick cigarette, and lighting it leaned back, blowing a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling.

"Because," said Lester deliberately, "it'll be quite a party at Ferncliff — quite a party."

A long time afterward, slouched down in his chair, his ruddy face aglow above the broad expanse of his shirt-front, Lester gave a sudden laugh. It was apropos of nothing being said at the moment, for the talk by now had lapsed into the lamest, most insignificant sort. As Ashe though heard the laugh he looked up sharply. It was metallic, jarring; and Ashe wondered what connection it had with what Lester had just announced.

"Quite a party, quite a party."

CHAPTER IV

THE evening Ashe would ever remember as one of the longest in his experience. Interminably prolonged, it dragged itself along; and yet, far from lacking in events, it seemed to that now acute, re-awakened, observer to be somehow filled with pregnant occurrences.

The dinner finished finally. The guests, all four on the defensive now, no longer sought to make conversation, even the voluble Mrs. Steese, after Lester's affront, being reduced to monosyllables; but preoccupied as the four had become, the table did not want for small talk; the host himself supplied it.

A fact, for the man was not lacking in graces. Say what you will, he had been well born, well bred — a foundation hard to destroy entirely; and he was neither so dull nor unread as some who knew him chose to think. It was, in fact, Ashe's opinion that wealth with its ease had conspired to make Lester what he was; that had he been poor, forced to shift for himself, he might have made something of his life. Ashe, for that matter, held the same opinion of himself. "Here am I," he'd say; "I have brains and I have had youth, yet what do I amount to! . . . Nothing, once I'm dead." As for the host, Lester, with all his wealth, Ashe considered him the most unfortunate person of his acquaintance. Self-absorbed, debilitated by idleness, he was like a stalled ox fattened for sacrifice to Mammon.

But now, for a moment, Lester seemed to have shaken off that fat. What the reason was, who knows? but as the tableful of his guests, offended and mute, sat there like statuary, the host's mind all at once rekindled. Perhaps he realized his offense and was sorry; at any rate, he made amends. The dismal dinner having reached its end, he led the way to the library. There he overdid himself in graciousness.

ASHE again grew wondering. A subtle excitement seemed to get the host; it was as if the wine he had drunk at dinner began to mount into his brain. Ordinarily, what humor he showed was likely to be cynical, often sinister, a trait common to all self-absorbed men; but now his wit had no sting to it.

The guests, mollified, began presently to respond.

"Take my advice, Mrs. Steese," he said all at once; "don't refuse Mr. Ashe's invitation. His roses are wonders, of course; they're not a mark, though, to the dinner he'll give you!" Surprised, Mrs. Steese replied: "But I thought you didn't want us to visit him! We're billed for Ferncliffe, you said," and Lester nodded pleasantly. "So you are; but that's not for a week yet. I'll see, too, that he makes good his invitation!"

Then he crossed the room to Miss Raeburn.

"You play?" he asked abruptly.

There was a piano in the room, a relic of the mid-Victorian cabinet maker's — or should one say coffinmaker's? — art; and Lester raised the lid. "Try something, won't you?" he asked.

The girl rose, and without pretext of demurring went quietly to the piano, where she ran a scale or two on the yellowed keys, her touch deft and practised. Lester's eye brightened eagerly. Again softly she touched the keys, the tone, in spite of the piano's antiquity, sonorous and true; and throwing back her scarf, she plunged into the air of an Hungarian folk dance, an energetic, stimulating measure. "Admirable!" cried Lester.

The man meant it, too.

"You care for music, then?" asked the girl; and a laugh, its tone a little deprecatory, escaped him.

"We all have our faults, haven't we? One of mine is that music breeds in me unexpected impulses."

She looked up at him quietly.

"You find them pleasant impulses, don't you?"

He did not reply. Going to a cabinet in the corner, he unlocked it with a key from his pocket, and brought out a thin paper folio, yellowed and fragile at the edges with age.

"Here's something you might like to see — a manuscript in the original of Haydn's early *lieder*. It took seven years of my time to trace it."

At this a rapt exclamation escaped Mrs. Steese.

"My, but it must have cost you a mint, then!"

A frown darkened the host's eyes. Annoyed, his first impulse was again to snub her — one saw that; but instantly he checked himself. "Money, you mean? . . . what of that? . . . my time, either. The point is, the manuscript would have been lost if I hadn't found it."

Then he placed the folio in the music-rack.

"Play one," he directed.

Again, softly, the girl fingered the keys, trying one of the *lieder* she took at random. It was a complicated thing, the effort of a fledgling, an artist, however, trying to express a theme too difficult as yet for his art. The player, though, seemed to grasp its meaning; and with her slender, graceful hands she drew from the piano a measured richness of harmony and tone that held Lester visibly spellbound.

She knew what she was about, this girl — that was clear; and Ashe sat up, electrified. Mrs. Dewitt, too, seemed impressed. Her lips parted, she listened attentively; what is more, it was evident her interest was in the playing — not in the player or the way Lester, either, now thoroughly absorbed, hung over her as she played. As for Mrs. Steese, at this triumph of her forces, she glowed, preening herself with satisfaction.

"Some player, Sally; isn't she?"

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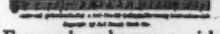
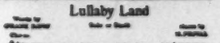


Every chap knows a girl he'd like to sing this song to, every girl knows some chap she would like to have sing it to her. Get it for your piano today.

Lullaby Land



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"Somebody Misses Somebody's Kisses"
"I'm Not Jealous But I Just Don't Like It"
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"Jazzin' the Blues Away"
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Johnson's Powdered Wax will immediately put any floor in perfect condition for dancing—it is free from dust and will not soil the daintiest slippers or gowns.

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ESTABLISHED 1882

The girl, however, seemed unconscious of her effectiveness.

Lester abruptly left the piano. From the cabinet he took another manuscript, a modern. This he spread out on the music-rack and, his air queer, again a little deprecatory, he waited for her to begin. The piece, more amateurish than the others, was a song with words; and these the girl sang, her voice a clear, accurately-placed contralto, just enough in volume to fill the high-walled room. The air, too, in spite of its crudity, the mawkishness of its words as well, had in it depth and understanding. Mrs. Dewitt was staring wide-eyed now. It was as if the song had touched some spring of memory in her mind.

"What do you think of it?" asked Lester as the girl finished.

She reflected for a moment. "Who wrote it?" she asked indefinitely.

He laughed, and the laugh was awkward. "Tell me what you think of it first."

She told him, her manner unaffected. The song evidently was the composition of a young, untrained musician — one with promise, however.

"Thank you," said Lester.

He replaced the music in the cabinet, and closing it, touched the bell-button near-by on the wall. "Stir up the fire, Mawsby," he directed brusquely; "you're letting us freeze here."

Miss Raeburn had risen. As she stood by the piano drawing the scarf over her shoulders, Lester closed the lid, his lip curled again with one of his mocking smiles. But the smile was now self-mocking.

"I wrote that song; I was twenty-five, and I must have been in love!" A laugh, harsh and almost boisterous, burst from him. "Take my word, I'll never be fool enough to write another!"

SILENCE fell. In the silence, Ashe, beside the fire, recrossed his slender, graceful legs, peering at the host from under his grizzled brows. "Ah, but won't you?" reflected Ashe — won't you, my boy?" — for acutely, with no lingering doubt, the old man at last had grasped the solution of what for hours had evaded him — the thing that had happened to Lester.

And what a thing it was! Lester, the self-absorbed, the self-centered! The man was not only in love with Miss Raeburn, he was head over heels in love and half-frantic with it. That was not the point, though. It was why he did not marry her and be done with it.

Any girl like her, certainly, would jump at the chance to get a man with Lester's wealth and position.

But Lester hadn't asked her. He hadn't, and Ashe saw he hadn't.

Why?

MRS. Dewitt's motor," announced Mawsby. The lady arose with alacrity. The brief half hour, that interlude of music in the library, had proved the only rift in what had been a burdensome evening to her; she fairly hurried to get away.

"Good-night, Harry," she bade the host. Then, in a level voice she added: "I suppose I shan't see you soon again."

"What!...how do I know?" growled Lester.

Ashe strolled toward the door. "I'll see you to your motor, Fanny," he said quietly.

Lester went, too, sulking on behind.

Outside it had begun to rain; and opening the door, he stood in the vestibule glowering across at the park. It lay there, bleak and dingy, the rain, a fine, driving mist, lending another touch of forlornness to both the Square and its background of drab, shabby buildings. A few loungers, the homeless sort, still occupied the benches; but even these, one by one, were leaving, slinking away to the refuge of doorways and cellar-openings in the tenement district beyond. His jaw set, Lester stared at the park, ignoring Ashe and Mrs. Dewitt.

Already the departing guest had slipped into her wraps. As Ashe stood aside to let her pass, she halted, then cast a swift glance backward toward the library. "What's going on? Who are those women, Mr. Ashe?" she volleyed at him: "What are they doing here?"

"I don't know," he replied.

It was not quite the truth, he had a guess, at any rate; but Mrs. Dewitt had no means of knowing this. "What do you think?" she demanded.

"I don't know what to think," Ashe replied.

This time it was the truth—he didn't; the problem of Mrs. Steese and the girl, her niece, was more than he could fathom. And had Ashe, at the moment, chanced to glance into the library — seen and heard what was happening there — he would have known even less, too, what to think of those two guests.

The aunt, her voice lowered, was speaking vehemently.

"Mind, now; I've kept my part of the bargain — now see that you keep yours!"

The girl's face was colorless; she shook as if she were a little cold.

"I've told you I would," she replied.

"See that you do, then!" retorted the aunt. With a bob of her head, her eyes hard and bright behind her glasses, she added: "I haven't forgotten Fawcett; I haven't forgotten, either, the fellow at Santa Barbara — that congressman, Barr. Remember, this time no excuses!"

"Hush!" warned the niece.

Lester was coming down the hall.

(To be Continued.)

My A. E. F. — [*Continued from page 17*]

I've such a lot of things to say.

We've had some wonderful talks, haven't we? In the little room at G. H. Q., with the gay curtains that we were making for the "gas school" turning its dreariness to brightness and the bitter night outside held at bay by the roaring little stove; the Argonne that you had left behind you a few hours ago, tearing through the mud and rain on your motorcycle, seemed very far away, but its shadow was in your weary young eyes and on your strained young face. In an hour you must be off again with your dispatches through that hateful night — and you must ride without lights. Oh, my A. E. F., sitting there in the shabby room with your tired head in your shaking hands and the thought of that black ride to shake you further — you'll never know how I longed to give you lights! And I knelt before the little stove, making the coffee that was to give you warmth, broiling the steak that was to give you strength, and praying — I who am not much given to prayer. I think that someone must have heard it, too, because when you left there were the lights of laughter in your eyes, and your hands were steadied to endurance, and you were whistling under your breath — a reckless, haunting, absurd little tune that I had danced to half a dozen times. But I cried myself to sleep that night, my A. E. F., because I couldn't bear to think of you, so young, so heart-breakingly young and so mortally tired, going whistling back through the darkness into that hell.

Do you remember the walks that we used to take back to my billet — a mile and a half through the rain and mud? Yet, how we used to laugh and chatter! All the years that were gone to talk about — all the years to come, if whatever gods may be were merciful — we planned a new world, there in the rain and mud. Sometimes your face would be grim enough, and you would announce with bitterness and conviction that you hadn't studied integral calculus for five years to break rocks in the road for five months; and that when those blanketty-blank shavetails drove by, spattering your blue overalls with that everlasting mud, you felt so like a Bolshevik that you could learn Russian in six lessons. But five minutes later the narrow street would be ringing with your laughter!

I REMEMBER, too, the first time that you came into my little blue and gold sitting-room in that land of blue and gold that you had been given to play in. The sitting-room was my present to you; for many months I kept it full of flowers for you — there were chocolates for you to eat and cigarettes for you to smoke and magazines for you to look at. In the afternoon there was tea, and in the evening there were little cups of black coffee, and always, always there was a very small person who loved you, and never got tired of hearing of your dreams, the happy ones and the broken ones, too; we mended a good many of them between us, you and I — sometimes with laughter, and sometimes with tears.

That first day when you came in it was tea

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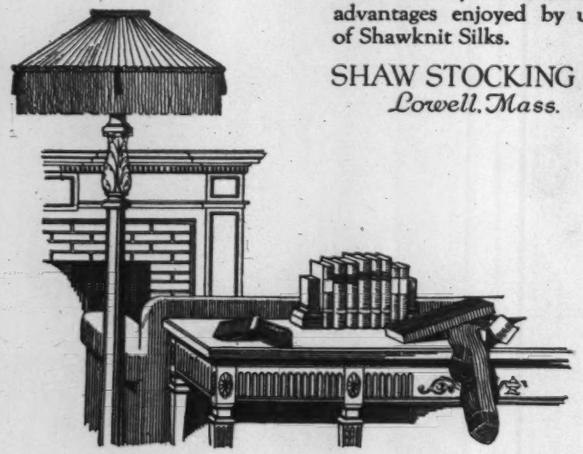

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time. You stood in the doorway, so tall that you almost had to stoop, and looked into the gay, kind little room, gleaming with its open fire and rose-colored flowers, its soft lights and its singing kettle, and after a long while you said, "Gee!" But you said it as though it were a prayer, and there were tears in your eyes — and I understood, my A. E. F. It had been long and long since you had seen a little fire or rosy flowers — a long, dark time since you had heard a kettle singing — and you had wondered too often whether you would ever see or hear them again.

You were from Fall Center, Kansas, you told me, and how we did talk, my A. E. F.! And when we pushed back the coffee cups I thought how terrifyingly far you had traveled from that little Kansas town, and wondered what you were going to take back to it — whether you would help it with your new knowledge or hurt it with intolerance. Because it is largely in your strong young hands that the fate of the Fall Centers lies — and through them the fate of America — and through America the fate of the world. Somewhat of a responsibility, isn't it? And you look down on those brown hands of yours with an incredulous and deprecatory smile.

Before you go away from us forever — before you wave farewell to us around that last corner — you have a call to make and a tale to tell. Day in and day out, night in and night out, in far-off France you have dreamed of the incredible day when you would come up the village street through the summer twilight, and see the lamp shining in the window of the little house, and clear the porch hung with honeysuckle in one bound, and the narrow threshold in another, and enter into the land of Heart's Desire. Small matter if the village street be called Broadway or Main Street or Orchard Lane — for you the twilight was always sweet with flowers, and the lamp was always shining in the window.

And when you've gotten your breath — when the wonder of it all has ebbed enough to let you find words again, what are you going to tell them, my A. E. F.? There are so many things they want to know. They have been waiting, bewildered — dazed by all the words and all the books and all the papers, until you came back to tell them what had really happened. On your words hang all the law and the prophets! There is not one of them that they will not believe. What of the war? Of the French, of the British, of the Germans? Of the Y and the Red Cross? Of the officers and of the men? Tell them, my A. E. F.!

WHAT of the war? I've been back here such a short time that I haven't yet been able to realize how much of it America has forgotten — how incredibly much of it she never knew. To us, my A. E. F., even though months had passed, it was still the realest thing in the world — far more real than the lovely, shadowy, silvery figure of Peace that had stolen quietly in to take its place. We were still living in the ruin and wreck that it had left behind; how could we forget it? Its red hand was on us still — holding back the trains on which we traveled, turning us from the destinations where we would go, hurling us into strange and hated places, doling out to us the same detested meat and drink that its savage hospitality had offered us of old, lashing us on to keep rifles bright, our bayonets sharp, driving our tired feet to the old drills, turning our tired faces to new problems. It wasn't very easy to forget it — its fingers were still at our throats! But the things which were daily bread to us were dust and ashes to the ones who love us best.

There's no denying it; as far as they are concerned the War is dead. Perhaps that's just as well, and sane and right and normal. While it was alive, it was even more alive for many of them than it was for us; we mustn't forget that. For them it had all the terrible intensity of a nightmare, instead of being the deadly, commonplace horror that it was for us. After all, it's just as well that there are a great many things that they have forgotten — a great many that they'll never have to forget, because they never knew them. Even if they *do* think that Belleau Wood is a part of the Argonne Forest, it isn't going to shake the progress of the world! Let them forget the War that you fought, my A. E. F.; but never, never while you have words to speak and breath with which to speak them, let them forget why it was you fought it.

Sometimes it almost seems that they are forgetting even that. You forget that all men might share your hard-won heritage of freedom and liberty — and because you loved her very dearly, for a little space you left the lovely lady with the torch, so that she might lift it even higher when she welcomed you home.

There are some who tell us that we have done our task, that we must draw aside — that the torch is shining for us alone, and not for all mankind. I think that they are trying to cheat us of the very fruits of our victory — the glory of helping a tired and broken world to its feet. There are some of them — and I hold them a trifle lower than Benedict Arnold — who wish to take the laurels that you have brought them, and twist and warp and strain them into an ugly political weapon. They say (and it is strange hearing for us, my A. E. F.,) that America must play safe.

PLAY safe! We had forgotten that that was considered policy. With us it meant shame and dishonor and an ugly death while day was breaking for the world — what if it should mean that for America? Oh, tell them, tell them, those blind ones, that you, who have fought to give a weary world peace, will fight to keep it! You are a soldier, my A. E. F., and you dare not "play safe."

What of those friends who fought by our side — what account are you going to give of them? Let's take the two that you knew best — Tommy Atkins and Jacques Poilu. Since I'm talking to you and not to the Peace Conference, I'm not going to pretend that your face lights up at the mention of these gentlemen, or that a burst of lyric enthusiasm wells from your fervent heart to your fervent lips. It doesn't. They have fallen victim to some of your most animated and unwarranted catchwords. You don't have to tell me what you *say* about them — I know it only too well. What I want you to tell the breathless little group sitting on the back porch or in the front parlor is what you *think* about them. Only, most dear and most heedless, do a little thinking first. You can, when you put your mind to it.

Tommy first. Of course, you never really did see much of him. Your principal grievance against him was that you had a very disagreeable time coming over in his ships, and that when you got to Winchester (or its equivalent) the only fatted calf that he offered to the American prodigal was what you bitterly paraphrased as "jam and tay," substituted for breakfast, dinner and supper. Alas, poor Tommy, he gave you the best that he had — and he went short even on that, so that you might come over on those reviled ships of his. The real difficulty was that you thought that you had met Tommy before, under very unpleasant circumstances, indeed; and you pranced over to meet him again with a mind that was about as open as a safe with a forgotten combination, and a traveling equipment of a chip on either shoulder. It was true that you had met some one who was using his name before — a heavily disguised, blustering, tyrannical individual, introduced to you as Mr. Atkins by a smooth-spoken, ingratiating old party known as German Propaganda.

THE first time you met him you were a very small, freckle-faced, bored little boy, sitting on a hard bench and reading the letter of introduction that German Propaganda had written to you, in a little book called "History of the U. S. A." He took great pains to state what a wicked and unprincipled fellow Tommy has been, and how he'd tried to steal from you everything that you held dearest; and while he professed faint hopes that the scalawag might have reformed, he managed to stress the crime a good deal more than the reformation. But he didn't tell you that George III, the old Prussian who started the Revolutionary War, was so German that he could hardly speak English; that the War was so unpopular in England that they had to hire Hessians to fight it; that all her greatest men railed against it, in and out of season. He was very discreet about these facts, wasn't he? And the next time that he introduced his Mr. Atkins was only a few years ago, and he was almost in tears over his dreadful conduct. He gave us fair warning that the unscrupulous wretch had subsidized our press and bribed the casual observer and corrupted our officials to such an extent that it was impossible to believe a word that they said, and he assured us that the fairy tales that they were indulging in anent wicked Belgium and degenerate France would make the blood of an honest German run old. And it was [*Continued on page 49.*]

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My A. E. F.— [*Continued from page 46*]

this purely fictitious Tommy that you went to meet — only he isn't the one that the little group listening in the twilight are waiting to hear about. They want to hear about the real one — the one who got up in the gray light of a London dawn to give you such passionate a welcome that it fairly took your breath away — the one that you found later with his back against a ruined wall in France, fighting, fighting, bloody and broken and white to the lips, but managing, somehow, to throw you a little, stiff, tortured grin, and managing, too, by his own grit and the grace of God, to carry on. If you ran into him in France, that is how you saw him — and if you didn't, don't pass on any picturesque gossip that you will make a little more picturesque in passing. Some one might believe it! But you might tell them about Tommy's younger brothers — the Australians, the Canadians, the New Zealanders and South Africans — you loved them like your own, didn't you, Yank? You'll tell the world you did.

HOW about Jacques Poilu? You had another name for him, and you used it with more energy than discretion. For a good many months you made his own land echo with your plaints as to the devious ways of the "frog." He got in your way when you were driving; he wrung every *sou* that you possessed from your feeble and reluctant fingers; his offspring made life a burden to you with their clamors for "ceegaretts" and "chooengom"; his feminine relatives pursued you tirelessly, unsolicited victims of your fatal fascination. All very, very harrowing! I used to try conscientiously to reconcile this pathetic picture of the martyred young exile with the A. E. F. that I saw before my puzzled eyes, a vivid figure of mischief and resourcefulness and recklessness and sheer, heart-warming charm, playing endless games of balls and marbles in the little parks and narrow streets with the enchanted children, listening with beautiful deference to the incomprehensible tales of the old grandmothers in the doorways, flirting assiduously and debonairly with the velvet-eyed girls, bargaining and chaffing and swapping stories with Jacques himself. True, he got in your way when you were driving — but at the rate at which you went it was a little difficult to keep out of your way, my A. E. F. True, he cheated you often, but in that land which we are firmly convinced is God's country, your own people cheated you quite as energetically — I saw them do it. And his children begged shamelessly from you — but you taught them to do it, and filled their eager little hands in spite of any and all protests, and did your level best to spoil them forever. True, the maidens of the land fell victim to your charm — but you asserted it brazenly, my dear, and seemed to take a melancholy satisfaction in the results. Was all this just an optical illusion on my part? Sometimes I used to feel that one of us must be the victim of a hallucination — because surely no one in his sane senses would continue to lavish affection and attention on the object of his disparagement! Perhaps I was just dreaming that I hardly ever saw you without some Gallic mite perched on your shoulder or clinging to your hand or trotting at your side — dreaming that you were everlastingly polishing those boots of yours so that pretty Marie Adelaide Thérèse could see her face in them — dreaming that you steadily persisted in breaking every rule of the canteen in order to purchase cigarettes and chocolate for "them frog guys that hadn't any of their own" — dreaming that you would linger time and time again to tell me of the adored and adoring landlady — "Honest, she treats me like a prince; believe *me*, if I was her own kid, she couldn't treat me better. I want to get her a present; you tell me what she'd like, Petite." Why, the very nickname that you gave me was borrowed from France — and I loved it — and you — and her. I wasn't dreaming; but I'm thinking that perhaps sometimes you were, my A. E. F.

I haven't much to say about the Germans, largely because I find that when I try to talk about them I lose my voice and my temper and my sense of humor. Of course, when you paid them a visit last fall you found that you were pretty nearly comfortable for the first time in many weary months, and it rather went to your head. You found yourself wondering whether people who offered you the best bed in the place with guttural noises of welcome and hospitality could be demons incarnate, and somehow you counted it for righteousness to them that there wasn't any shell hole in the side of the house. But it didn't take them long for the first glow to wear off, and before many moons had passed you had pounced on the illuminating discovery that when even the most inspired demon has the choice between being affable or being shot at dawn, he'll jolly well be affable. And if you'll just tell your breathless listeners some of the things that you told me about the individuals that you soberly referred to as "those damned Dutch — excuse *me*, lady," I'll be perfectly contented. Perfectly.

About the Y and the Red Cross and the other organizations that went over there to help you, I do want to talk to you — and if you are inclined to feel resentful of anything that I may say, I want you to remember, my A. E. F., that it's because I love you so that I can't bear to have you either ungrateful or ungracious that I am saying it — and because I am afraid that you will have to own that you have been both. To save my life I can't understand your attitude toward us who so longed to help you; who worked their fingers to the bone, morning, noon and night, to give you a little comfort and as little happiness. I am speaking now of "us" as organizations, not as individuals.

On the individual girl you lavished such a wealth of gratitude and praise that you left her humbled and bewildered and a little intoxicated; but on the organization of which she was a symbol you have heaped unceasing criticism and unstinted blame. I myself happen to be a Y girl; and I have never ceased to be proud and glad of that fact. The only thing that I was prouder of than the triangle on my sleeve was the U. S. on my collar! So this isn't an apology on my part — it's an accusation. I dare wager that the only organization over there for which you have a good word to say is the one that you saw the least of — the one that, in nine cases out of ten, you never saw at all. The Salvation Army, with its tiny band and complex duties, did splendid work; but no more splendid work than was done by the other organizations that were woven into the very fabric of your daily lives. I say that advisedly.

Look up, for example, the number of Y workers killed, wounded, cited and decorated for bravery in trying desperately to help you who were so heedless of their help; where will you find, amongst your own ranks, a non-combatant outfit with such a record? Many a combatant one might glory in it! You were almost invariably lamentably ungenerous to the men who, under no pressure of the draft, had given up fine positions safe at home to come over and slave and drudge for you who found no word of commendation for them. If they were unflaggingly cheerful, you dismissed it as "sunshine-stuff" and "taffy"; if they were occasionally human and irritable, you rent the heavens above and the earth with your outraged cries, and tore to the Y for paper so that you could write home at once to Aunt Minnie and tell her to get back that fifty cents that she gave to the misguided organization in September.

I HONESTLY do blush for you. You would take everything that I gave you — every mortal thing — and apparently thought that by accepting our gifts you canceled your debt. We, you assured us complacently, were merely the instruments of the American people, kindly selected by them to see that their contributions reached you safely. Well, we happened to be the American people ourselves, and besides giving you our money, we gave you our time and strength and our hearts and our lives — and some of us were absurd enough to wonder why it was that you did not go on your knees to us — not to us, the individuals, amongst whom there were those who were faint-hearted and dishonest and bad-tempered and incompetent, because we happened to be human beings — but to us as an organization, because time and time again we were all the happiness and all the comfort and all the refuge from despair that you had. I have never been in one Y hut (and I have been in many; we had two thousand for you!) that was not crowded to

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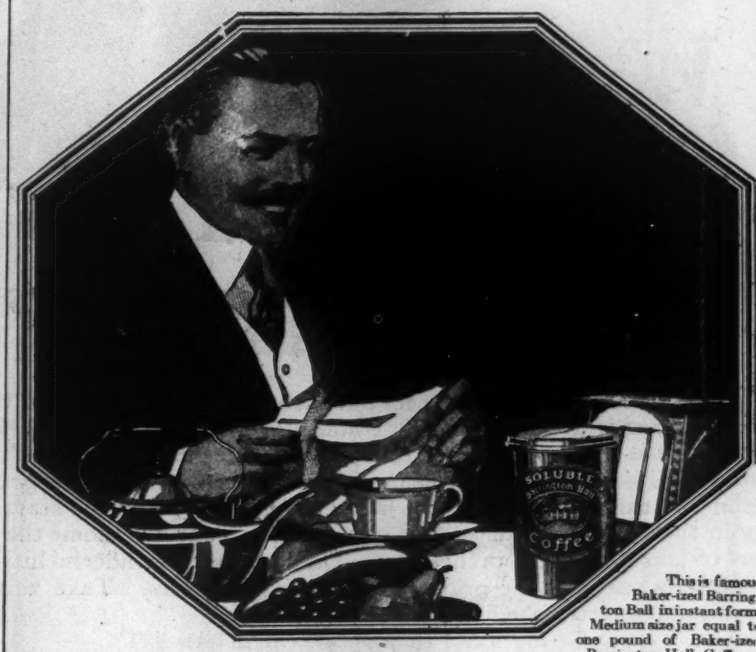

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Wonderful New Song Hits from Song Headquarters

WINTER nights! How we love those nights at home!—with the friendly piano, the talking machine and player-piano that are always ready to lead the fun. Welcome, then, the wonderful new "Feist" song-hits listed on this page! They mean new delights for winter nights. They mean you can sing in your own home the new song-hits the stars are singing in theatres everywhere—you can dance in your own home the pet-numbers of jazz bands and orchestras. They are truly wonderful hits—famous at all song centers – the pride of Song Headquarters. Take this page to your piano and try them out.

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"Golden Gate" by the writers of "Bubbles" is a golden song from start to finish There's golden sunshine in its sweet waltz melody. There are golden dreams and golden memories in its simple, beautiful sentiment. There's no secret about "Golden Gate's" remarkable fsuccess—it's a wonderful song alike for singing and dancing. Try it.

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"Bluin' the Blues"
"The Vamp"
"Persian Moon"
"Lullaby Blues"
"Erin"
"Star of the East"
"The Radiance in Your Eyes"
"The Land of Lullaby"
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"Church Street Sobbin' Blues"
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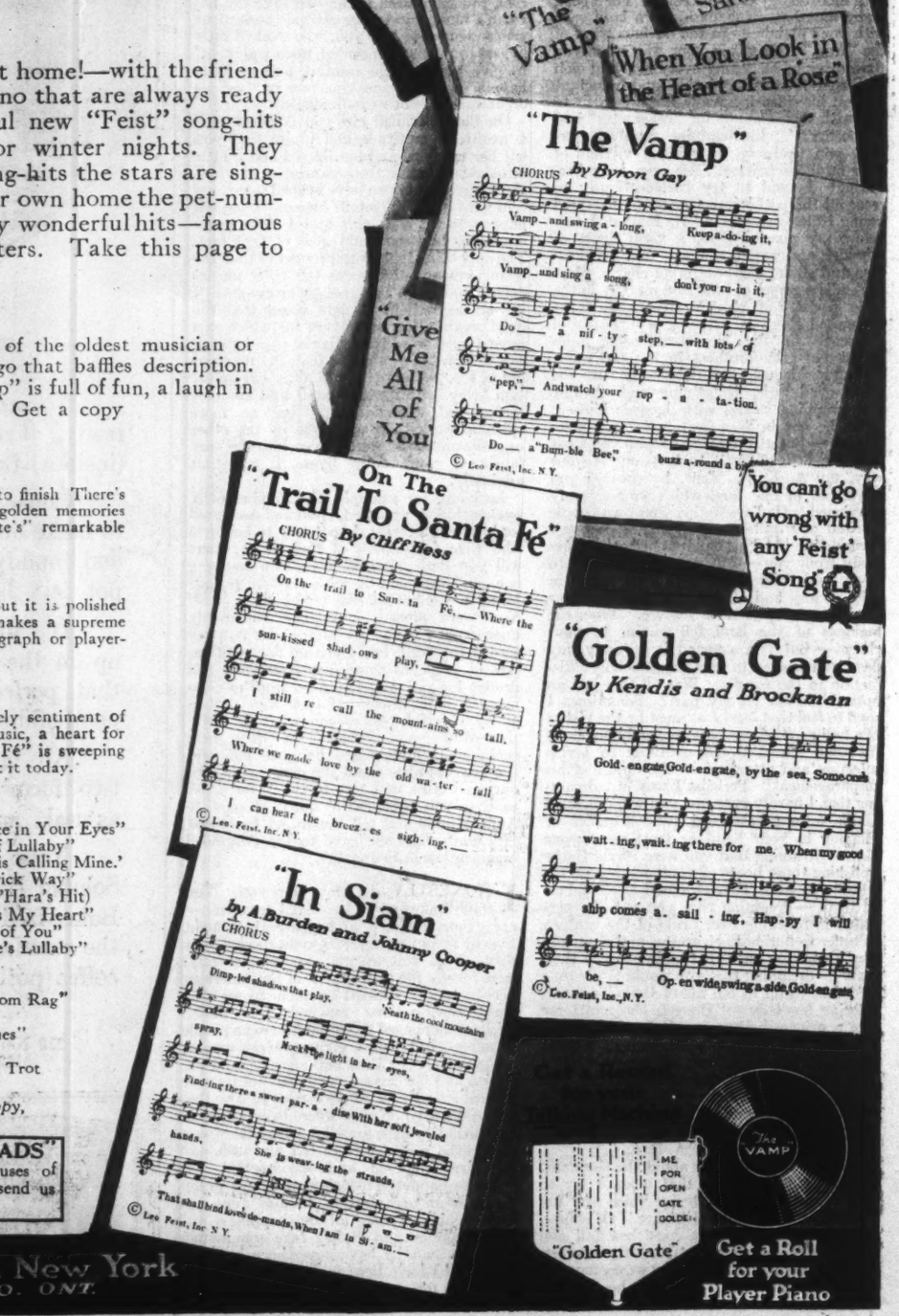
"Sing Me Love's Lullaby"
"Down Limerick Way"
"Lullaby" Blues
"My Baby's Arms"
"Sand Dunes"
"The Vamp"
"When You Look in the Heart of a Rose"
"The Vamp"
CHORUS by Byron Gay
Vamp—and swing a - long, Keep a-do-ing it,
Vamp—and sing a song, don't you ru-in it,
Do — a nif - ty step, — with lots of
"pep". — And watch your rep - u - ta-tion.
Do — a "Bum-ble Bee," buzz a-round a
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Give Me All of You
On The "Trail To Santa Fé"
CHORUS By Cliff Hess
On the trail to San - ta Fé, — Where the
sun-kissed shad - ows play.
I still re call the mount-ains so tall.
Where we made love by the old wa - ter - fall
I can hear the breez - es sigh - ing. —
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You can't go wrong with any 'Feist' Song
"Golden Gate"
by Kendis and Brockman
Gold - en gate, Gold - en gate, by the sea, Some-one
wait - ing, wait - ing there for me. When my good
ship comes a - sail - ing, Hap - py I will
be, — Op - en wide, swing a - side, Gold - en gate,
© Leo. Feist, Inc. N.Y.
"In Siam"
by A Burden and Johnny Cooper
CHORUS
Dimp-led shadows that play, 'Neath the cool mountains
spray, Rock the light in her eyes,
Find-ing there a sweet par - a - dise With her soft jeweled
hands, She is wear-ing the strands,
That shall bind lovers de-mands, When I am in Si - am. —
© Leo. Feist, Inc. N.Y.
"Golden Gate"
Get a Roll for your Player Piano

LEO FEIST, Inc. Feist Bldg. New York
CANADA: 193 YONGE ST. TORONTO. ONT.

the doors. Tell me — tell me, my A. E. F., how could you take so much and give so little? For you took, day after day, and night after night, our service and our shelter, our light and our warmth, everything from baseballs to Bibles; books and vaudevilles; magazines and movies; writing-paper and music — and every single thing you took for granted. If you never used the Y, then all that I am saying is not for you; but cross your heart and hope to die, my A. E. F., didn't you use it constantly? If there were times when we weren't with you, it was because, alas! we couldn't be everywhere — and when you seemed to need us most, there was often no way to get to you. Surely you must have realized that when the army couldn't even get your corned beef up to you it wouldn't permit us to bring you chocolates!

I WANT you to tell Aunt Minnie, who gave us the fifty cents for you, and Dad and Mother, who gave us five dollars, and little Bobby, who gave us a nickel, the truth about us — for their sake as much as for ours, and most of all, for Truth's. You needn't soften it down or touch it up a bit. If you discovered a Y man who was a thorough and consistent grouch, or one who charged *cinq centimes* more than you thought was justifiable, tell them the whole horrible tale; but in the name of justice and fair play and common decency, my A. E. F., tell them about the other times — the hundreds and hundreds of other times when the Y was all that you had and when you used it mercilessly. If I am speaking only of the Y, it is because I know it best and because it gave me the joy of being with you for many months, and so I am eternally grateful to it; but I want you to tell them the truth about every organization over there that stretched out a hand to you — because, by and large, it makes as beautiful a story as even the most exacting audience could care to hear. And for my sake, because I was a Y girl, and because we loved each other, please go out of your way to tell them about every place that you found us, from the God-forsaken little mud-hole where we had laboriously rigged up a movie machine and dug up a stove to burn for you, and hot chocolate in a tin can and a wheezy talking machine to sing about the little gray home, and where we were duly exultant that we could get so much, and pretty sad hat it was so little — to the incredible loveliness of the leave-areas, where we took the most wonderful casinos set in the most wonderful scenery in the world, and flung the doors wide and asked you to come in and play with us — to see the best shows and hear the best singing and eat the best food that could be found — to dance on the best floors to the best music that you ever heard — and with the best dancers, too, though they did wear flowered aprons and had to run back to the canteen between times to give you the ice cream. I can't believe that if you were ever our guests at one of our seven-day house parties — and at my house we used to entertain over three thousand a week — I don't believe that you could help getting a little hot and uncomfortable when you remembered some of the things that you have said about us. Because you swore that you had never had such a wonderful time, and that you would never, never forget it. Have you forgotten, my A. E. F.?

It's getting late — but let's sit here for a minute longer, with no words at all. It's so quiet in the little street, it makes our terrible and beautiful adventure seem like a dream. The honeysuckle and the locust smell sweeter even than our memories of them, and the lights are coming out one by one in the little houses, and tired people are coming home to rest. Some one is cutting the grass next door, and the little girls skipping rope look like white butterflies, and far down the street a woman is calling, "Johnny — Johnny — supper-time!"

Oh, America, how we have learned to love you, we thought that we might have lost you forever! Well do we know, too, that in your quiet streets lie adventures more thrilling than any we have had — romances more wonderful than any we have dreamed. For in your quiet streets lies the Future.

All the lights are shining in the windows, and the last one is lighted in the west — the evening star. Do you remember the rhyme that we used to say when we were little? Give me your hand, my A. E. F., and we'll wish on the first star in the darkness before you go.

"Star light, star bright,
Very first star I've seen to-night,
Wish I may, wish I might
Have the wish I wish to-night."

I wish, my A. E. F., that you may give to America, before you leave her, your deathless courage and imperishable strength, your ringing laughter and your beautiful gentleness, your splendid enthusiasm and your eternal youth. I wish that you may give her your soul.

AND so farewell to you, my A. E. F. Turn once more to wave to me at the crossroads — even though my eyes cannot see you for the foolish tears, my heart sees you well — tall and splendid in your khaki, waving farewell to me with that exultant laugh of yours — eager to be off, eager to be away. When you have turned the corner, I see you still — I will see you always. So I will smile, too, and be glad that you have come and glad that you have gone — still young and unbroken and triumphant.

Best comrade and truest lover and dearest playmate — hail and fare well, my A. E.

Poison Gas — [*Continued from page 29*]

certain target, say a limited section of trenches that would be suddenly drenched with deadly fumes. The object was to take by surprise the soldiers in these trenches, to smother them, burn out their lungs, blind their eyes, blister their bodies, make casualties of them before they could put on gas masks. In such efforts as many as two hundred and fifty iron mortars buried in the earth were sometimes used, all connected up electrically and fired at the same instant by an exploding device.

"These projector attacks were usually made at night and they were most spectacular affairs," said this officer, "although the men in the trenches did not appreciate this. First there came a tremendous flash like the blowing up of an ammunition dump, then a few seconds later you got the roar of the mortars, a dull explosion that made the ground rock from the recoil. And now two hundred and fifty gas bombs are sailing through the night with two hundred and fifty sizzling fuses throwing out trains of red sparks and golden rain like a fireworks display. Presently the bombs reach the target and burst, usually without much fuss, as only enough explosive is used to break upon the outer shells and let the gas out. But this is phosgene gas, the most deadly of all the asphyxiating gases used in the war. One breath of it or even part of a breath is practically sure to be fatal. And the whole bombarded position where hundreds of soldiers are gathered, many of them asleep, is suddenly flooded with this gas."

"How can these men escape? I should think they would all be killed," I naturally remarked.

The officer's reply throws an interesting light upon the thoroughness of our gas-defense preparations.

"Our factor of safety," he explained, "depended entirely upon the number of seconds that elapsed between the moment when the gas bombs left the mortars and the moment of their arrival at the target. There was an average interval here of twenty seconds. Twenty seconds in the night was all that stood between us and a horrible death!

"Our sentries knew that a vivid red flash from the enemy trenches meant 'Gas!' and sounded their alarms instantly.

"Then came some tall hustling. Heavy sleepers must be awakened. Every man must get inside his gas mask. Horses ditto. Even carrier pigeons must be protected. Blanketed entrances to gas-proof dug-outs must be lowered. Within twenty seconds! And we did this hundreds of times with scarcely a casualty!"

"Tell me a little about this phosgene gas."

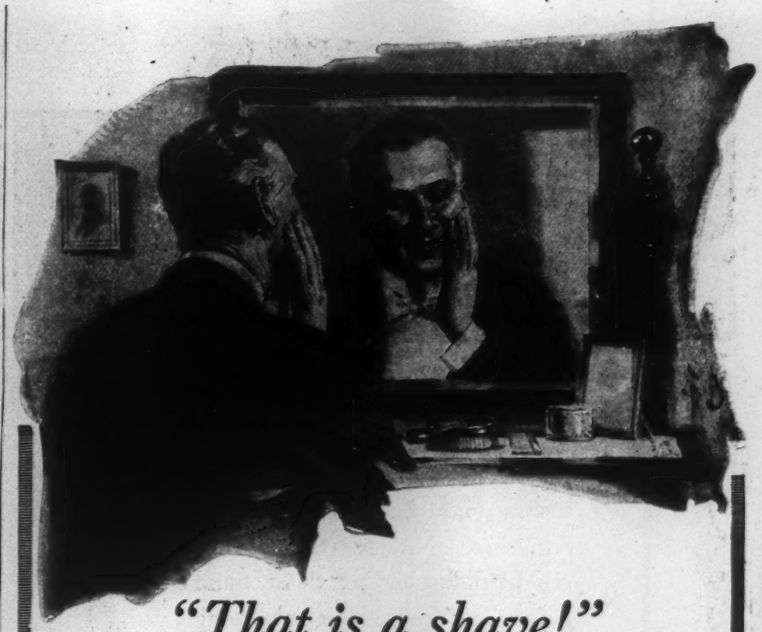
"It's a heavy gas," he said, "more than three times as heavy as air. It has no color."

"Is it hard to make?"

"No. It is comparatively easy and cheap to make, though of course somewhat dangerous. It is made from chlorine and carbon monoxide, the latter being produced by burning coke with a low supply of air."

"How deadly is it — how does it act?"

"The first breath of it produces coughing, a running of the eyes and [*Cont'd on page 79*]



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IT seems unbelievable that such charm of texture, such captivating flavor, and such versatility of serving could be so generously combined. NABISCO Sugar Wafers are the delight of the dessert and a dainty addition to fruit or beverage. Truly the national dessert wafer.

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Keep the familiar
Luden yellow package handy

WM. H. LUDEN
In Reading, Pa.
Since 1881

"Home, Sweet Home"

[*Continued from page 16*]

Seven, eight, nine. . . .

By Jingo! It was a stall! He was up! Kelly! Kelly!

William heaved a blissful sigh of relief. He vibrated with joy.

Then a fist swung in like the hammer of Thor, and the fight was over.

Spent with emotion, William remained where he was until the arena was almost empty. Who would have dreamed it? Cleanly, and in the manner of his name, his hero, Knockout Kelly, had won in the third round. It was colossal!

But there was something else. William sighed deeply. He had suddenly remembered that he had a wife. And he didn't feel equal to facing his wife. So he resorted to delay. And the resort he chose happening to be Bailey's Billiard and Pool Parlors, not only delayed him considerably, but also led to his meeting his friend Mr. Phipps, whose offer of a cigar that afternoon had had so much to do with his present reluctance to go home.

"Shoot you a game of pool," said Mr. Phipps.

"You're on," said William.

Not that he wanted to play pool. But there was Irene. What would she say when he told her he'd traded her two yards of scrim for three rounds of scrimmage? Well, she'd say a great deal. Also, she'd probably be still saying it when the first faint rays of dawn tinted the rosy east. Decidedly, home was no place to go at the present. So William played pool.

Mr. Phipps, as a companion, was about as restful as a grasshopper. Soon tired of pool, he suggested change of scene. "What we need now is a little jazz," he said.

So they crossed the street to Church's Cabaret.

"Great stuff!" said Mr. Phipps, as eight golden-haired damsels paraded past their table singing a song about chickens raising the dickens in the city. "That fourth girl, now! Some class to her — eh, what?"

"Great!" said William mournfully. "Simply great!"

He hated the noise and glare; he detested the beer he was drinking. But when you can't go home, you've got to go somewhere, haven't you?

"Two more, waiter!" commanded Mr. Phipps.

After his second glass of beer, life for William assumed a more cheerful aspect. What did it matter, after all? Even if he had behaved badly, Irene would get over it in a day or two. And what was a day or two in a lifetime? Anyway, he'd seen Knockout Kelly fight, and that was something. Summoning a waiter, with a commanding gesture, he gave an order. "Bring us two more," he said.

"When we finish those we might go over and bowl a few," suggested the restless Mr. Phipps.

"Sure!" said William.

SO they went to a bowling alley round the corner where William amazed his companion — and himself — by knocking down pins with astonishing regularity.

"Got to hand it to you," said Mr. Phipps. "You're a rotten pool player, but you're sure a bear at this game."

"Well, you can't be a champion at everything," replied William, who had never bowled but once before in his life. "Want to play some more?"

"Nix," said Mr. Phipps. "It's getting near closing time. We've just got time to go over to Andy's and have a nightcap."

"I always sleep better for a nightcap," Mr. Phipps explained, as they lined up at Andy's bar.

"So do I," said William recklessly.

"Never knew you were such a little sport," said Mr. Phipps.

"Hell's bells!" said William. "I've always been a sport. Go to prize-fights — cabarets — and everything."

"Me, too," said Mr. Phipps. "But I've had to cut it out lately. Got married last year, you know. Only my wife's visiting her folks in Peoria. Well, here's to crime."

As time dragged by with still no sign of William, Irene felt that she could bear it no longer. All the accidents she'd ever read or heard of passed through her mind in frenzied review. A street car had run over him — he'd been struck by an automobile — he was lying unconscious in some hospital — he'd fallen into the clutches of a vampire. There was, she remembered, a stenographer in William's bank who had suspiciously yellow hair.

He'd tried to stop a runaway horse and had been fatally injured — he'd slipped on a banana peel and contracted concussion of the brain — he'd been shot by a daylight bandit — he was lying alone, forsaken, stretched out on a cold slab in the morgue — she buried him at Woodlawn and was busy planting daisies on his grave.

And then the telephone rang.

Rose Walker, to whom Irene had told her troubles earlier in the evening, was in bed reading a novel when her husband returned, about eleven o'clock.

"Well, how was the fight?" she asked.

"Fine — while it lasted," Joe replied. "Anything in the ice-box for me?"

"Nothing much," said Rose. "Only about a dozen sandwiches and two bottles of beer."

"Say, you're all right!" said Joe. "You're more like a friend than a wife. And you're more like a sweetheart than a friend. I'll tell the world you are."

"You're kinda nice yourself," declared Rose fondly. "Now run along and eat, because I've got a job for you."

"Job?" said Joe. "How do you mean, job?"

IT'S like this," explained Rose, "Poor Irene McMasters is frantic. William didn't come home to dinner and he isn't home yet. I know he isn't because she said she'd telephone me as soon as he showed up. What's more, I promised her when you got home you'd go downtown and look for him."

"Oh, you did?"

"Yes, I did. She thinks he's been run over or something. Of course that's not likely. But I'm sure she'd feel better if she knew something was being done to find him."

"H'm!" said Joe. "So William's on the loose. I guessed as much."

"Then you saw him?"

"Sure! He was at the prize-fight. Had a ringside seat and was yelling his head off. He didn't see me, though, and . . . look here! I don't want to butt in on this. He'll probably come home with a good story all cooked up, and if you go and tell Irene I saw him at the prize-fight, it's liable to put a crimp in his alibi. William's a good little scout, and I don't want to get him in wrong."

"No," said Rose. "No, of course not. Besides, I guess William had a night off coming to him."

"You've said something. If you bossed me the way Irene bosses William, I'd never come home. Anyway, everything closes up tighter than a drum at midnight, and he'll have to come home then. I guess Irene can stand it for another hour."

"All right, dear. You know best," said Rose. "Now run along and get your beer and sandwiches."

As soon as Joe was down-stairs out of hearing, however, Rose slipped out of bed and crossed to the telephone.

"Us women have got to stick together," she told herself. "Besides, William will probably tell Irene the truth. Anyway, I'm not going to let her suffer."

This, then, is what Irene heard when she answered the telephone: "Don't worry, dear. And don't get mad. Joe saw William at the prize-fight, so he's all right. And probably he'll be home before long."

On hearing this, Irene naturally took her friend's advice. She stopped worrying at once. Of course she did. And she didn't get mad. Oh, no!

In the meantime, what of William? Was he planning to go home, confess his fault, and humbly ask forgiveness of his ample, anxious, anti-prize-fighting wife? He was not! He would go home, of course. But not till later.

"Have another, Phippsy," he said.

"Sorry, gentlemen," said the barkeeper, "but the bar is closed."

"How do you mean, closed?" demanded William.

"It's midnight, you poor fish," explained Mr. Phipps. "Everything closes at midnight. Come on. Let's go home."

After the Dance

THE woman who dances, or who engages in any form of exercise, knows the value of having a complexion which retains its delicate loveliness throughout the glow of her exertion.

Nature intended that your skin should remain smooth and fresh despite the free flowing of the blood that comes from exhilaration, and Resinol Soap is nature's agent for preserving the soft natural bloom of your skin.

Resinol Soap is an unusually pure and cleansing toilet soap with qualities that soothe and heal irritations of the skin's texture. It is the soap for you if you are resolved not to permit skin imperfections to interfere with your social and business success.

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RESINOL SHAVING STICK is especially appreciated by young men, who like the way the Resinol in it soothes the face and prevents shaving discomforts.

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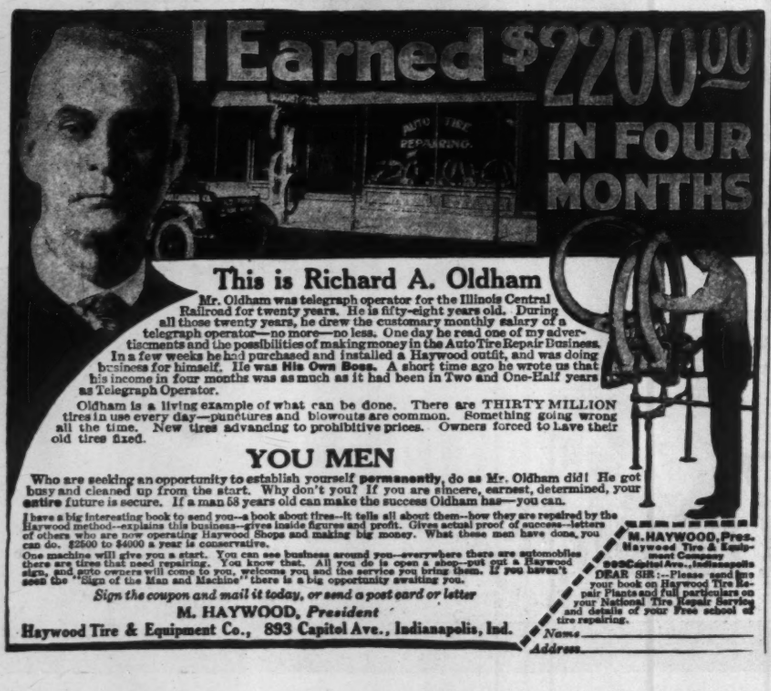

This is Richard A. Oldham

Mr. Oldham was telegraph operator for the Illinois Central Railroad for twenty years. He is fifty-eight years old. During all those twenty years, he drew the customary monthly salary of a telegraph operator—no more—no less. One day he read one of my advertisements and the possibilities of making money in the Auto Tire Repair Business. In a few weeks he had purchased and installed a Haywood outfit, and was doing business for himself. He was **His Own Boss.** A short time ago he wrote us that his income in four months was as much as it had been in Two and One-Half years as Telegraph Operator.

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YOU MEN

Who are seeking an opportunity to establish yourself **permanently**, do as Mr. Oldham did! He got busy and cleaned up from the start. Why don't you? If you are sincere, earnest, determined, your **entire** future is secure. If a man 58 years old can make the success Oldham has—you can.

I have a big interesting book to send you—a book about tires—it tells all about them—how they are repaired by the Haywood method—explains this business—gives inside figures and profit. Gives actual proof of success—letters of others who are now operating Haywood Shops and making big money. What these men have done, you can do. $2500 to $4000 a year is conservative.

One machine will give you a start. You can see business around you—everywhere there are automobiles there are tires that need repairing. You know that. All you do is open a shop—put out a Haywood sign, and auto owners will come to you, welcome you and the service you bring them. If you haven't seen the "Sign of the Man and Machine" there is a big opportunity awaiting you.

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Name _____

Address _____

"Home?" said William. "Oh, I'm not going home yet!"

"Where are you going?" demanded Mr. Phipps.

"I think I'll walk around for a while," said William.

"Around where?"

"Oh, just around."

"I see," said Mr. Phipps. "You want to get rid of me."

"No, no," cried William. "It isn't that at all — it's my wife."

"Tell that to the Marines," said Mr. Phipps.

"But it is my wife! You see I didn't go home to dinner, and the reason I want to walk around is that I hope I'll think of something to tell her so she won't be sore with me for staying out like this."

"Well, why didn't you say so?" demanded Mr. Phipps. "If all you want is an excuse for staying out late, that's easy. I'm a wonder at cooking up alibis. Do you ever go across the bay?"

"Sure," said William.

"Then why don't you tell your wife you took the ferry over to Oakmont and missed the last boat back."

"I would have telephoned," said William.

"You couldn't. There's a telephone strike over there."

"My wife's brother lives at Oakmont," objected William.

"Fine! If he's a good scout, he'll fix it for you."

"He isn't," said William.

"Well then, we might go into a dark alley. I could kind of hit you on the head, and you could fall down. And then a policeman would find you."

"Maybe a policeman wouldn't find me," said William.

"Sure he would. I'd see that he did. First, though, you'd have to give me your watch and money, and turn your pockets inside out. Then you'd have it — a clear case of being knocked on the head and robbed."

"That's all very well," said William. "But what would I tell my wife I was doing in that alley? I'm supposed to be home before seven o'clock, and it doesn't get dark till after eight. Nobody ever knocks anybody on the head till after it's dark. So where was I in the meantime?"

"That's easy," said Mr. Phipps; "you can't remember. Hit on the head — dazed, loss of memory, and all that sort of thing."

"By Jingo!" said William.

"Then you're going to let me hit you on the head?"

"No. But I've thought of something. My wife reads the newspapers, so she knows all about such cases. Listen! . . ."

"I've got to hand it to you," declared Mr. Phipps, when William had finished outlining his plan. "If there ever was a brass-bound, nickel-plated, bomb-proof alibi, that's it. Come on. I know the clerk in a drug-store down the street, and he'll give you an envelope to write your name and address on."

The clerk at the drug-store proved most obliging, and a half hour later William was almost home. Almost!

"All we need now is a policeman," said Mr. Phipps.

"I don't like that part," said William. "Why can't you take me home yourself?"

"Because I can't," explained Mr. Phipps.

YOUR wife would ask questions, and she'd suspect things. That's one thing about policemen — nobody suspects 'em."

"Yes, but the policeman might suspect."

"Well, if you can't fool a policeman, how are you going to fool your wife?" demanded Mr. Phipps. "I'll back my wife against any policeman that ever lived when it comes to brains, and I guess your wife's the same. But women just naturally believe in policemen. That's why you've got to have one. Now you go over and sit down under that street lamp, and I'll stay around the corner in the dark. Then, when a policeman comes along, you begin to kind of mutter. And after he stops to talk to you, I'll join you. See?"

And so it was that Officer Corrigan found William.

"What you doing, brother?" he asked.

William stared at him vacantly.

"Come now. This ain't no place to spend the night. Why don't you go home?"

"I don't know where my home is," said William.

At that point, Mr. Phipps rounded the corner. "Anything wrong, officer?" he asked briskly.

"I don't rightly know," Corrigan replied. "I found this bird sitting here, and when I told him to go home, he said he didn't know where his home was."

"That's odd," said Mr. Phipps. "You don't know where you live?"

"No," said William.

"Do you know what your name is?"

"No," said William.

"How did you get here?"

"I don't know," said William.

"Strange," said Mr. Phipps, "mighty strange. Maybe he lives around here some place. Have you ever seen him before, officer?"

"No," said Corrigan. "But I've only been on this beat four days."

"It's a sad case," said Mr. Phipps, "darned sad! If it was drink, that would be different. But it doesn't seem to be drink."

"No," said Corrigan, "it doesn't seem to be drink exactly. If you'll stay with him, sir, I'll go and ring for the wagon, and take him down to the Locust Street police station and let the doctor at the emergency hospital there have a look at him."

OH, I wouldn't do that!" said Mr. Phipps. "At least not till we've exhausted every means of identification. Have you looked in his pockets yet?"

"No," said Corrigan.

"Well, I would. Maybe we'll find a card or something giving his name and address. Then, if he lives around here, you can take him home."

"We don't look in people's pockets, as a rule," said Corrigan. "But if you'll give me your name and address as a witness, then this bird won't be able to say I took anything off of him."

"Sure!" said Mr. Phipps, producing a card. "Sure! I'd try his inside coat pocket first, if I were you."

And thus the envelope addressed by William in the drug-store was discovered.

"Here we are," said Corrigan. "William McMasters, 2327 Elm Avenue. Why, that's only a block away!"

"Of course he may not live there," said Mr. Phipps. "That may not be his name and address at all. But it would be a kindness to try it, it seems to me."

"Sure, I'll try it," said Corrigan. "Never take a man who's doing no harm to the station when you can take him home — that's orders."

"Come, my man," said Mr. Phipps, grasping William by the arm. "This kind officer is going to take you home."

William rose obediently. "I wish he would," he said. "I've been wandering about for hours. I feel queer — very queer."

"It s probably one of those cases," said Mr. Phipps, as they started up the street. "Maybe you remember that banker who disappeared last month? Wandered about for a week — didn't know his name, who he was, or anything."

"Sure!" said Corrigan. "We get cases like that. Only most of them is put-up jobs — men that's trying to put something over on their wives."

"Dear, dear!" said Mr. Phipps. "Is it possible? I'm a married man myself, but I'd never dream of doing anything like that."

"Well, of course there is genuine cases," Corrigan admitted. "Now this bird. I don't believe he'd have the brains to dope out anything like that. Besides, maybe he ain't got a wife."

"Have you got a wife?" asked Mr. Phipps.

"I don't know," said William.

"Then he ain't got one," said Corrigan. "Believe me, when a guy's got a wife, he knows it."

"All the better," said Mr. Phipps. "If he hasn't got a wife, there won't be anybody scared to death when you bring him home like this. The next house seems to be the one you're looking for. Well, good-night."

"Look here!" said Corrigan. "You ain't going?"

"Sure!" said Mr. Phipps. "It's late, and my wife's expecting me. Good-night." And turning on his heel he walked rapidly away.

Now Mr. Phipps' wife was really in Peoria visiting her folks. But one never knows. Besides, it's a boob's game to interfere between husband and wife. Mrs. McMasters might want to know who he was. She might even go so far as to tell his wife about to-night. Of course that wasn't likely. But what was the use of taking chances — especially when he'd promised his wife to be indoors every night by eleven o'clock? Of course if he could have been of any real help . . . . But McMasters had a policeman to help him. That was what policemen were for.

ADOLPH ZUKOR PRESENTS

IRENE CASTLE

"*In* *The* INVISIBLE BOND"

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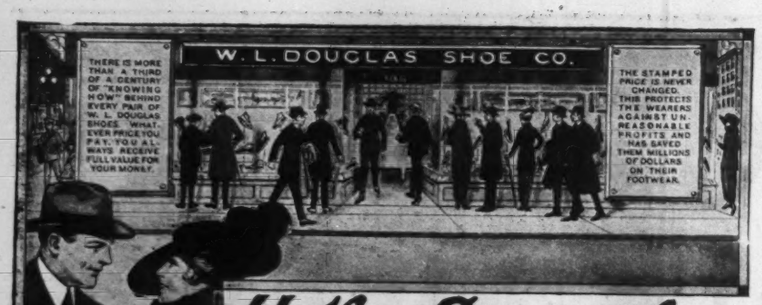
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William felt Mr. Phipps' desertion keenly. A quitter. That's what Phippsy was — a yellow quitter!

"Well, here we are," said Corrigan. "This is 2327. Did you ever see this house before?"

It was a two-story, white frame house with green shutters. Had Corrigan but known it, there was a monkey-puzzle tree in the back yard. But, of course, William couldn't tell him that. In accordance with the plan laid out for him he must play the game to the bitter end. "I don't remember ever seeing it before," he said.

"Well, it's a good thing somebody's up," grumbled Corrigan, indicating the light in the second story. "I'd hate to wake 'em up on no more evidence than this here envelope if there wasn't a light showing."

That light! It was the light in their bedroom, his and Irene's. And Irene was up there waiting for him. William felt very small, very much ashamed. Irene had been a good wife to him all these years. And here he was with a policeman. If he could only go to her now and tell her the whole pitiful truth. But he'd started this complex machinery of deceit, and now he couldn't stop the darned thing. That policeman was ringing the doorbell. . . .

At the sound of the bell, Irene, who had retired an hour ago — not to sleep but to weep — jumped out of bed. Who was ringing, this time of night? William had a key.

Hastily slipping on a kimona, she crossed the room and opened the window. "Who's there?" she called.

"It's Officer Corrigan."

"What do you want?"

"Do you know a man named William McMasters?"

Something dreadful had happened to William. They had sent a policeman to tell her. "Yes," she said, "I am Mrs. McMasters. Is — is anything wrong?"

"Well, I don't rightly know, ma'am. You see it's like this. There's a man down here who says he doesn't know who he is, or where he lives — seem dazed-like. But I found an envelope in his pocket addressed to William McMasters, at this number, and I thought maybe he might be your husband. Is he?"

SO that was it! Irene saw it all in a flash. William meant to evade the consequences of going to prize-fights by pretending he didn't know who he was. Well, he could find out. She wouldn't help him. A policeman had brought him; a policeman could take him away. It would serve him right. She had suffered enough. It was William's turn to suffer. Conscious of her wrongs, Irene answered Officer Corrigan's question.

"No, officer," she said, "that isn't my husband. My husband is in bed and asleep." And with that she shut the window.

William couldn't believe his ears. Had Irene lost her mind?

"That settles that," said Officer Corrigan.

"But, officer!" cried William in an anguished voice, "I'm sure that was my wife!"

Officer Corrigan shook his head sorrowfully. "Come along, you poor nut," he said

A Man Who Wouldn't Make Enemies

[*Continued from page 23*]

idea of being used as a mere item in some other fellow's general scheme of existence. When a man comes along and says, by his actions: "Let's be friends, because you may be useful to me," we immediately make mental reservations and determine that the relationship shall be at least as insincere on our side as on his.

In the little city where I first knew Crothers, there were two first-class drygoods establishments. He knew personally the proprietor of each, and consequently he was worried all the while about where his wife bought any articles of the kind sold in these stores.

"I wouldn't want to offend Charlie," he would say, referring to his friend, the proprietor of one store, whenever his wife spoke of buying anything elsewhere. No matter which of the two stores she selected for the purchase of a nightgown, or a spool of thread, he imagined that the proprietor of the rival store would soon learn of the incident and regard it as a personal affront.

IN most small towns, barber shops are among the most important business institutions. Before the days of safety-razors and prohibition, it was nip and tuck between barber shops and saloons as to which was the real poor man's club—which the more desirable forum for the free exchange of gossip and knowledge. Sam Winslow and Phil Hixson were the rival proprietors of the two leading haircutting and shaving studios in our town. Each had a clientele that amounted to a personal following. I have heard prominent citizens argue for an hour, at a social gathering, as to whether Winslow or Hixson was the more gifted hirsutorial performer. There were those who would not think of having anybody but Sam Winslow cut their hair, and others who felt the same way about Phil Hixson. Still other customers freely admitted that Winslow and Hixson were so nearly equal in artistic prowess that it really did not matter much whether a man went to one or the other. But even those who took that view usually went regularly to one shop as a matter of habit.

This simple matter of getting shaved gave Hayward Crothers not a little grave concern. Knowing that Winslow and Hixson each had many friends and a natural bent for conversation, he greatly disliked to show favoritism toward either one or the other. So he made himself half miserable trying to divide his haircuts and shaves in exactly equal numbers between the two establishments. And every time he went from one place to the other, each proprietor wondered if he had been offended about something. If not, why did he keep changing so often? Each haircutter rather disliked him because he seemed to be so vacillating in his preferences. If he had gone regularly to one shop, just as he did to one church, the fact would have been attributed simply to habit, and nothing thought of it. But in trying to maintain the friendship and esteem of two barbers, he succeeded only in reminding each of them that he was not their regular customer — and thus excited their aversion.

This matter of selecting a barber was, of course, rather trivial in itself, but it was typical of Crothers' whole life. He was forever making himself unhappy in business transactions, either large or small, stewing over the danger of losing somebody's friendship. He did not seem to be able to entertain the hypothesis that while friendship may enter into business, business is not necessarily a foe to friendship. Two men can drive a hard bargain with each other, and, fortunately, remain on intimate terms.

Because he always felt himself on thin ice regarding the steadfastness of friendships, Crothers assumed that others were much the same. And so he was usually afraid to express any definite view at all on subjects of a controversial nature. After attending a theater he nearly always praised the performance, no matter how stupid or insipid the play had been. With the exception of a certain dramatic critic, I have never known anybody who could find so much to praise and so little to deplore, in a low-grade show, as Crothers could.

It was the same way in matters political. One could not tell to a certainty whether Crothers was on one side or the other — because he never knew which side might have the majority of strong-opinioned persons who would take it as personal if he disagreed with them. The idea of two good friends having strong opposite political views and treating these views in a detached way, as impersonal matters, never struck Crothers as practical.

When the spring primaries were approaching and various candidates were soliciting votes, Crothers was driven nearly frantic with the task of trying to placate everybody and keep one and all happy. He tried to avoid telling downright lies, but he made promises by innuendo that he never intended to keep. If a man asked him to vote for him, Crothers would laugh, and slap him on the back, and say:

"I've known you nearly all my life, haven't I? Who did you think I *was* going to vote for?"

Then, when the rival candidate came along, Crothers told him practically the

same thing. This plan might have been a satisfactory and diplomatic one except for the fact that Crothers' noncommittal attitude occasionally served to whet curiosity. Candidates who had his implied promise to help them, wondered just where Crothers actually did stand. And now and then they found out. I recall particularly the year that Frank Dodds ran against Herbert Zell for mayor:

"Is it necessary for you to ask me *that?*" he said to Zell's question as to his vote.

Dodds also inquired of Crothers if he could count on his support, and Crothers laughingly asked him:

"Who else *would* I support?"

Each thus had a seeming assurance of his aid and comfort, but one of them — Zell, I believe it was — determined to learn the facts from the ballot sheet.

The Australian ballot system is a supposedly secret means of voting, but there are a number of ways of defeating this secrecy. Zell knew a chap named Dan Kern who had for years been an election clerk in the precinct where Crothers lived and voted. Kern's job on election day was to tear off the ballot sheet, along a perforated, dotted line, and hand it to the voter, who took it into a little booth, marked it, according to his convictions, and brought it back folded, to be dropped through the slot into the ballot box. Kern's work also included helping with the count of the ballots after the day's voting was done.

Now, it was known that Kern often picked up a little easy money on election day by secretly informing candidates how certain of their supposed friends had voted. He would fasten a bit of lead to his finger nail and, in handing the ballot to a voter, make a small secret mark on it by which he later could identify it in the course of the vote counting. Another method was equally certain and more safe against possible detection. In removing the ballot sheet from the big bound book of such sheets, fresh from the printer, he would start to tear it along the little dotted, perforated line, but in doing this he purposely let his hand slip, as if by accident, and instead of adhering to the straight line, tore a little notch or two in the paper. By mentally noting the size of these notches and their distance from the margin, or from some one party emblem, he could easily recognize the same sheet later when he came to it in the count.

For the trifling sum of three dollars, Zell arranged with Kern to let him know whether Crothers voted for Zell or Dodds. And he learned that Crothers, being as he himself firmly believed, a born diplomat, voted for neither Zell nor Dodds. His conscience would have hurt him if he made a choice between two acquaintances who had sought his support, so he compromised by not deciding on either one. That was Crothers for you!

EVERY few months, Crothers seemed to develop a mania for writing letters of the *pro bono publico* type to his favorite newspaper. These letters were invariably on something, however, of a distinctly non-controversial nature. When the town was somewhat wrought up over a public question, Crothers studiously avoided openly taking sides. But he wrote a corking letter once favoring the reduction of letter postage to one cent. He knew nobody would take that as personal. He occasionally made public speeches, too, at banquets. And he was always fulsome in his praise of anybody who was obviously successful. He thought it wise to let the man who was in temporary misfortune, or under a cloud, fight his own battles. Because the man who is in trouble frequently has the enmity, or at least the contempt, of a large number of persons, to say anything good of him is likely — so Crothers told himself — to draw one into unpleasant arguments. The safe plan, he always felt, was to speak well of the successful, because then no one dared take issue, and to mention the unsuccessful not at all.

A city treasurer in our town, who had always borne a good reputation, was seemingly short in his accounts, and public opinion turned rapidly against him. The man had at one time been employed by Crothers, and a word from him laying stress on his previous clear record would have carried much weight. It would have braced up the man under suspicion and given him a chance to face the charges unflinchingly and exonerate himself. Moreover, though Crothers did not know it, the public always secretly admires the man who stands up for the fellow who is in trouble. It shows faith in human nature, and the man who believes most firmly in other people is usually the one who has the best grounds for steadfast faith in himself. But, inasmuch as public opinion was strongly swinging the other way, Crothers saw no need for trying to stay its course.

DURING the War, when the pro-German citizen was a thorn in the flesh of every right-thinking person, Crothers found himself in a serious predicament. He was a true enough patriotic American at heart, with an Anglo-Saxon ancestry running back at least three or four generations. But there was a considerable sprinkling of German blood and German sentiment in our community before the United States entered the War, and Crothers had many business relations with persons of German extraction. So in his conversations he was disgustingly neutral. Shortly after we entered the War, a local hyphenated German banker, in a lunch-room conversation, made some remarks to the effect that, though he himself was naturalized, he felt a contempt for Americans. Crothers and only one other man heard the statement, and the other man was also of German origin. The war situation was such then that the public had no toleration for men with German names who held Americans in contempt. Any man not native born, but naturalized, who was not proud of his citizenship, should have his citizenship papers taken from him — so public opinion would have contended. Crothers knew that he should report the banker's remark to the proper authorities and have him made an example of. But he hesitated, because the man had long exerted not a little influence in local financial circles, and his enmity might be to one's disadvantage. The banker *was* reported — not by Crothers but by the other man who had heard the conversation, though he, too, was of German parentage. He chanced to be a loyal American, regardless of his ancestry, and dared to do what Crothers had thought it wise to avoid doing. And he referred to Crothers as a supporting witness. People then wondered why Crothers had failed to make public mention of the banker's objectionable talk. Crothers explained that he had not taken the remarks seriously and attached no importance to them. But those who knew Crothers best exchanged glances with one another, realizing full well that it was another example of his kind of diplomacy. The incident proved almost his permanent undoing in public estimation.

Besides seeking everybody's good will, Crothers seemed to be ambitious to have people regard him as a kind of professional Pollyanna. He boosted people and institutions and public enterprises until his words of optimistic commendation became a drug on the market. There are two kinds of optimists: those who are cheerful because of having the hardihood to face indisputable difficulties, and those who are optimistic merely because they fail to recognize dangerous obstacles when they exist. Crothers belonged to the latter class. He disposed of obvious trouble by trying to make himself believe there was no trouble, rather than by setting to work to get rid of it.

Once there was a strike threatened in the rolling mill of which Crothers had become the chief owner — by inheritance — and Crothers devoted himself to explaining to all inquirers that his men were well satisfied, that the possibility of a strike was too remote to be worth taking seriously. Yet the strike occurred. Crothers had stood about, gaily twirling his watch-charm, while discussing the absurdity of his men striking, instead of going confidently to the bottom of the problem, ascertaining what the basic difficulty was, and optimistically seeking a remedy.

At business conferences he was certain to assure his associates that all was perfectly lovely and serene ahead, whether it was or not. He was invariably as cheerful and chipper as a bird store. But when a real constructive, far-sighted idea was needed, he was obliged to sit back and stare at his finger nails and listen to somebody else.

Crothers believed that he was successful. Yet he was distinctly *not* successful, for he lacked that which he most zealously desired — a host of real friends.

Crothers was a failure because his insincerity showed on the surface; and even those with whom he was most friendly regarded him with quiet amusement if not with contempt. He went through life deceiving nobody but himself.

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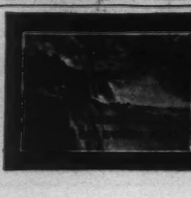

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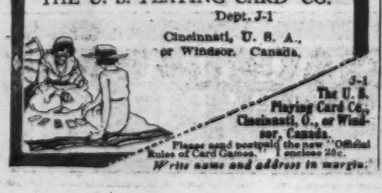

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The Motor Truck and Food

A New Light on The H. C. of L.

by **Merrill C. Horine**

ON a visit to Philadelphia in 1914 I got a silver dollar fresh from the mint. I have kept it as a souvenir; else I should have spent it long before I wish that I had. To get the same amount of food that it would have bought five years ago I must add sixty-three cents to it. That is the H. C. of L.

Outside my window the coal man's horse is standing, with his nose-bag on. I shake my fist at him, for he is partly to blame for the sixty-three cents that I must add to the dollar to buy a dollar's worth of oak and for the ruinous price I must pay his master for my winter's coal. I will show you why:

Somewhere is a field of three acres devoted exclusively to raising feed for that horse. If it were not for the everlasting congestion and sloth at the freight terminal, due to horses, my coal dealer would have fuller bunkers and would not have to charge me so much. If he would only buy a motor-truck he could dispose of ten horses and save thirty acres of land, which would feed a dozen people.

ALL this labor trouble means simply that the men are trying to force a margin between the pay envelope and decent living. They're not responsible for the H. C. of L. and they must eat to live and live to work. Food is high, and food is the biggest item in the working-man's family budget. When food is high, labor is dearer; when labor costs more, all commodities go up; and when all commodities go up, labor must still have the full dinner pail, which means higher wages all over again. Food is at the bottom of it.

Why is food higher? Is the farmer profiteering? No. The farmer has raised his prices but not in proportion to the increased cost of everything he buys. In 1914 he sold milk for four cents and I bought it for nine. The cost of distribution was five cents. To-day I pay twice as much as I paid five years ago, but the farmer gets only seven cents. The cost of distribution has therefore risen from five to eleven cents.

Now, the demoralization of the railways both before and after the Administration took them over; the extra strain upon our transportation facilities during the War; the fact that the many rush shipments of war supplies held back everything else, and other acute conditions, had something to do with the increased cost of distribution; but fundamentally our trouble is that our method is wrong. We are trying to mix the eighteenth century with the twentieth in our transportation methods.

Distribution is largely a matter of transportation; transportation is the greatest item of food cost; and food cost is the index to living cost. The high cost of living is, therefore, the high cost of transportation. It is true freight rates have risen somewhat, but not enough to account for it. The chief expense of transportation is not to be attributed to the railroads, but to the methods of shipping freight to and from the railroads. We have 10,000-horsepower locomotives and 50-car trains carrying 2,000 tons, but they are like 1200-gallon fire engines connected with hydrants that pass only 800 gallons; they are unable to realize their great capabilities because of congestion at terminals, slow loading and unloading and waits for loads, all due to inefficient terminal facilities.

EVERY ton of freight transported by the railroads must, at some stage, before and after the rail haul, be carted over the roads. Hence the railroad's pace is set by that of highway transport. No wonder, then, that the average freight car moves but two and a half hours per day, covering twenty-six miles. Given sufficiently quick loading, unloading, punctual delivery at one end and quick removal at the other, there is no reason why a freight car should not be moving the greater part of the time. If it moved twelve and a half hours a day only, it would do five times the work it does now. Present railway traffic can be handled with one-fifth the number of cars. And if one-fifth the number of cars were used there would be less terminal and switchyard congestion; locomotives would work to better advantage; fewer men would be needed, and better and safer schedules could be maintained.

But we will never have better terminal efficiency until we have done with the horse and the horse pace. Perhaps no field of transportation at present employs so few motor-trucks. Horses are used—horses that walk fifteen miles a day. Who can wonder that there is nothing but sloth at the freight sheds? Think of the psychological effect of three hours' rest to one of work, which is the horse's average pace! Furthermore, to produce an equal amount of work with horses and wagons, fourteen times the street and platform space needed for an efficient motor-truck is actually required.

A motor-truck in this city can run fifty miles a day, with a five-ton load in both directions. That's two hundred and fifty miles. In comparison to this a horse goes fifteen miles a day with three and one-third tons one way; or half the distance, or twenty-five ton-miles—one-tenth as much work at about half the cost per day, for five times as much per ton-mile.

But the country horse is six times as numerous as the city horse—and eats as much. The increased prices which the farmer is obliged to realize are in part due to the cost and scarcity of farm labor. A farm tractor in a day can plow as much as a horse and man would require two weeks to turn over. About the same average applies to drilling, planting, cultivating and harvesting. Lack of farm hands has led to the introduction of bigger and heavier and faster machines, so that the work of a man may produce more. To-day the machines are too big for even giant Percherons and Clydesdales, and implement makers may consider only the tractor in their new designs.

NO less than a quarter of the tilled land of the whole country is given over to raising horse feed and forage. The same area devoted to human food would feed 36,000,000 mouths. The law of supply and demand still has something to say about prices, and it is a safe bet that thirty-six million extra rations would do something to high prices.

It doesn't pay to raise horses any more. It takes three acres to keep a horse. On this land one may raise one every three years and get an average of $150 for him. Put in oats, which is somewhat safer, one receives $140 for three years' crops. The same land in live stock of beef, pork or mutton will bring in more than either of these, and we need meat animals. There are less than half as many sheep and swine raised in this country per capita to-day than there were twenty-five years ago, and only about two-thirds as many cattle.

But with two-dollar wheat, what can a farmer be thinking of who raises oats? Not less than 40,780,000 acres in the United States are devoted to raising oats—almost exclusively a horse feed. Oatmeal, you know, is mainly wheat. The same acreage in wheat would yield 16.7 bushels per acre, which at two dollars means an increase in this most important of foods of two-thirds of the total crop and would increase our national wealth $1,362,052,000. Oats bring in more bushels, but fewer dollars. I think I will keep this dollar a few years longer. Perhaps it will buy more food in future.

The Automobile Department of McClure's

is edited by

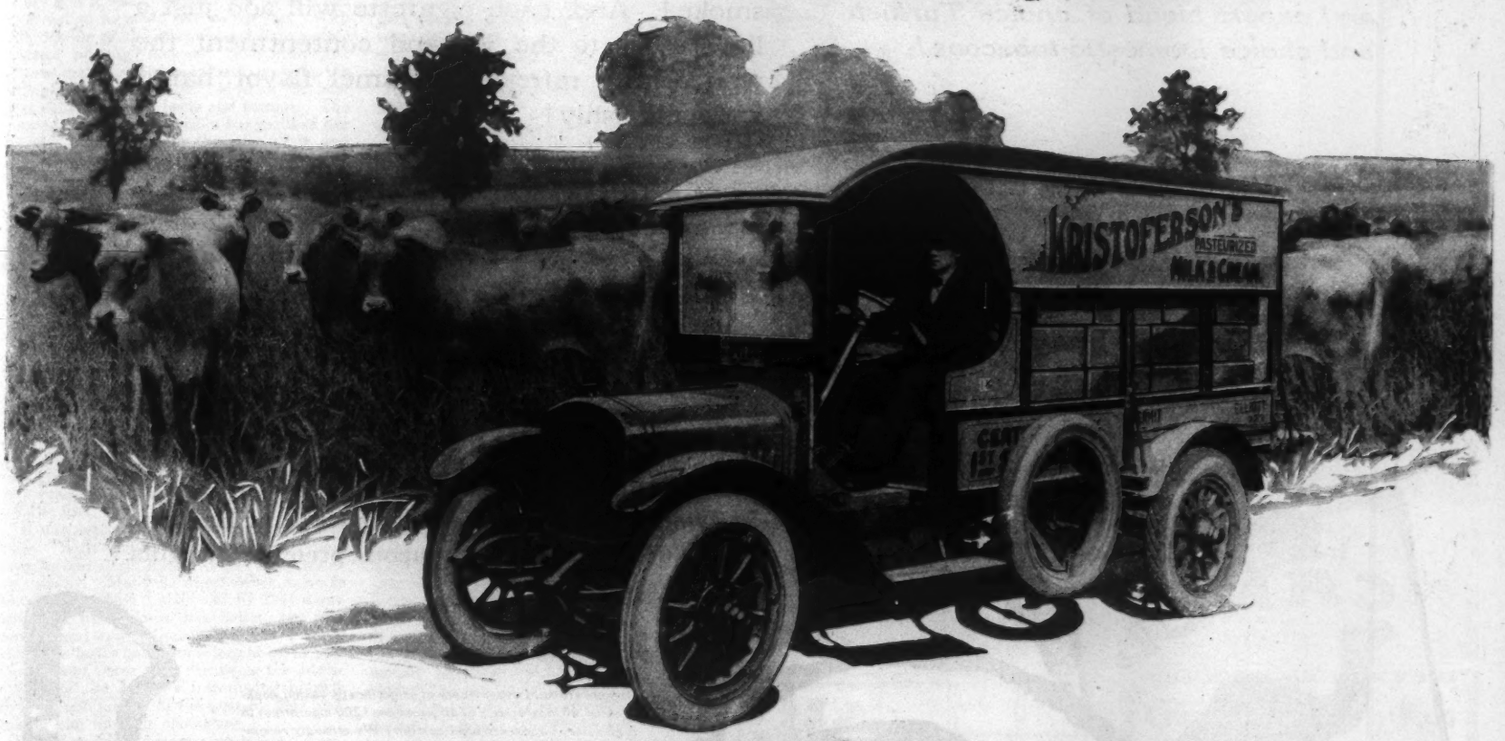
Waldemar Kaempffert

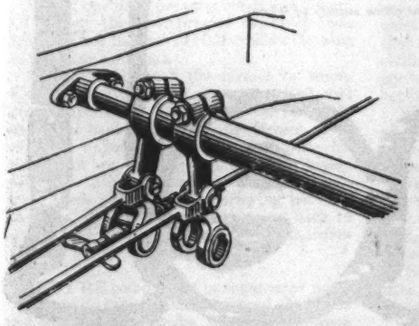
Editor of The Popular Science Monthly

GMC

General Motors Trucks

—on Dairy Routes





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Camel

CIGARETTES

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
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At Last We Escape — *Continued from page 30*

quarter of a mile distant, to buy, beg, or steal some food. Meanwhile Don, Tilly and I were to explore the grove near-by and stake out a camp for the day.

The only good word we could say for this spot was that it was better than the open fields. However, we were so tired we felt like flopping right down in our tracks to sleep until the Huns should stumble over us and take us into custody again. But vaguely we realized that that sort of thing would never do. Instinctively we sought to make the most of our shelter.

MECHANICALLY we fell to work. We bent over the young trees and broke off the leafy boughs from the tops of them. These we piled up to form a screen about four feet high, around the four sides of a ten-foot square.

By now it was quite light, but the sky was overcast so we could not see the sun. With the coming of the morning our hiding-place seemed pitifully insecure. The individual houses that clustered together to make up the village had taken shape. Most of the land was cultivated with beets and turnips. The nearest field came to within ten yards of our wood. I crept out to the edge of it and pulled up several beets to take back to nibble on.

Mandell and Rogers had been gone fully half an hour. We were beginning to be anxious for their safety, when, across the beet tops in the direction of the nearest house, we saw them coming toward us. What on earth were they carrying? Their hands were full of something. What,—a coffee-pot? Surely not; yet it must be. Yes, it was a blue coffee-pot.

Food! Oh, joy and jubilation! It was food indeed; coffee, bread and potatoes.

They had gone right up to the door of the farmhouse, and Rogers had asked in French for some food.

After breakfast—and a meal has never tasted so good before or since—the next thought was sleep. One of us must always be awake and on guard. Rogers volunteered for the first watch.

It was nearly noon when I awoke the first time. With difficulty I sat up, for my muscles had all set fast. At first every move was agony. Mandell, whose other name is Oscar, and whom I shall call by that name now that we all know him better, was also awake, and so was George Rogers. I don't think the latter had been asleep at all as yet. George and Oscar were discussing the advisability of the former's introducing himself to a French farmer in the near-by field and taking him into our confidence.

One of our most pressing needs was a map. Of course the ever-present necessity was food. After that we needed civilian clothing to hide our uniforms.

We could see that the farmer to whom George finally did speak was excited and much impressed. The latter arose presently and came back to us, while the farmer, to all external appearances, continued with his work; but we could see tuat he was highly agitated. He beckoned to his wife to join him; there ensued much parleying between the two. Meanwhile, George came back to report with an ill-concealed grin of satisfaction on his face.

"THEY'RE going to get us some more potatoes and bread," he announced, "and the old man thinks maybe he can find some clothes."

That was great! Tilly and Don were awake now, too, to hear the good news.

The actions of this old Frenchman and his wife were certainly bearing out the truth of Rogers' words. They seemed all too eager to help us. As long as we could keep clear of the Hun, we would be well cared for.

As we lay there chatting quietly with one another, we were in the best of spirits. Things seemed to be coming our way.

"Listen!" said some one. We fell silent immediately.

"Hum-m-m-m—" we could hear quite distinctly. A plane! Soon we saw it pass almost directly overhead.

Then the talk just naturally drifted to a discussion of Oscar's and Don's effort to filch a Hun plane. Why not, the question soon came up, make another attempt in that direction? The five of us should be able to drag a machine out of its hangar where two had found the task too severe. We must learn whether there were any German air-dromes along our line of march to Brussels.

So the chatter ran merrily along until we caught sight of the Frenchman and his wife, tramping across the beet-field toward us, each carrying a cloth bag, bulging with delicious possibilities that soon assumed appearances of appetizing probabilities.

They came inside our corral, while they opened the bags and drew forth good things to eat.

Last of all, from the folds of his capacious sack, our French Santa produced a bundle of clothing.

Among other things, they warned us of a Hun gendarme, who daily patrolled from one village to the next and back again, along the path by the stream just outside the woods, where we had noticed the sentry box. It seemed that just here was the boundary between France and Belguim. We were then some thirty or forty yards in Belgium. The man made two trips a day, and might be expected at any moment now.

Our good friends would leave us now but they promised to return later. To-night, when it should be dark, we were invited to come to their house for something to eat before continuing our journey.

But we must be on the lookout for this sentry fellow. We saw to it that our screen was quite air-tight in his direction, then we lay quiet and waited. Soon we heard a woman's voice singing softly. There was nothing excited about it, but we knew it for a danger signal. We could see him—the Hun—through chinks between leaves, long before he came opposite us. He walked by within twenty yards of us, all unconscious of our presence, never once shifting his gaze from the direction in which he traveled.

THE countless interruptions of our slumbers made the day seem endless. The next time I was aroused at about four o'clock, when they said the sentry was due to return. As before, the ood women were on the lookout. Again he passed within a few yards of us, walking as if unconscious of the presence upon the landscape of a wood at all.

We were eager to be on our way. We waited a little while longer, until we were sure that in the uncertain twilight our uniforms could not be distinguished from any great distance. For George alone of the five of us, in his newly acquired attire, dared brave the light of day. We had unanimously decided that these first civilian clothes that we had obtained should be his.

In the semi-darkness we made ready to depart. I stood up ready to move, civilian cap on my head and fur overcoat covering most of my uniform. The others told me that in the dark I might easily pass as a civilian in this costume. The only weakness lay in the white socks that filled the breach between the breeches bottom and shoe top.

We came out from our hiding-place, that after all had proved adequate enough to protect us. We made haste now to keep our dinner engagement.

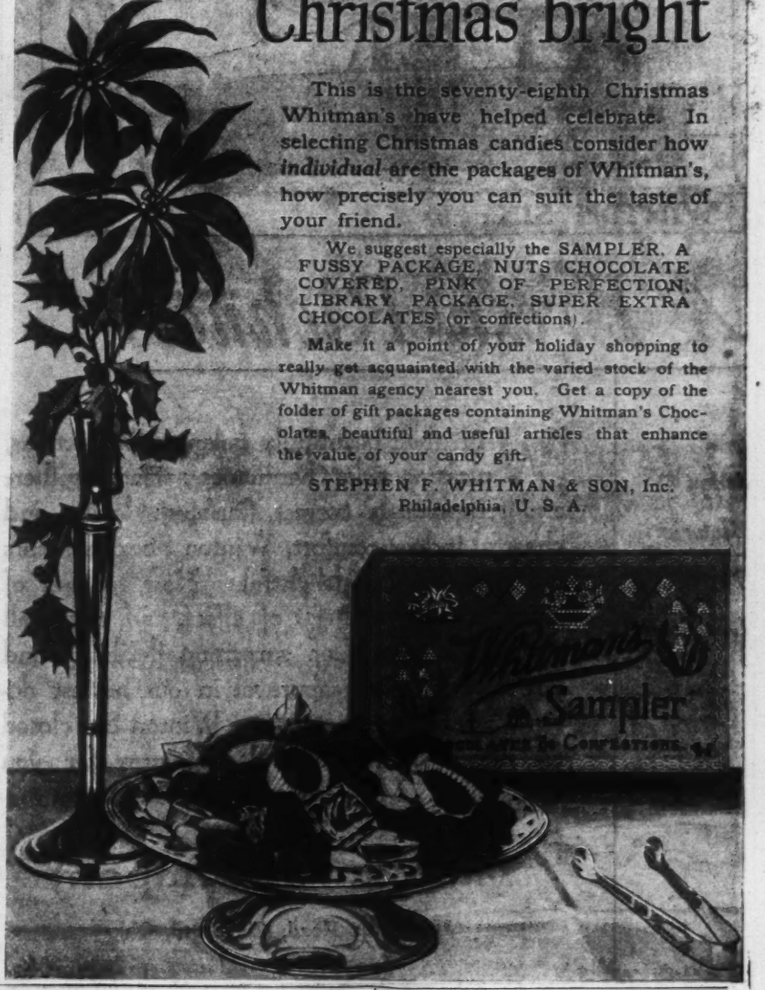
We were ushered to the kitchen, where the whole family was assembled. Such a tiny little place as it was! By rights, an S. R. O. sign should have been hung out long before our arrival, but now our host crowded all five of us in, quickly shutting the door after us, so that we could not be seen through the windows in front.

There were two families here; that of the man who had visited us in the wood and that of a younger one, who may have been the son. In spite of the already crowded condition of the room, our host bustled the members of the household about until he had made seats for the five of us around the table.

They fed us soup first. Each of us had a large bowlful. Then steaming potatoes were dished out in such quantities as I had never seen before. There were loud protests from all of us, for we despaired of ever being able to eat so much at one sitting.

The men brought out a map now, which we eagerly gathered around to study our present location and to see which direction we must take toward Brussels. They pointed out the little village where we were, just on the France-Belgium border, and we saw that in all our first night's walking we had only come about five miles in a straight line away from our prison, although in wandering we must have covered about twenty, all told.

Making the Nation's Christmas bright



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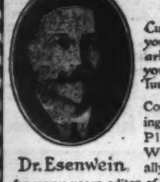

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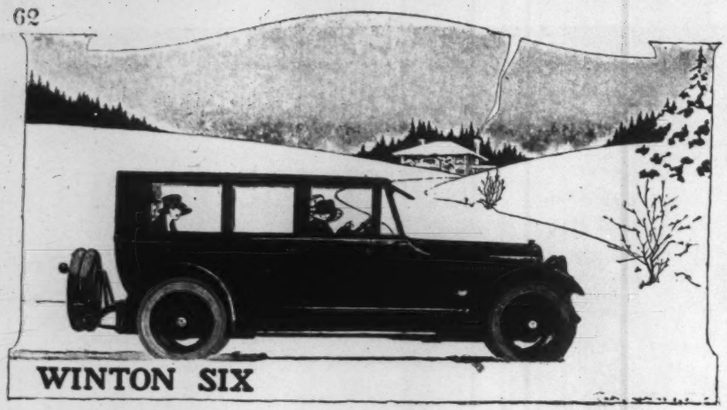

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Brussels lay almost due northeast of us, a distance, as we scaled it, of about forty miles. Rogers asked whether there were any German airdromes along the line. Much excited, they answered in chorus: "*Oui, Oui!*" There was one, it seemed, near here. They pointed out a spot directly north of us about ten miles. Just there, they told us, on the far side of the Tournai-Peruwelz-Ath railway, was an airdrome—"*un camp d'aviation.*"

We propounded our scheme for stealing a Hun plane and provoked a gale of merriment. It would be a huge joke, they thought. They drew a sketch to help us find the place, sketching in the road that led north out of the village and carefully explaining the location of a *gendarmerie*, where we must take care to avoid the Huns. Beyond was a single track railway to cross, followed by a stream with a bridge over it. We were particular to inquire whether there would be sentries. They thought not. Finally, there was the main Tournai-Ath canal to pass over and the main railway line. Just beyond, and to the left of the road, we should find the airdrome.

They warned us that we had better start early, for by order of his Imperial Majesty, the Kaiser, no Belgian was allowed in the street after ten o'clock at night. So we said good-bye. We were grateful, indeed, for this first show of Belgian hospitality.

We walked briskly through the streets of the village, nervously alert. Our friends had assured us that there would be no danger until we approached the *gendarmarie*. Nevertheless, it was decidedly nerve-racking, this first passage through the heart of a settlement. It seemed as if at any moment a door might open to let out a Hun.

We took the first turn to the left and the next to the right, according to directions, then found ourselves heading north along the main road. Once or twice we passed Belgians who greeted us with a "*Bon soir*," which we always hastened to return.

"That must be the *gendarmerie*," some one whispered, pointing out a lighted building ahead on the right.

We took to the left side of the road, slinking as deep into the shadow as we might, and tiptoed past.

On we tramped and on, until about nine o'clock we again entered a village. In the middle there was a square, from which several roads radiated. Ours led through to the north. Just after leaving the square, we heard loud voices ahead of us talking in German. A building, too, brightly lighted, warned us not to pass. Here was probably a Hun headquarters of some kind.

Our nerves somewhat shaken, we hurried back and took one of the other roads to the east. We heard footsteps behind and though they were after us; so we dove into the first alley to the right. What was our dismay when we were brought up short where the alley ended in a courtyard closed by buildings all round. If they were really after us we must surely be caught. We waited several minutes, scarcely daring to breathe. But no one came. Not a sound broke the stillness. Cautiously we retraced our steps, much relieved.

The bridge over the canal was deserted. Not more than a hundred yards beyond was the railway. The loud hum of the telegraph wires that paralleled the tracks could be heard from quite a distance away. At first I wondered what the noise was, then I caught the silhouettes of poles against the sky, and understood. A gateman's box took shape in the gloom just ahead, where a ray of light seemed to shoot out from the side of it. Long, white, wooden arms could be seen stretched across the road, barring it to traffic. We might have done well to heed their warning of "Stop! Look! Listen!" instead of stumbling blindly on across the tracks as we did.

WE crept past within a few feet of the gateman's box. A tiny, square window showed it to be empty, save for a lantern hung up inside, whose light we had seen as we had approached. The man was away from his post for the moment, so we seized the opportunity to slip by.

Once across, we forgot the man with the lantern in an eager search for the outlines of buildings or tents that would mark the location of the airdrome. According to the directions of the Belgians it should appear just here to our left. But the only buildings that could be found were the houses of another village that began just across the tracks.

"Quick, go back! Some one is coming!"

We listened a second—footsteps ahead of us—then back we scurried toward the tracks. But now as we approached, a man was entering the gateman's box. We dared not pass him. Turning quickly to the right, we followed the tracks in the direction of the lighted building.

A string of freight cars providentially intervened where the building had to be passed. There were men just outside it—we could hear their voices. I could not be sure, but it sounded like German. Our feet made a frightful crunching sound on the gravel. I thought they would surely hear us. We walked on the ties, until where the yard widened out there were cars on all the tracks, which made it necessary to pass between, with a crunch, crunch, crunch noise that frightened us nearly to death. Fortunately the rain came pattering down now, so that the noise of the drops on the roof must have covered the sound of our footsteps to those who were near it.

FREQUENTLY I consulted my compass, to see that we kept to the north. We knew not where it led but we must follow the road or lose ourselves. I don't know how long we walked, but it was two o'clock when at last we came out of the swamp.

Where our wagon road intersected the main one, there were buildings on all but the northeast corner. Instead of a house, there was here a huge, white signboard, and when we came close to it we could make out in large, black letters, the names "Tournai" (with an arrow pointing westward) and "Mons" (with an arrow to the east).

The house on the northwest corner looked most like a dwelling. From our position diagonally opposite, we looked longingly at it, vaguely wishing that the door would be opened to us and shelter offered. We were all pretty well worn out. Finally one of us voiced the sentiment of the entire party.

"Let's go and ask them to take us in."

There were eager murmurs of assent all round. We immediately turned to George Rogers, who in his capacity of official interpreter must make the necessary advances,—but George balked. No, he was not going to wake anybody up at two in the morning.

In vain we reasoned with him, even pleaded with him.

Finally he gave in, and Don went with him for moral support. It would never do for five of us to appear at the door at once.

We watched the two of them tramp wearily across the rain-soaked road and heard them pound on the door. After an endless age of waiting, perseverance had its reward. We could see the door open and a lantern held high over the owner's head thrust through the opening to shed light upon the bold intruders. George and Don stood there talking so long that we began to lose heart. Imagine our joy, then, when we heard:

"All right, boys, come on!"

When we entered the kitchen, the Belgian's wife appeared through another door.

She and her husband brought in chairs from the other rooms, until there were seats for all of us. Within five minutes there was a roaring wood fire in the stove, around which the five of us were grouped in a cozy little circle, just as close to the blaze as we could get.

Meanwhile the wife had set the coffeepot on to boil and was slicing some bread. And Rogers was having wonderful success in entertaining the man of the house, telling him how we had escaped and how we hoped to cross Belgium and get into Holland. To all of this the man listened eagerly, asking many a question.

How good the food tasted; just bread and coffee, but as much of it as we could eat. Only a few hours before, upon finishing our hearty potato dinner, we had felt that we never wanted to see food again, but that was years ago. We were as hungry now as if we had eaten nothing for a week.

It was three o'clock. I was having all I could do to keep my eyes open. The other boys were pretty tired, too, but Tilly and I were the most exhausted of the party. The two of us were for lying down on the floor to sleep.

Before we did so, however, Rogers asked the Belgian if we might hide during the day in his house. The man showed considerable alarm at the question, saying that he did not dare keep us there. This was a main road, he explained, which was traveled daily by the Huns. It would not only be unsafe for us to stay there, but if he should be caught aiding escaped prisoners it would go hard with him, indeed. So he told us that we might only stay until daybreak. He advised us to leave before it grew light, and

Too much Turkish
or
Just enough Turkish?

IN one way, at least, smoking is exactly like eating.

The more rich and delicious a certain food is, the more care people take to avoid eating too much of it—for instance, plum pudding or candy.

The same rule applies to smoking.

Cigar smokers, for example, are today more careful to avoid too many rich, heavy Havanas. (In fact, more and more cigar smokers now smoke cigarettes too, to help cut down the number of cigars.)

In the same way, cigarette smokers are learning that Turkish tobacco, delicious as it is, is so over-rich or heavy that a man can easily smoke too much of it.

But they are learning also that, instead of cutting down the number of cigarettes per day, they can cut down on the *proportion of Turkish in each cigarette.*

How to reduce on Turkish

THEY can do this by switching from *straight* Turkish to *part Turkish,* or "Turkish blend," cigarettes.

The first Turkish blend cigarette ever made—and the one which has always held first-rank importance—is Fatima.

Fatima contains more Turkish than does any other Turkish blend cigarette.

Perhaps this is the main reason why so many smokers of *straight* Turkish cigarettes keep switching to Fatimas.

Less worry about "too many"

ANOTHER reason undoubtedly is the fact that Fatimas treat smokers so kindly. The Turkish is so perfectly "balanced" by the other tobaccos in the blend that Fatima smokers never have any worry about smoking "too many."

* * *

AT any rate, whatever the reason may be, Fatima keeps on attracting more and more of those smokers who, if they preferred the fancy, expensive, straight Turkish cigarettes, could easily afford them.

This is shown, of course, by Fatima's record in having won the top notch in sales at so many of the fashionable clubs and hotels and other prominent places all over the country.

How much is "just enough"?

DOES not Fatima's record seem to prove that this is the one cigarette containing just enough Turkish? Not too much nor too little Turkish, but *just enough.* Make a test for yourself.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Fatima's Record

At scores of places where one would expect only fancy, straight Turkish cigarettes to sell, Fatima is today the leader. For example, Fatima is the largest seller at:

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Hotel Touraine
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Stock Exchange

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to travel north another mile along the road by which we had come. There was a large farmhouse, whose owner, he said, was a good man and would be glad to hide us in his barn for the day.

Determined to get what rest we could before we must move on, Tilly and I took our fur coats, which were dry again, and spread them on the cement floor in one corner of the room. There we lay down for a nap. I fell asleep immediately. I knew no more until they woke us up at half-past four.

It was one of the hardest things I have ever done to arouse myself from that sound sleep and to stagger to my feet. It was several minutes after I stood up before I was really awake. A big cup of black coffee helped to restore my deadened senses. I scarcely knew what I was doing, until, out in the mud and the chill of a damp, gray world again, I trudged along with the others.

The rain had ceased, but the sky was leaden with dark, sullen cloud masses that scudded swiftly overhead before the strong, chill wind.

We found the farmhouse that had been recommended to us and knocked at a door where a streak of light along the bottom proclaimed the inmates to be up. After several knockings, a voice from within demanded to know who was there. It was not surprising that Rogers's explanation in very broken French failed to inspire confidence to those inside. But finally, after giving a thorough account of ourselves through the fast-bolted door, they decided to admit us.

The whole family was assembled within. Father, mother, two sons about the ages of fourteen and fifteen, and several younger children all stared timidly at us as we entered. It took Rogers another five minutes of explanation, supplemented by exhibits of flying insignia and paraphernalia by us, to fully convince them that we were indeed escaped aviators and not desperadoes. They offered us food then, but when we asked permission to spend the day there were murmurs of disapproval and shaking of heads in dissent. We were in desperate need of cover now that daylight was upon us, so we pleaded with them to hide us. Finally the father consented.

"*Allez!*" he said suddenly, in tones of command. Opening the door, he bade us follow him.

Our hiding-place that day was underground. Across the road there was a grass-covered knoll, out of the top of which arose a tall, square, brick smokestack. Thither our friend conducted us to an opening in the hillside, where we ducked our heads to enter a dark tunnel with a rock-strewn floor.

The tunnel sloped downward, then widened out considerably where it came to the base of the chimney that we had seen outside. Here was an oven with the door standing open but with no fire in it. Still further around, where the passageway began to slope upward again, there was a generous pile of straw covering the rocky floor. This our friend pointed out to us as our bed for the day.

Promising to bring us food during the day, the man left us, taking his lantern with him and leaving us in the dark, except for a few rays of daylight that found their way in through a small opening some thirty feet beyond us. We enjoyed a refreshing sleep on the clean, sweet hay.

When I awoke, it was to hear a strange voice and see a dark shape sitting near me. A visitor had come to pay his respects. He was talking with George and Oscar. Let me introduce Auguste, the miller of Quevaucamps. For that was the name he gave us, telling us that we were just outside the village of Quevaucamps. He was a pleasant chap, who could speak just a word or two of English that he had picked up in a study of the language at school.

BY the light from his electric torch, we studied our map to find that we had only come about five miles north in a straight line. The zig-zagging back and forth had held up progress. We decided that we must have passed to the west of the airdrome we were seeking, if such a thing there was at all in this vicinity. We questioned Auguste, who knew nothing of any near-by. The only flying fields to his knowledge were in the neighborhood of Brussels.

In view of the uncertainty, we decided to renounce our present quest, taking the road directly for Brussels, where, if no help were available from Rogers' friend, we might even yet find a plane. We would set out toward the northeast, passing south of Ath, which we were advised to keep clear of, since it was a large town full of Huns. Auguste did not stay long, but he promised to come back and see us again before we left.

That night we covered as great a distance as the mileage for the first two nights' marches added together. Greatly refreshed by the long sleep during the day, we were able to walk steadily from seven until three in the morning. About ten minutes out of every hour we stretched out flat on our backs for a good rest. We would follow the roads to the east and to the north. Whenever we came upon a village, we would approach as close as we dared, then take to the fields and make a detour around it.

It was about midnight when we were circling one little town in just such a manner. I was leading at the time, the others strung out single file, twenty yards or so behind me. Presently we came to where a large open field separated the main portion of the town from the one or two remaining houses on the outskirts. I decided to take the short cut across the field instead of going around, a distance of another four or five hundred yards. There was quite a thick, prickly hedge just inside the fence, but I squirmed through a thin place. While I scouted on ahead, the others followed one at a time through the opening. Stealing along in the shadow of a row of tall poplars that bordered the field, I came at last to the fence on the other side, a good fifty yards in advance of the others. Without making a sound, I crept through the wires into the road that passed by here. There was a barn near-by, so I must be careful. I was half-way across the road on tiptoe, when I heard a step. Some one was coming this way but he was still a good distance off. Darting back to the fence, I crawled through just in time to warn the others to lie low. We all crouched down in the shadow, only a few feet from the fence, while the man went by. For a man it was, indeed, and a Hun it looked like, at that. A close call, that was!

WHEN we were once more out in open country, we could see, far to the north, shooting high into the air at regular intervals, the signal lights of an airdrome.

For the most part we held to the wagon roads and lesser highways. Sometimes we found one running northeast, but more often we would be obliged to travel north for a while, then east for about the same distance, and so on. Occasionally, a road that started to go north would swerve to the left, taking us some little distance out of our way before we came to a crossroad. Our course was by no means along a straight line.

On one occasion, when the road had been leading northwest for a long way, we became impatient and struck off across country. Field after field of turnips we passed through, lifting our feet high to avoid stumbling over the plants.

We came at last to a stream that wound its snaky course in a generally east and west direction. We followed it to the east until we came to a bridge leading across to a dark, large building. Halting a few minutes to listen and to gain confidence, we then crept noiselessly forward and crossed the stream. No interference as yet, so we followed a path that wound past the building. It seemed to be a factory that had been dismantled until it was now very much of a wreck. Parts of the walls were torn down, and it appeared to be generally dilapidated.

The path led on into a village. Through a street that promised to lead quickly out again we tiptoed past dark houses, afraid that at any moment we would run into trouble. Not a soul did we meet, so we came safely out once more into open country.

At about two o'clock we crossed the Ath-Peruwelz railroad and shortly afterward the main canal that paralleled the railroad. Approaching the tracks across an open field, we arrived at a very thick hedge about four feet high and a wire fence that bounded the right-of-way. It was some job crawling through that hedge, but we managed to wriggle between the closely planted bushes somehow, to find ourselves down in a gully beside the tracks.

The telegraph wires overhead hummed like a swarm of bees, covering the noise of our footsteps on the gravel roadbed. We were just the least bit nervous, for we were midway between two roads only a quarter of a mile apart. So we thought it well to be cautious. There might be sentries. One by one we dashed across and burrowed a way through the hedge on the far side.

[*To be concluded*]

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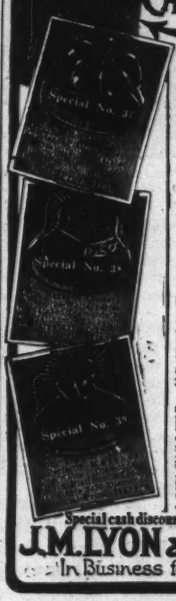

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The Last of the Duellists

[*Continued from page 19*]

They had both risen. The young man stepped across to the other and pointed suddenly to the water that moved and murmured at the foot of the steps.

"See that?" he demanded. "Well, next time I catch you here spying on me and my wife, I'll put you into it so hard that you'll stay put. Get that?"

The Cavaliere remained upon the steps looking after him till the sound of his footsteps died away among the trees. His lifted face was composed in its sinister calm, and at the last his teeth shone again in a smile through the black of his beard. It had been amusing, on the whole; he was a connoisseur in emotions and situations, and this young barbarian, with his violences and his crudities, had been a new and refreshing experience. And besides, how bizarre — the love-scene on the balcony and the swift transition to the messenger of doom. He laughed a little, very quietly, at the comedy of it.

BUT when he turned to go down to his boat he paused a while, looking at the water. It licked at the stair-foot like a hungry lip, black and avid; he shivered a little and drew his cloak tighter about him.

Generous men must have parsimonious friends if they are to continue to possess the means of generosity; and this is true also of those who are generous in their emotions. Barry Raymond did not 'come running' in immediate response to Lisle's long and strong letter of summons; in fact, Lisle had a week in which to alternate between the prospect of being murdered and the hope of doing murder before the telegram arrived that announced that Raymond would be with him that night and was bringing a friend.

The whole affair did not become less crazy by brooding over it; even the anger that had impelled him to accept the challenge could not dignify it.

"Bringing a friend," he mused over the telegram. "That'll be the other second, or witness, or whatever they call them. Hell, I wish they'd hurry up and get the whole thing over."

He heard Lucia moving on the veranda without, and smothered a groan. When would the whole thing be over for her?

But there was comfort in the meeting with Raymond. That diplomat was chubby and well-liking; before his cheerful countenance tragedy became unreal and misfortune comic. He came through the throng upon the landing-stage from the little lake-steamer like a snow-plow, and hailed Lisle while he was yet afar off.

"Hi, you old blood-drinker!" he shouted aloud. "What's this I hear about you now? They tell me Mantovani was afraid to go out in the daylight till me and my friend here came up to rescue him. Well, where's *he* got to now?"

Forth from the crowd, laden with a suit-case in each hand, there came a small precise gentleman. Raymond hailed him in Italian, with further uproar.

"Come, on, Signor Professore!" he cried. "That's the fourth time I've lost you to-day. What was it this time?"

"You forgot your baggage again, Signor Raymond," said the small man, setting down the suit-cases. "I returned for it. Here it is."

THANKS!" said Raymond, unabashed. "Warren, I want to make you acquainted with the Signor Professore Corvetto, of the University of Padua. This is Signor Lisle. You two'll have heaps to tell each other about your mutual friend, Mantovani."

"Much, indeed," agreed the little Professor.

"But not now, for the love of Mike!" protested Raymond. "A cab first, and then a drink and a bath and a mite of dinner. Mantovani can wait."

He departed, shouting, to secure a cab. The little Professor, standing between the suit-cases, folded one small gloved hand over the other and turned his neat-featured face up to Lisle.

"I think you will wish to know at once, my dear Signor Lisle," he said, primly, "that there will be no duel with the Count Ugo Mantovani."

"Oh," said Lisle. "No duel, you say? No duel?"

"No," said the Professor. Possibly you are disappointed; possibly not. But in any case he is not free to meet you upon the field. The rest I will tell you later, for here is Signor Raymond with the cab."

But already it was to Lisle as though the brightness of the day were of a sudden enhanced. One may be young, gallant and angry, and yet flinch from death at the hands of a dangerous buffoon in a forced quarrel. The conventions of honeymoon usage had prevented him from making them his guests at his villa; he left them at their hotel, promising to return at ten o'clock, and hastened home to Lucia.

There was that night a moon that rose early and bridged the waters from the hither to the further shore with a broad path of beams. From their veranda, arm in arm, as their custom was, they gazed along its golden length.

"It is a road from here to the end of our lives," said Lucia. "Will you walk it with me, Warren?"

He pressed her hand in his arm. "Anywhere with you, heart's joy," he answered. "But let's stay here. Because ——"

He stopped. "Yes?" she said.

"Nothing," said Lisle. "Just a thought, dear — an ugly thought."

There was silence for a while. Then Lucia spoke again.

"I know your thought," she said, in her low rich tones. "Some day I shall know all your thoughts. You were thinking that when we came to the end of the road, one of us might perhaps have to come back alone. Wasn't that it?"

He nodded. "Something like that," he answered.

"Well," she said. "That one would not be me!"

THERE was no one on the steps that night to watch them as he took her in his arms.

In Raymond's room at the hotel, the little Professor, his feet grotesquely magnified in carpet-slippers of an arresting pattern, sat upon the bed and told his story. Barry Raymond, in socks and shirt-sleeves, reclined upon a couch: Lisle made himself at home in the one arm-chair, but the Professor sat gauntly upright.

"It was this morning that I saw the Count," he began. "I had long wished to see him, for I know much of his history. And once I had come in contact with a matter upon the periphery of his life. And this matter — it is not without a sort of vulgar interest — it is needful you should know."

It had to do, it presently appeared, with one of the Count's early duels, in the days before his prowess was established — a duel with pistols in the mulberry fields beside the road from Padua to Venice. His antagonist was a student at the University, and the subject of it was, of course, a girl.

"Duels have been a study of mine," said the Professor, "for their procedure is governed by rules of which many have had the force of law; and the chair which I occupy at the University is that of jurisprudence. This particular duel was according to what is or what was described as the rule of privilege. The ground and the distance being agreed, lots were cast, and the winner was then privileged to fire one shot. The loser, having received his fire, might then, if he remained in a condition to do so, fire in his turn. In this instance, the privilege — that is to say, the right of firing first, was adjudged to the Count. He duly fired and missed.

"Now mark," continued the Professor, "how circumstances may outnumber the provisions with which men prepare for them. Hundreds of 'privilege' duels — thousands, perhaps — had accomplished themselves to the satisfaction of all concerned; it had never yet been necessary to fix a limit to the interval between the first shot and the second. It had been left to the temper and sense of fitness of the combatant who had stood the fire of his opponent; and to this one, too, it might doubtless have safely been entrusted, but at that instant a couple of mounted *carabinieri*, who had observed the party crossing the fields, galloped down on them out of an adjacent orchard, and all those present were arrested and taken back to Padua. And the second shot was never fired.

"And here is the true interest: the privilege of the second shot remains valid indefinitely. Count Ugo Mantovani is himself

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aware of it; for he has been known to tell the story, drawing attention to himself as one for whom there lurks somewhere, to be encountered at any chance hour, not only an assassin, but an assassin who may not be resisted or impeded, an assassin with the right to kill. 'So some day' — he is wont to say — this has been related to me by one who has heard him — 'some day, when least I expect it, when things are going well with me, when life is pleasant to taste, *he* will arrive. And then for the last parade! I know nothing of where he is; he may be dead and have left a son, trained to the trigger from infancy for this one shot. I shall meet him some day.' "

The Professor beamed mildly.

"This morning I called upon the Count in Como," he said. "The man to whom the second shot belonged is dead. But he has left an heir. It is, therefore, the heir, to whom the privilege descends, whom the Count will face to-morrow."

Barry Raymond kicked up his feet upon his couch in elephantine ecstasy. "Isn't he the little old original spellbinder!" he cried. "But he hasn't told you the cream of it yet. Go on, Signor Professore, tell him."

The Professor smiled.

"That a privilege can so descend," he began willingly, "cannot be brought into dispute. It is of the nature of those rights over things and persons, such as way-leaves —— "

"HOLD on," cried Raymond. "Not all that, Signor Professore. That's your department; we'll take that as read. But tell him the joke on the Count!"

Warren Lisle looked from one to the other doubtfully.

"Let's have it," he entreated. "You aren't going to have him killed, are you?"

"Wouldn't hurt a hair of his head," chuckled Raymond. "Goin' to put him out of the dueling business, though. Right out, and for good."

"Blind him?" wondered Lisle. "You don't mean that this man of yours that's got the privilege, as you call it —— "

Something in their faces stopped him.

"It isn't a man," said the Professor, quietly. "It's a woman, the dead man's widow."

"Good Lord!" cried Lisle.

"And Mantovani doesn't know it yet," crowed Raymond. The Professor here never said 'he' or 'she' to him — only 'the heir,' or 'the holder of the privilege,' or stuff like that. And, oh boy! you ought to see her."

"Why?" demanded Lisle. "What's the matter with her?"

"Well," said Raymond, "it isn't her fault she's poor and hasn't worn well; but it suits us all right. The minute I saw her, I said: 'This is the real goods!' He'll never be able to show his face again, not with all the crowd he'll bring to see him in his big part — the patient hero taking his medicine. I tell you, boy, the dueling business is on the blink; if you know of anybody that can use a perfectly good used-duellist, now's the time to put him next."

Lisle stared at the merry red face on the cushions and from it to the little Professor's neat, comely mask of a countenance.

"*Per Baccol*" he said. "I'm almost sorry for him."

"Sorry!" cried Raymond. "I should worry! You be here to-morrow, my boy."

The Professor coughed. "Reverting now to the question of the transfer of personal right —" he began.

The least they could do was to hear him out.

All collapse, all doom is pitiful; the only tragedy is failure, from Milton's Satan to the death of Falstaff. For Lisle, who had in him that softness of temper which is part of the make-up of the artist, the easily-awakened sympathy which is at the root of all true understanding, there was a horror first of all in the very scene selected for the event. It was a bare crown of hill overlooking the far-flung blue glories of the lake; it was as though a pedestal had been raised for the greater display of the Count's disgrace. The lakeside road swung up over the shoulder of it; they left the car at an orchard's edge, rounded a clump of old gnarled olives and came forth to find a little throng of folk, guests and invitees of the Count, already assembled. A little apart from them, recognizable despite the daylight, stood the Cavaliere Donatello Ruffini. He stared a little at the appearance of Lisle and raised his hat with stiff punctilio.

The Professor, having stationed them apart from the opposition group, departed in the car to fetch his principal, the 'privileged' heir, from the cottage below in which he was deposited. There was a time of waiting, while fresh spectators, in ones and twos, drifted in through the trees and joined themselves to those who were already waiting on the Count's side.

"WHAT time's this thing due to start?" demanded Lisle.

Raymond glanced at his wrist-watch. "'Bout now," he said. "He'll be on time, all right; it's in his part. And we're going to be late a bit, so's he can have a little while to swagger before his crowd. They'll remember that afterward."

"Well," said Lisle, "he's a bad man, but if he's on time, coming here to be killed like a mad dog, as he believes — well, I don't like it. It's — it's using his only virtue, his courage, to punish him."

"Courage!" scoffed Raymond. "His courage doesn't give him a right to be a murderer and a public nuisance, does it? It doesn't entitle him to make your wife a widow, hey? And anyhow, a professional duellist doesn't live by his courage; his capital is in other people's cold feet."

"There's a car coming up the hill now," said Lisle.

They heard it roar with the vociferous open exhaust which is dear to the Italian driver over the last shoulder of the gradient, and come to a stop beyond the orchard. Then, around the tree-clump came the Count Ugo Mantovani — attitudinizing to his doom. Very tall, yet with the lightly strong build of a born horseman, he carried his head like an actor coming down to the footlight, secure of applause. A hand rested on his hip, the other swung free; and on the swarthy face, with its high eagle-beak of a nose and the narrow brows of the ego-sick self-worshiper, was all that preposterous arrogance, that vanity and applause-hunger, which had disgusted Lisle at his meeting with the man. He bowed to them distantly as he went by to watch the throng of his admirers.

"Do you think *that* believes it can ever be killed?" asked Raymond. "Why, it thinks the world would stop if it did. That isn't courage; it's self-idolatry. Watch it now!"

As though he labored consciously to pull down upon himself the pillars of his life's temple, the Count was posturing before his friends. So blatantly, to Lisle's eyes, did he strut and pose, that it was difficult to see how even his sinister renown could save him from general laughter.

There was another car on the hill; the Cavaliere, hearing it, came slowly across to Lisle and Raymond.

"Can you inform me," he inquired, in his dead voice, "if the other party to this affair is likely to arrive soon?"

Raymond nodded. "Probably in that car you can hear now. Comin' pretty slowly, isn't it? But as the other party's got all eternity to play with, there isn't any reason to break speed-records, is there? Say, tell a feller, now — where did you learn your English?"

"I will tell you all that you may desire to know at some other time, sir," replied the Cavaliere, gravely, and turned back to his own party.

BUT ere be reached it he turned again and stopped, staring toward the hedge. Other heads turned with his; even the Count, one hand in his breast, the other resting akimbo, paused in the midst of a piece of florid mountebanking and frowned hedgeward. Raymond nudged Lisle with delight.

"It's our old girl!" he wheezed through a stifle of laughter.

From beyond the trees a voice traveled to them with growing clearness, a voice that rasped and quavered with the insane rage of a woman out of hand.

"No, I won't go slowly," it came, in a parrot-shriek. "Go slowly yourself, you sick old sheep. Where is the assassin, the child-murderer? I'll Mantovani him, the murdering *villiacho*. Give me that pistol; GIVE ME THAT——"

Sounds as of feeble bleating issued from the orchard ("The Professor — oh! I'll die in a minute!" choked Raymond), followed by a raw yell of triumph.

A moment later and there plunged into the open, moving at a strange halting trot, the owner of the voice, such a sorrowfully-comic figure as one can make of a woman by too much work and too little everything else. She was a bundle of wrenched and stringy limbs untidily packed in rags; her gray-streaked hair was tumbled about her face.

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and through the strands there looked forth the rage-crazed demoniac hag's face of what any poor and improvident man's widow can become. In her hand she carried a large old-fashioned revolver. Behind her, peering fearfully around a tree-trunk, appeared the apprehensive face of the little Professor.

At sight of the group of men she paused an instant, then loosed her raw, searing yell.

"There you are at last, Antichrist!" she screamed. "You shot at my husband, you murderer — and then ran away, you *Tedesco!* But now, devil out of hell! — but now it's me. Take that!"

With another rasping howl, she swung up the revolver and fired wildly in the direction of the Count, as he stood before the group of his friends. The group became scattered forthwith. The Count moved slowly out of the direct line of fire.

"Hold me up!" gasped Raymond in an unexpiring voice. "Don't run! We only gave her blank cartridges."

"Hell-begotten!" the woman was roaring, and — bang! went another shot. At the further hedge a number of the company were disappearing in the manner of rabbits, head first and showing much tail. In the middle distance the Cavaliere was retiring with a curious gait that looked like a walk and yet covered the ground like a run. "*Assassino! Omicidiario!*" came the terrible voice again, and another shot. "Your throat, villain — come here with that throat!"

She broke again into her plunging run and went for the Count. It is probable that he did not in the least know who she was, nor that in this goblin-horror, this broken piece of womanhood, he beheld his antagonist in the scene that was the climax and the end of his career. That he was to learn later, as all Italy learned it. He saw only the rabid and horrible thing that struggled grotesquely toward him, spewing threats and curses — the fingers of the empty hand, lean as claws and curved like claws for their prey, and the great pistol clutched in the other. It might have been a witch, a demoniac; he believed in such things, and as it roared again and the revolver flashed up and banged once more, he broke. Jumping back from it he turned and fairly ran for the hedge.

THE last of the duellists!" cried Raymond. "See how they run! Oh Lord! Never again, Warren — never again can that man even *mention* duels. He's done — *finito — gastados.*"

But Lisle had gone across the grass to where the woman, alone in the field, had ceased suddenly to scream and plunge and merely wandered, the fever of her strength gone from her. He took her by the arm.

"Come back to the car," he said, "and you shall be taken care of."

For suddenly it had occurred to him that here was a woman who had gone with her man to the end of his road — and come back alone.

The World Is Full of Them

[*Continued from page 22*]

me out yesterday," he said. "Didn't you recognize me?"

"How long have you worked here?" demanded Marston, seeing that his last question had rendered Jimmy speechless.

"Ever since I was f—fourteen," stammered Jimmy.

Marston studied Jimmy for a second. "When I was about your age I did a favor for a man who also happened to be my employer," he said abruptly. His eyes twinkled. "I had an idea that I wouldn't lose anything by it. I didn't. He didn't exactly make me a partner" — again his eyes twinkled — "but he gave me something that has proved worth a lot of money to me. That was a piece of advice that I'm going to pass along to you."

Every clerk within hearing had paused work and was listening. As his eyes swept them they began to busy themselves.

"You might as well all get in on this," he invited, and turned back to Jimmy.

"Ever have a good idea?"

Jimmy gurgled.

"You must have," Marston assured him. "Every man has a good idea some time in his life. It's opportunity knocking — but if he's like most men he's so afraid that somebody else will knock that he'd rather strangle the idea than give anybody a chance to listen to it."

He leveled a blunt, powerful forefinger at the hapless Jimmy.

"Listen to me," he commanded — as if Jimmy had any choice. "You work for me. You've got eyes — you must see things that I don't see. Perhaps it's something wrong that could be corrected. Perhaps it's a better way of doing something — sweeping the floor or tying up bundles. Why don't you tell me about it?"

Jimmy furtively moistened his lips.

"I——"

"I don't want you to answer," said Marston. "Just tell yourself. If it's because you may think perhaps that Susie Smith or Johnnie Jones will giggle and make fun of you, and that stops you, you'll be a ribbon clerk all your life. You've got ambition, haven't you?"

IT is probable that had Jimmy confessed his full ambition he might have scored a knockout. All he managed, however, was, "Yes, s—sir."

"All right. Keep your eyes open. Look about you. Think! Sooner or later you'll get an idea. You can't help it — the world's full of them. Bring it to me. My door is always open to people with ideas — though mighty few people here seem to believe it."

Now, there, perhaps, was a key to success handed to Jimmy on a gold platter. But Jimmy was too far gone to appreciate the gift. He mumbled, "Th—thank you," and Marston nodded and turned away.

Then Jimmy's troubles began. The holiday season waxed and waned, but, "Got the big idea yet, Jimmy?" seemed to have become a joke of never-failing favor. Even the *Jin-Jer Jar* took a crack at him.

"If you see a homeless idea roaming about send it over to Jimmy Gillespie, Ribbons. He's looking for an orphan idea he can adopt as his own."

They had Jimmy's back against the wall. He would rather have faced a regiment of Huns than a giggling girl any day and giggling girls were his portion every day. There was only one exception. That, miraculously enough, was Jane Stewart. When jibes were cast across the aisle or anonymous notes were delivered by grinning cash boys — notes whose tenor he guessed before opening them — she, at least, kept her mouth shut.

THIS new attitude went unexplained until, on Thursday of that same wretched week, yet another note was deposited on the counter. As he picked it up — crimsoning in the way that gave his persecutors added pleasure — he glanced furtively at her and got a surprise.

"I wouldn't pay any attention to them," she said, impulsively.

This, from his late enemy, covered Jimmy with confusion, to hide which he turned to the scribbled message:

"I say, Jimmy, old top," he read, "don't work the old bean so hard. You'll be going dippy. We're getting worried about you."

Looking up again he saw that her eyes were still upon him. On impulse he handed her the note. She read it and then handed it back, contemptuously.

"If I were you," she said, "I'd just show *them!* I'd lay awake nights until I thought of an idea. "I"— she paused and blushed, herself — "I have thought of a sort of an idea ——"

"You have!" exclaimed Jimmy, frankly incredulous.

She nodded. "It isn't much of an idea." She seemed to consider the advisability of letting Jimmy in on it. "You know," she went on, "how the advertising department sometimes sends down for me to be photographed in a hat."

Jimmy nodded — she had the trim alertness which sets off a small hat to perfection and makes of it a madness and a lure to the feminine purchaser.

"That's because I'm a perfect type for a certain kind of hat," she explained. "There's a type of hat for every type of woman, only they don't realize it and the average saleswoman doesn't know it, and they keep on trying on this and that until the customer

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gets so discouraged that she doesn't know what she does want."

"I see," acknowledged Jimmy. "But what can you do about it?"

"That's the idea," she said. "I think they could get up a chart that shows all types of faces and then list the hats most becoming to each type. That would save time in making sales and make better satisfied customers. At least," she amended, "it seems so to me. Do you think it's worth — bothering Mr. Marston with?"

"I should say it was," exploded Jimmy. "I'd go up this minute."

"Would you — really and truly?" (Strange, but Jimmy had never realized until that instant how sweet and appealing her expression could be.)

"You bet!" he assured her.

So she went, to return presently with shining eyes and glowing cheeks.

"He liked it," she caroled. "I'm going to be transferred to millinery — with two dollars more a week to start!"

"That's bully," said Jimmy. As an afterthought he added, "I — I'll be sorry to have you go."

Bare politeness, perhaps. But the pink in her cheeks deepened. "Really?"

Jimmy nodded. And it occurred to him that — why, he *would* miss her!

"I wouldn't have had the courage to if you hadn't pushed me on," she said. "If — I mean *when* you get an idea will — will you tell me about it?"

Jimmy promised. And Jean Stewart went up to millinery, on the fifth floor, and a new girl came to ribbons; a red-headed girl who giggled continuously and who told him that she thought Jimmy was the *cutest* name! She scared Jimmy, whose private opinion was that she was to Jane Stewart as — as Jane Stewart was to Elizabeth Marston.

Then, on Saturday the *Jin-Jer Jar* made its appearance. In it Jimmy found this:

> "That idea that Jimmie Gillespie, of Ribbons, has been looking for so eagerly, arrived last week, but although it landed in the right church, it sat down in the wrong pew. How about it, Jimmy — did Miss Stewart put something over on you?"

It didn't bother Jimmy in the least. Oh, not the slightest bit! 'He assured himself so, vigorously. Actually it didn't bother him as much as it would have a month before. One can't face a steady stream of ridicule without becoming hardened to it. On the other hand, it did bother Jane Stewart. She admitted it, without analyzing the reason. She wished that she could see him to tell him that she thoroughly disapproved of it, and hoped that he didn't blame her, and when circumstance put a chance her way she took quick advantage of it.

THAT hat is just your shape; but the Liberty Red isn't becoming," she assured a customer on Monday. She squinted at the general effect. "I'll go down to the ribbon counter and get some other shades and we'll try them."

The customer, surprised and touched, said it was very sweet of her, indeed. And perhaps it was the consciousness of a good deed that put little disks of color in her cheeks as she went to the elevator and dropped to the first floor just as Elizabeth Marston entered the store on one of her infrequent visits there. The latter was accompanied by another girl as expensively garbed, to whom she was delivering a drawling jibe at the store. In the midst of this she stopped short.

"Look, Ethel," she commanded. "Over there — at the ribbon counter."

Ethel looked. "Why!" she exclaimed, "is it — can it be the lost calf?"

"Who else could it be? Do you remember how he blushed?"

"Do I!"

"Watch him blush now."

Jimmy turned and saw his goddess. And his face, bettering all past performances, achieved a new shade that might have been christened Cupid Crimson.

"You didn't keep your promise," she charged.

"Wh— what promise?" stuttered Jimmy.

"You haven't registered at Liberty Hall."

"I — I'm going to," he assured her, hastily.

She shook a slim forefinger at him, in a way that addled his brain.

"Promise me," she commanded, "that you'll come to-morrow."

Jimmy promised, while Jane Stewart — whom Jimmy didn't even see — turned to her successor at the ribbon counter and said austerely, "I'm going to take these"— she made hurried selection —"up to millinery."

Jane departed, arms laden and chin up, leaving Jimmy still enmeshed in the toils of the seductress. She should worry as to how Jimmy felt about that item in the *Jin-Jer Jar!*

"Was — wasn't that Miss Marston?" ventured Jimmy's companion.

Jimmy pretended not to hear. He could not bear that profane lips — and all lips save *hers* seemed profane at the moment — should utter that name.

HIS heart swelled at the thought of how unaffectedly *she* had greeted him. He knew that all men are born free and equal and subscribed vigorously to that doctrine. Nevertheless, he also knew that it was darn democratic of her. A mighty determination filled him. He would leave the ribbon counter behind and, by mighty leaps and bounds, he would rise to a position that would permit him to claim her. He —

A grinning small boy deposited a note on the counter and scudded off.

"Here's an idea, Jimmy," read Jimmy. "Marry the boss's daughter and retire from business."

Jimmy tore it to shreds. The boobs! The everlasting idiots! He'd show them. Just watch him — that was all he asked.

In his eight-by-ten that night he sat and meditated long and hard. He intended to sit right there until he thought of something. He considered the men's department. That certainly suggested a problem. Why couldn't he think of some way to coax more men into Marston's. If he could only get an idea.... He sat and thought and thought until his head began to nod. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak; he realized that the room was close, and rose and opened the window. Then, stretching himself, he closed his eyes and yawned. As he let his arms fall and opened his eyes the idea that he had so vainly sought stalked out of its hiding-place and winked at him.

"Je-hosh-a-phat!" exclaimed Jimmy, dazzled by it. Then, no longer sleepy, he sat down and began to fit the different bits of his idea together — like most ideas different portions of it had been lying around in memory's storeroom, awaiting the time when they might become a composite.

At midnight, in the enthusiasm that comes with the first flush of an idea, he pronounced it good. He would have staked his immortal soul on it.

In the morning, however, he wasn't quite so sure. The dawn bringeth counsel — and cold feet. By the time he arrived behind the ribbon counter that which loomed so large at midnight had shrunk to miserable proportions.

"You look awfully dopey this morning," commented his companion, with the memory of yesterday's snub upon her. "Been sitting up late getting the big idea?"

Jimmy looked active dislike at her. But she simply giggled. At that, what Marston had said bore fruit. Let her — let them *all* giggle.

"I've got it," he said, crushingly.

"Got it?" she repeated, taken aback. She recovered quickly. "Oh girls," she called, "Jimmy's got it — the big idea."

In her voice was an invitation to jeer. It was accepted.

"Let us in on it, Jimmy — don't be stingy."

"Who beaned you with it?"

"Tried it on Marston yet?"

There is a point where, if a man is worth anything, ridicule acts as a stimulant. Jimmy turned to the red-headed girl. "I'm going upstairs," he said, with cold disdain. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

"I'll say you will," she retorted with unflattering emphasis.

Jimmy ignored her. He moved out on the floor and headed toward the elevator. Behind him came a final taunt: "Good-bye, Jimmy, we'll miss you when you're gone...." He was committed to the great adventure.

Marston remembered Jimmy instantly. Though his eyes were keen they were not unkind. "Got an idea?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Y — yes, sir," stuttered Jimmy. "That is, I th — th — think so."

"Good!" commented Marston. He indicated a chair. "Sit down."

Jimmy sat down, fortunately on the chair. "It's about a scheme for a sh — show window," he began desperately. "I thought that one of those electric pencils that write on a pad of p — paper w — would be a novelty."

"I've seen them," said Marston, not

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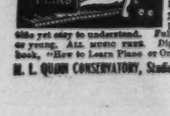

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unkindly but without increased interest.

"I th — thought you might use it in connection with the January sale," Jimmy plunged on. "You m — might say that — that the necktie on the right was priced at one seventy-five and would be found at the second counter at the right, just inside the main entrance, for instance."

Marston's eyes became keener. "What are the advantages?" he demanded.

"M — moving things always attract more attention. They — they would want to see what the pencil was writing and then they'd see the article and know exactly where to find it. . . ."

MOST women seem to have no trouble finding bargains," Marston broke in.

"But *men* do. They always feel lost in a department store and they don't like to ask questions. But if you told them j — just where to find it they — they might come in. They'd get the habit more and ——"

Marston's expression changed swiftly. "I understand," he said briefly. "Got any other ideas?"

"Not — not just now," confessed Jimmy. He felt that he hadn't been given half a chance to explain the one he did have.

"Well, a man that has one idea will have another — especially if he cultivates the habit," commented Marston. He turned and made a memorandum on a desk pad and Jimmy rose. It hadn't been so bad — Marston hadn't eaten him alive. Yet he felt disappointed.

"You're still on the ribbon counter?" asked Marston.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you'll have a chance to get better acquainted with the rest of the store from now on. Know anything about window-dressing, arrangement, lighting effects, and so forth?"

"No, sir, but I — I've studied advertising."

"Good enough. That will help. You'll have a chance to learn the other things while we are trying out this scheme of yours."

Jimmy stared, swallowed, and swallowed again.

"You're going to try it?" he blurted out.

It was Marston's turn to stare. But when he had taken in Jimmy's expression, his eyes grew kindly. "I'll try anything once. I'm going to have you transferred to the window-dressing department, with a little more to start on. If you make good — that's up to you — you'll get a lot more."

"Th — thank you," said Jimmy, and managed to withdraw.

IT was no incarnadined young man who returned to the ribbon counter, however, but a calm young conqueror. The "Look who's back again" was a shaft that never reached him. He could afford now to jeer at those who had jeered at him. Instead he kept silent and impressed them the more.

"On the level, Jimmy — did you put it across?" they wanted to know.

Jimmy, however, refused to be interviewed.

Man that is born of woman never tastes the full sweetness of the fruits of success until a woman has shared them with him. To Jimmy, at that instant, there was but one member of the other sex in the world. And she, one may be sure, was not the girl who, eyeing herself in her mirror the night before, had said, cryptically:

"If I had the money to spend on clothes that *she* has, I could look that way, too."

In Liberty Hall, on the Common, Elizabeth Marston glanced at her wrist-watch for the fiftieth time in five minutes. "And I told her I had an important engagement at twelve," she reflected, crossly.

From her watch her eyes went to the door, through which the errant relief should have entered five minutes before. She saw, not the wished-for form — but Jimmy. He hesitated an instant, crimson and confused.

"Oh, damn!" said his goddess, under her breath — she *did!*

"I — I kept my promise," he murmured.

"So I see," she acknowledged, managing a perfunctory smile.

At that instant her relief rushed in with: "Oh my dear, I'm so sorry. But I positively couldn't help it — the car got caught in a traffic block. . . ."

Elizabeth Marston turned to Jimmy. "I've got to run along," she said. "Miss Fales will register you, Mr. ——." She looked at him inquiringly.

"Gillespie," supplied Jimmy, miserably.

An instant later Elizabeth Marston passed out of the door and out of his life — without a single backward glance.

Registering over with, Jimmy wandered aimlessly about the Common. Whatever his dismal conclusion, his heart wasn't really broken. He had not been in love with Elizabeth Marston; his feeling toward her had been what psychologists term a fixation; that which Jimmy was suffering from now was a vacuum — which, as everybody knows, nature abhors.

Ahead, a girl fed peanuts to a flock of pigeons which no change of season can evict from the Common. They fluttered about her. One rose tentatively to her arm, making a pretty picture. Jimmy half took this in, but so introspective was his mood that it wasn't until he was almost upon her that he recognized Jane Stewart — Jane Stewart in the least expensive of furs, but wearing one of those small hats which she set off in a way to make it a madness and a lure to the feminine purchaser. She recognized him at the same instant and — curiously enough — blushed as vividly as he could have.

"I — I feed them often," she murmured, eyes and voice queerly shy.

Jimmy nodded. She bent her head to watch the pigeon pecking at the morsels in her hand. About her was a sweetness, a suggestion of the inevitable, maternal tenderness which all true women have for creatures that are little, or weak, or who need them. Jimmy, watching her, felt somehow restored.

"I — I got that idea," he broke out, suddenly.

She glanced up. "You did! Oh, I'm so glad!"

The pigeon, startled, hovered a moment and then decided that two was company and three a crowd. Jane Stewart brushed slim-gloved fingers prettily.

"I knew you would," she assured him, shining-eyed. "Tell me about it."

Jimmy took a deep breath. . . . The bright January sunshine sprinkled them with its splendor; the wind, though east, was clean and blood stirring — concrete blocks, pulsations of traffic and other pedestrians did not exist.

And Jimmy, unfolding his idea, began to glimpse another and yet bigger one. Perhaps it was the way she looked up at him from under that little hat, her eyes so sweet and so interested.

"I knew you could," she said, again, when he had finished. "And you'll make good, too."

Now surely it was not strange that there should be other noons. Nor does it pass human understanding that Jimmy as completely forgot all about another young woman as if she had never existed. Or is it to be wondered at that the *Jin-Jer Jar* should intervene with:

"The S.P.C.A. has two new members. Jimmy Gillespie, our new window dresser, and Jane Stewart, of Millinery, go up to the Common every noon to feed the pigeons. Learning how to bill and coo, Jimmy?"

WHAT was strange, however, was that Jimmy, who would have once made an instant resolve never to go near Jane Stewart again, was afraid now only that she might resolve never to come near him again. The fear drove him up to the fifth floor where, after a brief search, he discovered her behind a screen. She held a hat in her hand and was perking up a bow. As he came upon her she looked up quickly — and blushed furiously.

Something in his eyes held hers. He hesitated, and then drew the *Jin-Jer Jar* from his pocket. "Did — did you see that?" he asked, trying to smile casually, and not being any too successful.

She took it quickly and, as she finished, even the tip of one small ear, peeking through the curve of her hair, grew gloriously crimson.

"Oh!" she protested sharply, without raising her eyes. "That's simply awful!"

Jimmy took a deep breath, like a swimmer about to take a long, long plunge. "Is — is it so terribly awful?" he asked. His voice seemed no part of him.

In spite of herself she raised her eyes and — but perhaps that scurrilous sheet, the *Jin-Jer Jar*, gave the best account of the sequel:

"When Miss McManus, of Women's Millinery, found Jimmy Gillespie and Jane Stewart behind a screen up on the fifth floor last week she quickly murmured, 'Excuse me,' and backed out. They never even noticed her! But be calm, girls, it's all right. Jane is wearing a brand new ring that must have set Jimmy back considerable. We understand that Jimmy will be led to the halter some time in June and that his vacation this year will also be his honeymoon."

Jane said that that, too, was simply awful and Jimmy professed to agree, as an almost-married man should. Nevertheless, it is to be recorded that he clipped it and carried it around with him and seemed to take great joy in reading and re-reading it at odd moments.

The Country We Forgot — [*Continued from page* 14]

It is, of course, distinctly un-American for a judge to act as chief of police and trial judge as well, and the quicker this rule is changed, the better; yet one leaves the Islands with an opinion that coincides with that of all of Judge Thiele's American associates; that he is too fair and too valuable an administrator of justice for his adopted country to be lost to Uncle Sam.

The Passing of the Pirates

THE port of St. Thomas was once the rendezvous of pirates whose "Jolly Roger," terrorized the Spanish Main. The decaying castles of "Bluebeard" and "Blackbeard" on these shores are pointed out as the former abodes of two of the choicest of these cutthroats.

Such men are only traditions now, but it appears that up to the time the United States purchased the Islands the pirate spirit existed in a more subtle and refined form.

The St. Thomas signal station would show that there was a new ship about to enter the harbor. Out to meet it would go representatives of rival concerns, each begging the captain to appoint him his agent for obtaining supplies. The skipper having chosen one, this individual would take the captain, engineer or steward ashore; provide wine or women for his entertainment, and, when the mariner was sufficiently befuddled through such hospitality, would get his signature to a receipt for ship's stores that was two or three times more than would be delivered by the agent.

The same condition is said to have existed in regard to coaling — many a skipper or engineer would find that he had signed a receipt for hundreds of tons more coal than he had actually received, for which the owners of his boat must eventually pay.

These practises were stopped when Old Glory rose over St. Thomas Harbor. The honest business man — and there are many of them in the Virgin Islands — has now a fair show for the trade of the port, and the captain of a vessel does not now need to pass by St. Thomas for fear of overcharges. When the maritime prosperity of this port is renewed, its business will be conducted on a sound basis.

The Haunt of the Hurricane

THE Virgin Islander discusses hurricanes very much as we chat about the weather. The lot of the official weather observer is a hard one. Each building is provided with hurricane doors and shutters in addition to the usual ones, and when warning of a cyclone comes all these must be closed. In the case of the Redemptist Fathers, who have both houses and churches to protect, it takes forty minutes to shut all their doors and shutters. When this preparation is made by the people, and no hurricane comes, they are vexed at being put to the unnecessary work; but if, on the other hand, a hurricane came without the observer having warned them of it — a tirnado of criticism is hurled at him.

Women Coal Passers

ONE of the unique scenes at St. Thomas is the line of strapping colored women who serve as coal passers on the coaling deck of purchased the Islands the pirate spirit exfledged union members and idolize George

Moorehead, the negro organizer who obtained for them an increase of pay from one cent to two cents a basket.

The baskets of coal weigh about 100 pounds, yet these women carry them on the tops of their heads without steadying them with their hands. Sometimes a man-of-war comes in to coal with a band on board. The band plays while the coaling goes on — perhaps there is an ulterior motive behind this.

Life in St. Croix and St. Thomas has been rendered vastly more enjoyable by two bands organized by our navy, and composed entirely of natives. They play in the public squares, morning and evening, at the raising and lowering of Old Glory, and on three evenings a week give a programme that is hugely enjoyed by the native population, to say nothing of the Americans. Whenever the band marches through the town it is followed by a singing, swaying crowd of darkies.

Marriage Without Ceremony

AMERICAN standards of race purity are thrown to the winds here. The population may be considered as a mixed race. In America our census inquiries show four classes of persons: single, married, widowed or divorced. In the Virgin Islands a fifth class is added, which includes a large portion of the native population — those who live together without the marriage ceremony.

When a priest or minister remonstrates with this class there comes a variety of excuses: the white men who owned or had charge of the estates on the Islands under previous governments set the example, and the couple concerned are only following in the footsteps of their masters; or a man will give the excuse that when he lives with a woman and regards her just as his "keeper," she will do the housework and in addition go out in the fields and work with him, but if he makes her his wife, then she realize that she is more independent and will not work in the fields; or, a couple will say that they do not know yet whether they want to live a life-time as man and wife, and, therefore, must have what is equivalent to a trial marriage. The trial will run on for years, children will be born and grow up but still the ceremony does not take place. Another excuse, generally given by a woman, is that she wants to have a fine marriage ceremony, and must wait until she and the man she lives with can save up enough money to afford it. This last excuse the priests and ministers use as a means of getting such couples to marry. A wedding ceremony elaborate enough to satisfy them is planned and the long-delayed step is at last taken. In one case an old native woman stood up as bride, in the full array of white garments and orange blossoms, surrounded by her children and grandchildren!

Since the American missionaries began work on the Islands they have laid stress on the importance of marriage. One priest informed me that while formerly in his parish there were five marriages a year, last year there were thirty-seven.

One day, in making a religious survey of a certain sugar plantation, the observers went round with the native overseer of the place. They called at his home, saw his family, consisting of a wife and three children, and then began their tour. Outside a certain hut they met a grinning, halfnaked urchin whom the overseer carelessly greeted. In another spot they met a little girl. When the census takers asked their names and parentage, the overseer said:

"Those are my children."

"How is that?" asked one of the observers, "I thought we met your entire family when we started out!"

"Oh," answered the man, without the slightest indication of shame, "those are my outside children!"

Unions thus formed are dissolved as carelessly as they are begun, and because of the thousands of deserted women and children, poverty and sickness are increased. Vigorous work must be done to save the children of these parents from following in their footsteps.

Business Opportunities

IN St. Croix, facing the harbor, stood a distinctly modern American building — the ground floor devoted to stores, the upper to offices. Gold letters painted on its stucco front told me that within this place were centered a half-dozen American industries.

In an up-stairs room, clad in a cool white suit, I found a well-groomed American attending to business with the alertness and despatch characteristic of lower Broadway in Manhattan, but very amazing in this land of lazy ease.

This man was Robert L. Merwin, a native of New York State, former consular agent for the United States in St. Croix when the island was a Danish possession, and now perhaps the most representative American business man in the Islands. He is agent for the Quebec Line, Lloyd's, the New York Board of Underwriters, and has a dozen other business irons in the fire. In addition to these many interests, he is Chairman of the Colonial Council for Frederiksted and is also Chairman of its Poor Commission.

I cite Mr. Merwin's activities to show the opportunities that await Yankee ingenuity and capital in these territories.

Merwin's great grandfather settled in Milford, Connecticut, in 1642, and all of Merwin's ancestors are buried there. Merwin, despite his home-loving forebears, came to St. Croix in 1885, when he was twenty-two years old, to establish a branch house for L. W. and P. Armstrong, West Indian shipping merchants with headquarters in Connecticut. Merwin, after six years of West Indian experience, went into business for himself. Now, when a concern in the United States, England or Canada seeks representation in St. Croix, all inquiries lead to him.

Men like Merwin and his son Miles, who is now ending his war term in the Navy and coming back to St. Croix to join his father in business, are fair examples of other outposts of American business I found in the Islands. For the development of thses yerritories there should be more of our opportunity-seizing business men there.

The use of Danish currency led to a panic in St. Thomas a few weeks ago when the value of the Danish dollar fell to 72 cents, and some of the business houses, it is said, went so far as to refuse to take Danish money in exchange for their goods. The value of the American dollar rose from $1.04 to $1.27—, this change in the rate of exchange following one that had taken place all over the world. Thus, where five Danish francs formerly equalled an American dollar, six are now required.

This depreciation of Danish currency, in which money wahes were paid, naturally led to discontent among the laborers, and to calm the disturbances among them employers agreed, temporarily at least, to pay them a bonus equal to the amount of depreciation. If United States currency prevailed in the Islands, such panics would be avoided.

Have We A Sinn Fein Of Our Own?

A FEW months ago, Rothschild Francis, a negro representing a group of native workers in St. Thomas, presented to a committee of Congress a petition setting forth a list of grievances that indicated that there was something rotten in the former state of Denmark.

Were the grievances presented by this delegate true? Was there poverty and misery and mis-rule in the Islands? Had we forgotten that here were thousands of new Americans with problems and aspirations similar to ours, waiting in vain to enjoy the blessings Uncle Sam usually pours out with generous hand on those who come under the guardianship of his flag? It was in search of answers to these questions that "McClure's Magazine" sent me down 1500 miles of blue water to the Virgin Islands, a trip which, upon resolution by Senator Kenyon, Congress has now authorized a committee of Senators and Representatives to take.

Rothschild Francis is listed in a Commercial Directory of these Islands as con-Club, formerly bandmaster of the defunct ductor and manager of the Eureka Orchestra "Amateur Brass Band;" vice-president of The American Historical Research Society; organizer of the St. Thomas Section, Socialist Labor Party of America (which society is stated to be "the pioneer of socialism in the Virgin Islands"); and president of the United Laboring Association. His original trade, I heard, was that of shoe-maker. In the September issue of a negro publication he is hailed as president of the Workmen's Council, "One Big Union." The negro labor element in St. Thomas elected him to be a member of the Colonial Council, in which, I was informed, he showed evidence of possessing "gray matter."

The work of Francis — and of the other labor leaders — is supported by dues of twenty cents a week [*Continued on page 75.*]

Do you want legislation based on "facts" like these?

The Federal Trade Commission, it seems, would like to show that the packers are getting control of the food supply of the nation.

If it were true, the commission ought to have no trouble in proving it. Every detail of the packing business has been open to them.

But the idea is absurd—and an absurdity cannot be proved.

* * *

The commission has published a list of some 640 articles said to be sold by the packers.

This list is a gross exaggeration.

90 of the items listed are not sold to the outside trade by Swift & Company but are supply and repair materials, such as brick, cement, etc., used in construction and maintenance.

Glaring duplications appear also. Sausage was listed 37 times under different varieties. Strictly beef products and by-products were classified as over 60 different items.

* * *

As a matter of real fact—

Aside from meat and meat by-products, Swift & Company regularly handles only butter, eggs, cheese, poultry, canned goods, lard substitutes, soap, and, to a very small extent, dried and salt fish. And it handles only a small percentage of the volume of these sold to the trade.

It is natural and logical, of course, that Swift & Company should handle these auxiliary articles.

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That Swift & Company can serve the public at a profit of only a fraction of a cent per pound from all sources, is possible in large part because of these prouducts.

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We do not believe that intelligent, fair-minded American citizens want legislation based on the kind of "facts" the Federal Trade Commission is using to fight the packers. Such "facts" are vicious and grossly unfair and can do nothing but harm to everybody concerned.

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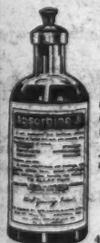

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DO you realize that at this time to-morrow you may be dead?"

In this startling fashion a life insurance agent opened the conversation with a prospective client. It worked, and he sold a policy. Every man naturally wants to safeguard his family from want in so far as he is able, and if more would appreciate that there is always the possibility of an affirmative answer to the agent's question more life insurance policies would be written. Unless you are rich you owe it to your dependents to carry life insurance. Whether you are rich, or whether you have only five hundred dollars, you owe it to them to make a will. Have you made yours? Think for a moment of the question at the top of this column.

Few will dispute the statement that everyone should make a will. Everyone intends to do it some day, but too often the day never comes. Many wait until they fall ill, and then the relatives who did not inherit try to break the will on the ground that the testator's mind was affected by his sickness, or that the heirs exerted undue influence. "That's just it," you may say. "All wills can be broken, so what's the use?" Do you know that in the entire history of the state of Illinois fewer than ten wills have been broken by the Supreme Court? Do you know further that more than ninety-seven per cent. of Americans die without making wills? If space permitted, instances could be given, almost without limit, of the tragedies, the pitiful, unnecessary tragedies, resulting from failure to dispose of property by will.

Get a lawyer to draw your will for you. Legal advice is cheap insurance for your estate. Our laws are constantly becoming more numerous and more complex so that it is practically impossible for a layman to draw a legal will. A lawyer's fee will not be large and it may be real economy. The courts, however, will always do all they can to carry out the wishes of the testator.

When you have arranged for the distribution of your property, then it is incumbent on you to name an executor and trustee, who will settle your estate and manage it. Will you choose an individual? Perhaps you have a friend whom you trust and in whom you have implicit confidence. But suppose he should die before your affairs are settled. What then? The court would appoint some one in his stead and perhaps this second man would not be so worthy of your confidence. Too often the absence, carelessness, and lack of ability of individual trustees have caused hardship, loss, and distress. As a matter of fact it is becoming increasingly difficult to get individuals to act, for special knowledge is required and few possess it. What is more, the friend you designated might decline to accept the appointment. He has this right; and how then could you foresee who would have charge of the property you have struggled so hard to save for the protection of your dependents? Furthermore, it costs money to have new trustees appointed.

These points seem to present real difficulties. But they can be solved, and easily. Avail yourself of the facilities of a trust company. Name an individual, if you wish, but name a trust company to act with him. A trust company is a permanent and responsible trustee; it does not die; it does not go away. A trust company never becomes incapacitated; its accounts are audited regularly by the governmental authorities; the securities it holds are verified by the banking departments and its own board of directors.

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
First Principles of Life Insurance
Investment Opportunities of the War
The Partial-Payment Plan

Booklet will be sent for fifteen cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure's Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

Give Securities for Christmas

THOUGHTFULLY selected securities of long maturity are semi-annual reminders of the far-sighted generosity of the giver.

From our list of high-class securities which reflect expert judgment of sound values, you may select gifts that one may be proud to have and to hold.

For the list, we suggest you write promptly for M. C. 112

The National City Company

National City Bank Building
NEW YORK

Correspondent Offices in over 50 Cities

Bonds Short Term Notes Preferred Stocks

An Investment Strongly Safeguarded Yielding 7½%

Cities Service Co. in addition to being one of the world's largest producers of oil, controls and operates 84 public utility properties in the United States and Canada.

This diversity in business as well as location provides unusual safeguards for the investor.

Preferred Stock Dividend Requirements were earned five times over in 1918.

Statement of earnings are sent to stockholders each month, keeping them in close touch with the company's progress.

Dividends payable monthly.

Ask for Circular C. L.-4.

Henry L. Doherty & Company

Bond Department

60 Wall Street, New York

6% NET

For 40 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 716. Certificates of $25 and up also for saving investor.

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kan.

In order to appoint a trust company all that is required is a simple form such as this: "I appoint Blank Trust Company as executor and trustee of this my will." It is well, of course, to consult the company first to be sure it is willing to accept the appointment, but there should be little doubt on this point unless the will contains unusual features. Go to the company and talk it over. Bank officials are human beings just like the rest of us and they are always on the watch for new business. Don't make the mistake of thinking yours is too small to interest them.

Perhaps you think it will be too expensive to make a trust company your executor and trustee. The fact is that the fees for these services are fixed by law and are exactly the same as allowed to individuals. In the long run the services of the company would be cheaper, for there would never be the expense of having new trustees appointed, and the officials of a trust company are trained experts who are likely to avoid the unnecessary expenses so often incurred by individuals.

A trust company's experience in making investments is an advantage not to be overlooked. Many of them have bond departments of their own in charge of men trained to judge securities. These facilities are available to your heirs as a matter of course. A trust company makes a practise of keeping in touch with the securities in trust estates, and looking after them as occasion requires. You may have sound business judgment yourself, but that is one thing you cannot bequeath; you can secure it for the beneficiaries of your will, however, by placing a trust company in charge of it. There does not seem to be any point on which a trust company does not possess advantage as compared to individuals.

It is common practise for men of wealth to entrust the management of their estates to trust companies. What good would it do to make a claim against a bankrupt individual trustee? A trust company's faithful performance of its duties, on the other hand, is guaranteed by all its capital and surplus. And never forget that a trust company is a permanent thing; the management of your estate is not dependent upon the uncertainty of human life — a most important factor.

Besides being empowered to act as executor and trustee under a will, atrust company may be appointed administrator when there is no will, or executor of a will when none is named; it may be substituted as trustee for the one named by the will; it may be appointed guardian of the property of an infant, or committee of the property of an incompetent. It can do everything an individual can do and do it better.

Suppose you wish to provide an income for your wife or married daughter. Get your lawyer to draw a declaration of trust in her favor. Then you establish a fund consisting of securities, or of cash to be invested in securities, and by the terms of the trust deed direct that the income be paid to her at stated intervals. Appoint a trust company trustee of this fund and forget about it. The company will collect the interest and dividends as they are paid, deposit them to the credit of the beneficiary, andat the times agreed upon send her a check for the amount. Naturally a fee is charged for these services, but the fee is doubtless less than the value of the time you would have to devote to the matters yourself.

You can make a trust for yourself in the same manner, naming yourself as beneficiary. These trusts may be made "revocable" so that if at any time you wish to terminate the arrangement you are at liberty to do so. A trust company will act as your agent, hold and manage your property and send you a check for the income received. What could be easier? And how else could you obtain the benefit of expert advice, safe keeping, and responsibility for so reasonable a cost? Remember, too, that you can fix the terms of the trust deed, or arrange the agency relation in a variety of ways so that you need never lose control of your property.

Many trust companies,— most of the large ones, — have corporate as well as personal trust departments. That is, they act as trustees of mortgages and trust indentures for corporations. If a corporation issues bonds secured by a mortgage, a trust company is usually appointed trustee of the mortgage; it supervises the issuance of the bonds, sees to it that the issuing company complies with the requirements of the indenture, and in general assumes the responsibility of all matters in connection with the proceedings.

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

We specialize in Government bonds and other investment securities. This firm was founded in 1865 and we have always endeavored to recommend to our clients conservative investments. As members of the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges we are prepared to execute orders for the purchase or sale of securities on a cash basis in large or small amounts

A circular describing several issues of desirable investment securities will be sent on request.

Kidder, Peabody & Co.

115 Devonshire St. Boston — 17 Wall Street New York

Invest on the Installment Plan

A small initial deposit purchases the securities you want. You receive full benefit of all dividends, interest, etc., while paying the balance in twenty monthly installments.

You may sell at any time to realize on a rising market.

Under no circumstance will you be subject to margin calls.

Send for Booklet B-CC that fully explains our plan.

DUNHAM & Co.

Investment securities

43 Exchange Place New York

Telephone 8300-16 Hanover

Conservative Investment

6¾ Per Cent and Safety

Security over four to one.
Earnings over four to one.
Property exceedingly well located.
Product is a necessity.
Business is well established.
Maturities—Two to Fifteen Years.
Bonds of $500 and $1,000 denominations.

Send for Circular No. 1047 CM

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

(Established 1865)

Detroit Cleveland — 10 So. La Salle St. CHICAGO — St. Louis Milwaukee

When answering advertisements mention McClure's

RAILS VERSUS UTILITIES

We have prepared in pamphlet form a careful comparison of price changes and income return of high grade railroad and public utility bonds for a twelve year period showing that safety and high yield are not incompatible.

Sent upon request. Ask for pamphlet C. L. 350

A. H. Bickmore & Co.

111 BROADWAY, N.Y.

Bonds of Other Governments

Government bonds have always offered great opportunities after other wars.

In the opinion of many, they do now.

Should exchange rates become more normal, this opportunity will not last.

We have prepared a circular on this subject which also makes definite suggestions as to the best foreign issues to buy.

Send for Circular J-12

John Muir & Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

Odd Lots

61 Broadway, N.Y.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

SAVING money by mail at 4% interest with this large, safe bank is easily possible for you no matter where you live. Send today for a copy of interesting booklet "D" published by this bank—the oldest Trust Company in Ohio.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. ASSETS OVER 65 MILLION DOLLARS. CAPITAL & SURPLUS $8,000,000.00

Selected Investment Securities

We own and offer subject to previous sale:

Newton Falls, Ohio
SCHOOL 5%
Free From Federal Income Tax

Denominations $500
Due serially 1920 to 1949.
Interest payable semi-annually.

Assessed value - -	$4,186,00
Total debt - - - -	86,000
Population - - - -	2,400

The bonds are a direct obligation of the entire district. Legal opinion Squire, Sanders & Dempsey, Cleveland.

Price to Yield 4.70%

Partial Payment Plan when desired.
Send for Descriptive Circular P12

Bankers Mortgage Company
Capital $2,000,000
CHICAGO DES MOINES NEW YORK
112 W. Adams St., 521 W. Walnut St. 512 Fifth Ave.

OVERLAND TIRE

Business established in 1917—is now the largest tire rebuilding concern in America.

Dividends paid regularly since January, 1918.

Big new factory and ample financing indicates that OVERLAND TIRE will become one of the nation's GIANT industries.

Stock is listed on the New York Curb, and shares purchased *now* should prove a most favorable investment for a big dividend yield in the future.

Send to us for circular, or ask your own broker

JUDSON G. WALL & SONS
Established 1880
10 Wall Street New York

A Good Income

AN investment of $1,000 in the 8% Cumulative Preferred Stock of **Standard Gas & Electric Co.** would yield an annual income in excess of $90 at the time this advertisement was written.

Ask for new illustrated booklet M describing the company's extensive electric, oil and gas properties.

H. M. Byllesby & Co.
Incorporated
Investment Securities
111 Broadway New York 208 S. La Salle St. Chicago

E. J. LANDER & CO. FIRST FARM MORTGAGES

SAFETY AND SIX PER CENT

If you have a large or small sum to place where you are assured of perfect safety and substantial income, let us tell you about our First Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds.

LAND BEST SECURITY

Our loans are secured by rich agricultural land in the Northwest—one of the best farming sections in the Union, and are furnished in amounts to suit. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET "T" AND OFFERINGS.

Established 1883. Capital and Surplus $200,000.00

E. J. LANDER & CO.
GRAND FORKS NORTH DAKOTA

Trust companies act as agents for the transfer and registration of stocks and bonds, and agents for the payment of dividends and interest. You may keep your bank account with a trust company and receive interest on the balances. It will also attend to the purchase or sale of securities.

In short, the trust company is one of the most useful organizations of modern times. As its name implies its principal functions are to act in fiduciary capacities, and you may rest assured you will make no mistake by availing yourself of its services. You may make a serious mistake if you don't. So draw your will. Name a trust company as its executor and trustee. Thus you assure your beneficiaries of competent and skilful management of their property. You will have a trustee whose affairs are regularly gone over and supervised, a trustee which will not die, which is responsible, and always looking after the best interests of those you wish most to safeguard.

Books About Stocks and Bonds
Insurance and Banking by Mail

1.—The Guaranty Trust Company of New York will be glad to send upon request their "Investment Recommendations." This gives a list of high grade securities that are recommended by this company.

2.—Messrs. Kidder, Peabody Company, of Boston, Mass., will be glad to send upon request a list of new investment offerings. Send for list "MC."

3.—S. W. Straus & Co. have issued a new "Investment Guide" describing a widely diversified variety of first mortgage serial 6% bonds safeguarded under the *Straus Plan* in $1000 and $500 denominations. This circular, together with the "Questionnaire for Investors" will be sent without charge to any one writing S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York City, or Straus Building, Chicago. Ask for Circular R-904.

4.—H. M. Byllesby & Co., Inc., 111 Broadway, New York, 202 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., will send, upon request, a booklet describing their new oil property. Send for booklet MC-1, "A Study of Shaffer Oil & Refining Co., and the Position It Occupies in the Petroleum Industry."

5.—The Doherty News, published by Henry L. Doherty & Company, operators and fiscal agents of Cities Service Company, is published monthly and gives the latest information regarding oil statistics and production figures in the United States. It also contains valuable information regarding public utilities and a general review of the investment situation.

6.—G. L. Miller & Co., 113 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga., will send upon request an interesting booklet dealing with some high grade real estate bonds. Send for Circular MC.

7.—A. B. Leach & Co., Inc., of 62 Cedar Street, New York, will send to those interested data which can be used for comparison of bonds now held with one of the best bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Ask for Blank No. MC-53.

8.—Short time, carefully safeguarded investment netting an unusually high return. Peabody, Houghteling & Co., Established 1865. 10 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago.

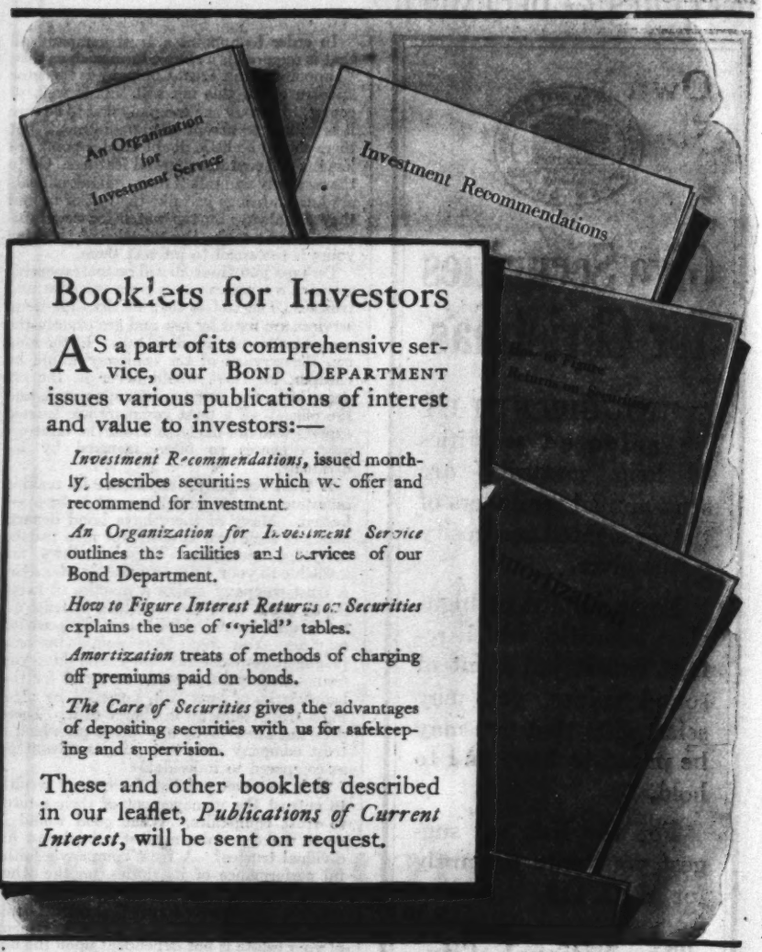
9.—"Opportunity in Bonds" will be the leading article in "Bond Topics" this month. There will also be an excellent article by Samuel Insull on what the Middle West Utilities Co. has done during the war. "Bond Topics" will be sent on request by writing to A. H. Bickmore, 111 Broadway, New York City.

10.—Bankers Mortgage Co., Des Moines, Ia., will send Booklet 119, dealing with Iowa First Farm Mortgages and Tax Free municipal Bonds.

11.—"Acceptance" is the title of a comprehensive and thorough booklet which will be of great value to business houses dealing in acceptances. Both foreign and domestic acceptances are dealt with in this booklet. It will be sent upon request by the National City Co., New York.

12.—John Muir & Co., Odd Lot and Liberty Bond specialists, 61 Broadway, New York, have recently made several changes in their partial-payment-plan terms which are explained in the new edition of their booklet. "The Partial Payment Plan," which is free on request.

13.—"Six Per Cent. and Safety" is the title of a booklet giving some very interesting facts about that old and tried institution. The Calvert Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Md., which has paid 6% continuously for a quarter of a century.



Booklets for Investors

AS a part of its comprehensive service, our BOND DEPARTMENT issues various publications of interest and value to investors:—

Investment Recommendations, issued monthly, describes securities which we offer and recommend for investment.

An Organization for Investment Service outlines the facilities and services of our Bond Department.

How to Figure Interest Returns on Securities explains the use of "yield" tables.

Amortization treats of methods of charging off premiums paid on bonds.

The Care of Securities gives the advantages of depositing securities with us for safekeeping and supervision.

These and other booklets described in our leaflet, *Publications of Current Interest*, will be sent on request.

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

New York London Liverpool Paris Brussels

Capital and Surplus $50,000,000 Resources over $800,000,000

AJAX Oil Company

CLASS "A" STOCK, Par Value $10

Operating in Burkburnett Territory.

Substantial Daily Production

Seven wells now drilling. No Mortgages or Bonds. Monthly Dividends of 1%.

Price to yield about 12%

CIRCULAR A. M. C.

Farson, Son & Co.
Members New York Stock Exchange
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MAXIMUM PROFIT MINIMUM RISK

The security of your funds is of vital importance. To secure a fair return on your investment together with reasonable safety, consult us or send for our fortnightly publication

"Investment Opportunities"

An inquiry for 9-A will bring this publication, with booklet, explaining

The Twenty Payment Plan

SLATTERY & Co. (Inc)
Investment Securities
40 Exchange Place, New York

6% Our 6% Two-Year Time Certificates

which we have issued for 24 years, for $100 or more, have all the security of a first mortgage without bother or expense to the investor. 5% on Certificates payable on demand. Interest Check mailed semi-annually.

Write for Booklet "6% and Safety"

The Calvert Mortgage Company
875 Calvert Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

A 7% Investment Amply Secured

First by Mortgage; Second, by Income

Miller Mortgage Bonds are always secured by first mortgages on *income-producing* real estate

The mortgaged property must be worth at least twice the amount of the loan; it must also have an earning capacity ample to meet payments of interest and principal several times over.

We are now offering such an investment to yield 7%. Write for details.

Interest and principal payable at the Third National Bank Atlanta, Ga., or the Guaranty Trust Company of New York.

G. L. MILLER & COMPANY, Inc.
133 Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

FREE BOOK ON BANKING

Tells of the great opportunities for both men and women in this attractive profession, and how you can learn by mail in spare time. Send for copy at once. No obligations.

E. G. Alcorn, American School of Banking
10 Moler Building Columbus, Ohio

When answering advertisements it is to your advantage to mention McClure's

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Begin today

Invest Wisely. Obtain Growing Income. Buy only high grade stocks paying substantial dividends. First payment 20% of purchase price. Balance equal monthly payments during year.

Write today for Booklet "MM"

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Investment Securities

Cor. Broadway & Wall St., New York City

Three Tire Stocks Analized

Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

Firestone Tire & Rubber Corporation

Republic Rubber Corporation

The progress of these companies and the probable future action of their securities are set forth in a special bulletin - which will be sent to those interested. *Ask for Bulletin 3*

I D Noll & Company

Investment Underwriters

170 Broadway New York

Investment Suggestions

In the present active market investors will find our terse and timely publication

"Investment Suggestions"

of real value in purchasing and keeping posted on securities.

It will be mailed free upon request for Booklet "X."

GERARD & Co.

Investment Securities

35 WALL STREET NEW YORK

BE A BANKER

Prepare by mail in spare time for this attractive profession in which there are great opportunities for both men and women. Send at once for free book, "How to Become a Banker," by Edwin G. Alcorn, President. American School of Banking, 4 McLean Bldg., Columbus, O.

Investment Opportunities

There are many desirable securities on the market today, that can be purchased at unusually low prices. Before making your purchases do not fail to consult the Financial Department of McClure's

Address: FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, 25 W. 44th St., N. Y. C.

14.—Farson, Son & Co., 115 Broadway, New York City, will send upon request an interesting circular regarding the Cadet Hosiery Company, 8% Preferred Stock. Send for Circular C-T.

15.—Gerard & Company, 35 Wall Street, New York City, will send upon request some interesting booklets dealing with new offerings of securities.

16.—Francis & Company, 1 Wall Street, New York City, will be pleased to send upon request some interesting circulars describing a variety of new investments.

17.—The Twenty Payment Plan was originated by Slattery & Company, Inc., of 40 Exchange Place, New York City, and has been in successful operation for a great many years. Booklet describing the plan in detail.

18.—"We're Right on the Ground," by E. J. Landers & Co., of Grand Forks, N. D., covers Farm Mortgages from the Northwest. Free.

19.—"The 14 Points for Investors" is the title of a pamphlet for experienced as well as new investors which contains many topics of absorbing interest. It is issued by I. D. Noll & Company, 170 Broadway, New York.

20.—Judson G. Wall and Company, 10 Wall Street, New York City, will be glad to send upon request a circular describing a new issue of Overland Tire stock. Send for Circular MC-1.

21.—A "Banking by Mail" plan which has stood the test, is explained in Booklet "D," of the Citizens Savings & Trust Company of Cleveland, Ohio. Write to the Bank and it will be mailed you without cost.

22.—Each number of Dunham's Investment Digest, which is an interesting bimonthly publication devoted to current comment and analyses of securities readily marketable, and offering market profit possibilities, reviews many prominent independent oil, mining, Standard Oil, industrial and motor companies. Tables of current quotations and coming dividends contained are extremely handy for ready reference. The current number may be obtained from the publishers, Dunham & Company, 43 Exchange Place. Ask for 3-CC.

23.—Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kan., will send free a list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

Upon request from readers, McClure's Financial Department will arrange with above named firms to furnish promptly the booklets mentioned in this column. In sending request for booklets, please order them by number.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF McCLURE'S, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1919.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur S. Moore, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The McClure Publications, Inc., publishers of McClure's, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, The McClure Publications, Inc.,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Editor, Frederick L. Collins,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Managing Editor, Charles Hanson Towne,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Business Manager, Arthur S. Moore,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.)

The McClure Publications, Incorporated,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Frederick L. Collins,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Cameron Mackenzie,
61 West Tenth Street, New York, N. Y.
Arthur S. Moore,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Horace W. Paine,
76 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Estate of S. H. Moore,
27 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y.
Frederick P. Warfield,
25 West Forty-fourth Street, New York, N. Y.
Elizabeth Collins Scarsdale, New York
Holland S. Duell Yonkers, New York
Mabel H. Duell Yonkers, New York
Estate of F. M. Lupton
80 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y.
George Kibbe Turner Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Douglas S. Moore Cutchogue, Long Island, N. Y.
Dorothy M. Miller
2803 Scarborough Road, Cleveland, O.
George H. Fitzgerald
448 Madison Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Herbert Kaufman Tarrytown, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state). None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee, or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
A. S. MOORE, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1919.

[SEAL] Edwin Brown, Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 50. Bronx Register's No. 2128 (Certificate filed in New York County, No. 291.) New York Register's No. 1263. (My commission expires March 30, 1921.)

The Country We Forgot

[*Continued from page 71*]

levied on each member. Rothschild Francis was sent to the United States on money contributed by the members of his labor union, and while in the States had received additional money from The Virgin Island Protective League, a body of colored men, natives of the Island, who now live in New York City. He stopped in New York on his way home to address a meeting of the latter group, and was heralded in their circulars as——

The Honorable Rothschild Francis—
Labor Agitator, Race Fighter and
Legislator

While I was in St. Thomas I saw the officers of his union selling in the streets copies of the September number of a New York publication entitled "The Messenger: The Only Radical Negro Magazine in America," a publication every article of which flamed with hatred for the white man and with incitements to violence. It was illustrated with cartoons condemning the Booker Washington type of leadership and showing the "new negro" in a speeding motor car equipped with automatic rifles and revolvers, shooting down crowds of fleeing white men—to make America safe for the colored man. Next to an article advocating that the American negro adopt Bolshevism, appeared an article by Rothschild Francis on the need of changed conditions in the Virgin Islands. In introducing Francis the editor also bestowed on him the title "Race-Fighter." This paper by Francis was by far the most temperate article in this hate-creating publication, yet the association of himself and his fellow-workers with so vicious a propaganda, leads one to question whether Francis is the right type of leader for the easily swayed negro element. Rival labor leaders say that he has embraced the dangerous doctrine that all things belong to the laboring class, and is in favor of short cuts to ease and prosperity instead of the old-fashioned but true principle that the way to prosperity is through faithful, productive work.

The claim of Francis to be the leader of the working people was thrown into doubt when a colored member of a larger union handed me this prepared statement concerning Rothschild Francis's "Working People's Committee":

> "It does not represent more than about two hundred of the laboring population of this island, and these are for the most part malcontents from the largest labor organization extant in St. Thomas, which is known by the name of the "St. Thomas Labor Union," whose en-

The Florsheim SHOE

DEPEND on The Florsheim Shoe in these days of uncertain values and you can be sure of a definite standard of style, quality and comfort.

Consider the wear, not the price per pair.

Look for the quality mark "Florsheim."

The Florsheim Shoe Company

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Write for booklet "Styles of the Times"

The Tulane—

Send only $1

Be Your Own Dealer

Secure Wholesale Rates

INTRODUCTORY OFFER so you can try these famous goods by mail. Price $6.63 for the set. On receipt of $1 we send three splendid shirts and handsome silk neck-tie parcel post C. O. D. $5.63 and postage.

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tire membership stand at present over two hundred strong. The president of this institution is George A. Moorehead, the most popular labor agitator ever known here, as the recorded membership of the union testifies; hence it is easy to understand from these facts that Francis is not the accredited representative of the working people. Francis has barely succeeded in influencing a few by blatant and unreasoning appeals to the ignorant crowd, but the more intelligent class of laborers will have nothing to do with him and his movement."

One of the things Rothschild Francis advocated in his petition to Congress was a change in the present legal system by which a judge tries a prisoner without jury, subject to review of his decision by the Governor.

Trial by jury, for which Francis asks, is theoretically a fair and American principle. On these Islands, however, the population is 7.4 per cent. whites; 17.5 per cent. white and negro blood; and 74.9 per cent. negro blood. The negro element is very largely composed of men of untrained and primitive minds. Thus the jury box would be filled with colored men, swayed too often by negro lawyer-orators who have been inflamed by Bolshevistic principles and whose principal stock in trade is to rail against the white men who supply the capital and brains necessary to the prosperity of the Islands.

Another of the pleas of Francis is for "Suffrage based on manhood." At present the right to vote is extended to male citizens who are twenty-five years of age, whose personal income amounts to three hundred dollars a year, or who own real estate or other property yielding an annual income of sixty dollars. This law thus insures that only responsible men can cast a ballot. The tendency is to give the native the franchise as soon as he has the intelligence and education to use it rightly, and a wholesale granting at present of the vote to the ignorant classes would tend to make of the Virgin Islands another disrupted Hayti!

Francis also appeals for a "reconstruction of the school system in direct accord with the American conception." Plans to do this were completed before Francis left the island. Beginning with the Fall term schools were being conducted in accordance with American principles; and compulsory education was in force.

More of justice is present in the plea of Francis for a Homestead Act that will turn over uncultivated land to the people. The tragedy of St. Thomas, from an industrial standpoint, is that if there is not sufficient work in the harbor, the great mass of working people have nothing else to do. These have been drawn to the town by the larger wages paid for harbor work, and once a town resident, it is hard to get the negro to go back to the land.

"Yas, I know Rothschild Francis," said the black "boatie" who ferried me ashore, "I gave some money to help send him to the States."

"What is he trying to do up there?" I asked.

"He wants to better conditions for us working-men down here. You see, this harbor can't support all the workmen — not enough ships comin' in. See all that land"— he swept his arm around to include the uncultivated hills that girded the harbor — "it is mostly owned by people who live in Europe. Them people will rent land to laborers, dollar an acre a month, but after the laborer puts it under cultivation, if times are bad and he can't pay up, the land is taken away from him and thrown back into bush for stock-raising." We want it fixed so laborers can work the land and make this island self-supportin'."

In St. Thomas the soil is almost hopeless at present. If this land is to be opened to the native, the United States should first furnish agricultural experts to prepare it for cultivation and instruct the negro how to work the soil. Though the land-owners protest that the average negro is too shiftless to work the soil, incentive should be given to the ambitious and hard-working negro to become a property owner. The policy, if extended, of allotting small holdings of land to the laborers, will do much to keep them on the Islands and promote their ambitions. Instead of charging the negro a rental that he cannot afford to pay, some fair-minded planters have adopted the plan of letting him work it on a profit-sharing basis. If this were made the universal practise, a Homestead Act would be unnecessary.

This "Working People's Committee" asks, too, a law to regulate the scale of wages in St. Thomas. The Government, however, has done all that is possible to set the example to private employees. In a public statement it has set forth the rule that:

> "Every citizen of the United States residing in our Islands should have an opportunity to earn for himself or herself by honest, healthful toil, a decent, healthful living."

and has announced that while it cannot improve its labor policy upon local communities,

> . . . "it will welcome the public approval and support of its policy, which will become in reality the labor policy of the Virgin Islands of the United States."

It is true, as Francis states, that the housing conditions of the native laborers on the Islands are miserable and insanitary. Their shelters are called "rooms" instead of houses, and their large families eat, sleep, bathe and entertain their friends in the one room.

On St. John's Island, where there is no town and are no industries, the poverty of the natives is extreme — one wonders how they manage to exist on the little food available. Most of them live on two meals a day. For breakfast they use sugar dissolved in hot water; for dinner, a piece of dried fish with a portion of "Fungi" — which is corn meal boiled in a bag and then squeezed dry.

The average native will not work on Saturday, Sunday or Monday. While he is kind and gentle and usually well-behaved, he is also lazy and improvident. If he can work two days a week at a wage of 80 cents a day, the $1.60 thus gained is considered by him sufficient to provide for his wants for a week. The present school authorities have been forced by such conditions to advocate, not the license which some of their misguided leaders seek, but instead a law which will compel the native to work at least long enough each week to provide food and clothing for his children, in order that these may be able to attend school.

During recent weeks a famine has developed in St. Thomas. The laboring classes, with their meager wages, are confronted with prices for necessary foods which put them beyond reach. Eggs are being sold for seven cents each; wheat flour costs nine and one-half cents a pound; a one-pound loaf of bread sells for eleven cents. Meats are comparatively cheap in comparison with the prices of other foods, but the price of foodstuffs as a whole, coming at a time when industry is slack, and there is little opportunity to earn money, is such as to increase the bitterness of the poorer classes.

It is the opinion of representative men of the Islands that the chief thing which Rothschild Francis came to the States to advocate lies in the clause of his petition which asks that natives be permitted to fill all public offices whenever qualified. As most of the native citizens are colored, this clause aims to fill the offices with colored men. Civil service rules apply on the Islands and there appears to be nothing to prevent the native holding office when he fits himself for the task. A Sinn Fein movement is undoubtedly at work among the negroes of the Islands, but native ability does not strike one as having reached the stage where things will go efficiently without the brains and executive ability of the white American.

The Jungle Strain

> "Take up the White Man's burden,
> And reap his old reward:
> The blame of those ye better,
> The hate of those ye guard——"

AMONG the colored people on the Islands, who outnumber the whites ten to one, are a half-dozen labor agitators, with a score more enterprising young colored men waiting for a chance to step into their places. A negro who, if born in Africa, might fill the office of a tribal chieftain, becomes in these Islands a labor leader, and is surrounded with as much pomp and secures as much homage from his circle as an African clan bestows on its king.

The career of George A. Moorehead is a case in point. Business men in St. Thomas regard Moorehead as the natural leader of his people and prefer to deal with him rather than with his rivals. They say that he is free from Bolshevistic tendencies, and preaches to his people that to earn more pay they must produce more. The St. Thomas Labor Union, as has been said, far outnumbers any other body of workmen in St. Thomas. Moorehead originated the first successful strike at St. Thomas by which the men and women coal passers received a substantial increase.

One of the saving elements in the race situation is that, once a negro labor leader rises to power, and deals with white men as the representative of the laborers, he comes to see that the future of his people depends on these men who supply the money and brains for the development of the Islands, and gradually becomes conservative.

In St. Croix, D. Hamilton Jackson, once a violent agitator, has calmed down recently, and this has given an opportunity to Morris Davis, a negro of the most dangerous type.

One day, Davis, originally a field laborer, walked into the grounds of a St. Croix planter. "I hear there are workers on this estate who don't belong to our union!" he cried. One lone toiler was pointed out as having declared his intention not to belong to the union. Thereupon Davis ordered a "walk-out." The director of the estate hurried to the scene and demanded of Davis what his business was.

"I want justice!" foamed Davis.

The director pointed out to him that in his agreement with the labor union no clause had been inserted forbidding him to employ men who did not belong to the union. "In the face of my contract, is it justice for you to interfere with my laborers?" he asked.

The only reply Davis made was to order the plastic negroes to leave the grounds. His influence was strong enough to draw them off that estate and five neighboring ones, and to tie up the work of these estates for two days during its busiest season.

The real labor leaders repudiated the action of Davis when they heard of it, and induced the workmen to return. Davis meanwhile busied himself in forming a union of the stevedores at Frederiksted, embittering them by speeches against white employers.

A False Strike

HERE is one of the reasons for skepticism toward labor on the part of West Indian employers:

A certain engineer in a sugar factory located near San Juan, told his employer that parts of the machinery needed overhauling and that the plant had better be closed down for a few days.

The engineer had little acquaintance with labor conditions and was amazed when the factory owner said to him:

"All right, I am on good terms with the local labor leader. I will pass him a little money to call a strike. Then we won't have to pay the men while we shut down."

The plan worked. The labor leader called the men off their jobs; they went, happy in the prospect of a holiday that was at the same time a rebuke to "Capital." A few days later their leader told them that the strike was called off; and back to the factory they went. The machinery was working now in fine shape. Only three people knew that the wages saved by the employer had gone to pay the bill for repairs.

It was largely due to the incendiary talk of Morris Davis that the little garrison of Marines that were recently withdrawn from Frederiksted and stationed at Christiansted were sent back post haste by the Governor. I visited a sugar planter on his lovely estate in St. Croix, where, for every white face, one saw a hundred black ones. While I sat on his porch hearing him tell of the negro uprising of 1878 in which his brother was killed by the blacks, I listened to his daughters and their companions dancing to the music of a Victrola, apparently as care-free as if they were in the heart of New York. The United States can forget many things about these Islands but let it never forget that living in lonely sections of the island of of St. Croix are families of pure Anglo-Saxon blood, the men, women and children of which are as much in need and as much entitled to police and military protection as those in the most populated sections of our country.

No American is more needed in the Virgin Islands than the Marine; no one is more wanted by its white inhabitants; and yet no one has a lonelier existence than this same "Devil Dog."

A Vanished Naval Base

THERE is as yet little to show that the much-heralded prosperity which American possession was to bring to St. Thomas

Harbor is on its way. The German Hamburg-American Line was the principal customer of this port before the War. It built a great dock and its steamers touched here twice a week. It was the transshipment port for Germany for its trade in South America and this line alone made St. Thomas a thriving place. The gap left by the War, and by the shutting out of the German interests, has not been filled. Where in pre-war days an average of fifty ships a day visited the harbor, there are now barely a half-dozen.

The United States Shipping Board, to help matters, has recently made this a stopping port for its ships bound to and from South America, and is building two oil tanks to supply its oil-burning vessels with fuel. The floating dry-dock, which is one of the harbor's main facilities, is in active operation.

Danes still retain control of most of the harbor's facilities, and are anxiously waiting for Uncle Sam to send prosperity to the port. The Danish West Indian Company, Ltd.,—a subsidiary of the East Asiatic Company—operates the coaling pier and controls certain parts of the harbor. During the War the United States, fearing that some of its stockholders were of German birth, tried unsuccessfully to procure a list of them. Whether such was the case is problematical; but one fact would have been revealed that few people know: that the principal shareholder is Prince Axel, cousin of the king of Denmark.

Mr. H. P. Berg, managing director of this company, a shrewd business man with wide shipping experience, believes that the prosperity of St. Thomas as a shipping center will be swiftly restored if American capital invests money to improve the present facilities of the harbor, and to restore the different routes for which St. Thomas was the center before the War. He holds that, owing to the great increase in the cost of ships and in their running expenses, the future shipping of the world, in order to save time and money, must be planned so that large ocean liners will touch at easily accessible ports and there transship their passengers and cargoes by smaller and cheaper vessels to their destination. St. Thomas is admirably fitted to be such a center. Steamers from Europe and America would find it convenient and economical to stop here and connect with smaller steam or motor ships plying between St. Thomas and the islands and countries bordering on the Caribbean Sea. Thus shippers throughout the world could forward their goods on bills of lading via St. Thomas. This would not only restore the prosperity of the harbor interests, but benefit the merchants as well. Mr. Berg also advocates making St. Thomas a "free port," so that American or foreign merchants can store goods intended for transshipment there for any length of time, without paying duty on them. This would make St. Thomas an emporium, with ample supplies for quick shipment, thus enabling American merchants to keep ahead of foreign competition.

These measures, however, are predicated upon first bringing to St. Thomas the necessary ships.

Wards of the Navy

THE administration of the Islands by Rear-Admiral Oman and his staff is painstaking and efficient. The business men of St. Thomas and St. Croix agree that the new Governor is democratic, easily approachable, and faithful to the interests of both territories. Around him are a staff of selected naval aides, under the leadership of Commander N. R. White, a human dynamo who has served in his present capacity since the United States took possession of the Islands, and who plunges heart and soul into every plan that will help the Islands. These aides are young, clean-cut and "on their toes" to make their administration reflect honor to the United States. Yet, for all the devotion to duty of these men, it is plain that we have forgotten them too. Where millions of dollars would be required to bring the islanders out of their poverty-stricken and diseased and uneducated condition, Congress allotted them at first only one hundred thousand dollars, and any other sums allotted them since have been miserly in proportion to the crying needs of the Islands.

We have forgotten to give them money for schools — though education will do more than anything else to save the boys and girls of the Islands from the evils that surround them. There are only nineteen public schools on the three islands. In the country districts the children walk four miles over ills five hundred feet high. The averageh salary for teachers is $24 a month. The problem of getting teachers is made still harder by the fact that, due to a Navy rule, the teachers receive only temporary appointments. The country schools have no desks; the children sit on benches without backs. On the wild island of St. John, the school director, Henry C. Blair, travels on horseback over steep mountain trails. Here the schools are eighteen miles apart. In some districts of St. Thomas and St. Croix, for lack of schoolhouses, rooms are rented from the Moravian Church. There is need for manual training teachers for high schools and night schools. There is no encyclopedia in the schools and even the school directors are forced to go without reference books. There is no map of any town, or of the Virgin Islands, in any of the schools. There is only a three-months' supply of paper on hand. The supply of text-books is only half of the amount needed. There are no white teachers; the native teachers now employed were either trained in Denmark or in Moravian schools; these, however, have gladly embraced the American school methods now in operation.

We have forgotten to provide free libraries in the various towns. There is not even a dictionary available now for public use.

We have forgotten to provide the money needed in the hospitals. Our efficient American doctors have changed the former inefficient methods of child-birth, so that now expectant mothers are brought to the hospitals in ambulances. This has materially reduced the number of deaths from child-birth. Milk stations have been established; and babies are weighed and examined weekly. The infants are considered wards of the hospital for a year. These methods have reduced infant mortality 50 per cent. When the dearth of money for hospital equipment was most acute, the Red Cross came nobly to the rescue with $60,000 worth of much-needed instruments and equipment, but there is need now for volunteer Red Cross nurses in all of the hospitals.

We have forgotten to provide adequate funds for sanitation. The streets, public gutters, markets and squares are kept clean and tidy, but none of the towns has a sewage system. In St. Thomas the harbor is used nightly for a dumping ground, and in St. Croix conditions are equally bad.

In Christiansted during the last year a fire occurred that caused a large loss of property. This loss was due mainly to the shortage of water supply, which is solely derived from cisterns that catch the rainfall. The cisterns are few and water is generally scarce. The fire engines often cannot operate for lack of water.

We have forgotten to supply adequate quarantine facilities to support Captain Liston Paine, the Chief Quarantine Officer, in his work of keeping contagious diseases away from St. Thomas. A sum sufficient to acquire Water Island, located where the vessels can be boarded before they enter the harbor, is the recommended location.

Above all, we have forgotten to provide for a survey by experts of the agricultural, geological, labor, social, moral and industrial conditions in these Islands, so that their undeveloped or retarded resources can be swiftly utilized.

St. Croix is the most fertile and productive of the three islands and can easily be made self-supporting if irrigation can be successfully brought to it. It was suggested by a leading citizen of St. Croix that bonds be issued for these improvements by the group of planters who would benefit by the work, and that the issue be guaranteed by the United States.

Roosevelt's Faith in the Islands

THE purchase of the Virgin Islands will cost the United States Government scarcely more than it would pay to build and maintain a dreadnaught. So it would be with the Virgin Islands. Uncle Sam should be prepared to keep their resources up to the same high standard that marks his other colonial possessions. Then, if war comes, he will have a naval station that will be worth to him a score of dreadnaughts."

The speaker was Merwin, of St. Croix. The time was shortly after the beginning of the World War. The man who sat listening to Merwin was Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, then making a tour of the West Indies, and paying an especial visit to the Virgin group, in the purchase of which he was strongly interested.

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Mrs. J. then seated herself beside me, amidst those luxurious pillows, and proudly told me how, through her own efforts, she had transformed her living, room from a place of dingy appearance to one of the coziest, brightest rooms I have ever seen. She was so proud of her triumph over difficulties, and I, in turn, was happy to know I had such a clever friend.

"Marion," she said, "I'm afraid you will not believe me; but listen, dear, the truth you must know about my little venture. I *earned* the money, all myself!

"Even Donald and his father didn't know a thing about it until just a few days ago, when the furniture came, and I placed my new pillows here," and she took another proud glance about her.

"You should have seen Donald smile, and John — he simply beamed when I told him how much money I had earned, and just how easily.

"I had some money saved up to apply toward the furniture, but I knew I couldn't have that particular pattern in tapestry for my set without having it made to order, and you know, dear, that does cost money these days.

"My rug, you see, is still as pretty as ever. But there were new hangings, new covers and — my pillows to be considered. And, I must take you in and show you my new set of dishes before you go, too.

"You see, it was this way. I spent several days trudging through nearly every store in town; finally, I came to the point where I felt everything was so 'way out of the reach of my pocket-book.

"After the third day of fruitless trudging, I set my mind to work on various ways of which I had heard to make money. I happened to remember Miss Blake, of McClure's, and I felt that she could help me out. Early next morning, almost before office hours, I called her up. She sent me what is now the plan of the Girls' Federation.

"So, now you know — I'm an advance member of the Girls' Federation of McClure's. By this, I mean one of those who were first invited to try out their new money-making plan.

"The next week, when Donald and I slipped away for a two months' visit, I carried with me the plan which helped me to have even a better vacation than I had planned and helped me to earn the money that beautified our little home. How much? Well here are receipts for a hundred dollars, right here. You see, I saved over fifty dollars by making the pillows and painting the poppies myself.

"Yes," she went on, "I've been terribly busy since my return, and keeping it all a secret as I did put me o quite some disadvantage at times, But I feel amply repaid and that I'll enjoy every minute I spend in my living-room now.

"Why don't *you* join the Girls' Federation, Marion? You have so much leisure time, you can earn as much money as you want, although many of the girls only earn five or ten dollars a month. But even that comes in handy, you know. I know Herbert will not care a bit. He'll be just as proud of you as John was of me, when he sees your first salary check and hears about the Club."

"Are you going to continue as a member of this Girls' Club?" I asked her.

"Indeed I am, dear. Why not? It takes so little of my time to keep up my apartment, I'm sure I'm going to find those hours I spend in the Girls' Federation most pleasant and most profitable."

WELL, Roberta," Marion said in finishing her interesting story, "I never knew what your business was before, and here I am asking you just what thousands of others have, '*How can I earn money* through membership in the Girls' Federation?' "

I told her how, just the same as I had told Rose, B., the Iowa girl who wanted money to help buy her school clothes for winter; and Blanche F., an Indiana business girl, and Helen B., a Massachusetts college girl; and Alice R., of Pennsylvania and — Oh, many girls and women, all ages — teachers, pupils, business girls and stay-at-home girls, single girls and married girls, from small towns, large cities, and many from rural districts!

Marion is going to buy one of those beautiful new beaded bags that her husband calls "an outrageous extravagance," just as soon as she gets her first salary check from McClure's. She's going to win one this month, too. That's what makes membership so interesting — that monthly salary!

Haven't *you* room in *your* purse for a few Girls' Federation dollars?

Check up on your time and see if the hours after school, after office hours, after the daily duties are done, are used to good advantage.

And, by the way, girls, have you planned on Christmas this year? Are you going to have all the money you want to spend for that? I nearly forgot to tell you about our big Christmas Prize Contest for members of the Girls' Federation; new members are eligible as well as old.

It will only cost you a two-cent stamp or a penny for a postcard to find out all about the Girls' Federation. The sooner you ask about it — whether it's money for "extras" or for just plain, every-day necessities, that you want — just that much sooner will you start to earn money all your very own.

Roberta Blake

Director of The Girls' Federation,
McClure's Magazine,
25 West 44th Street,
New York, N. Y.

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To Prevent Infection

New-Skin is a genuine antiseptic.

It has the power of destroying germs of infection.

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Branch Manager Wanted

by old established Chicago Concern. We furnish full stock of goods, advertising matter, and equip store completely, in good location, all at our expense. We allow you to draw out $175 a month and will also pay you liberal share of the profits your store earns. Work may be started in spare time. No investment or previous experience necessary. If you are a hustler and want an opportunity to make $5,000 or more a year we want you and will pay you well from the start. Send your application today. S. LEVY, Manager, Dept. 818, 329 S. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

The Colonel's interest extended far beyond the mere acquirement of this naval base. He realized that the Islands should be kept up in accordance with American traditions. It was this feeling that led him to bring his fist down on the table between Merwin and himself and to say with characteristic earnestness:

"That is the best argument I have ever heard for the purchase and upkeep of these Islands!"

THE Navy Department is now doing its work of administration efficiently. If, however, the naval officials at Washington cannot secure from Congress the money needed to carry out the improvements for which there is a crying need, they cannot hope, however good the personnel, to administer the Islands in a way that will reflect entire credit on their department. A banker returning from his second trip to the West Indies shrewdly pointed out to me another handicap that goes with a naval administration. Officers of the Navy, he remarked, have, as a matter of course, had little commercial training. The biggest problem the United States faces with regard to this new country is a business one — to make it self-supporting. The banker's suggestion was that, if the Navy Department is to continue in charge of this territory, it should have the co-operation of our biggest captains of industry in planning and carrying out the development of these plantations and cities, so that the Virgin Islands will prove to be a paying investment for the nation.

As I left St. Croix the native band was playing for "colors" and the last strains I heard as I turned homeward were:

"'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner,
O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and
the home of the brave!"

Yet how can our flag wave splendidly and honestly over our new territories if Congress and the people of the United States forget and desert the little group of pioneer Americans who are struggling amidst loneliness and hardships to make these Islands as clean and healthful and prosperous as is the homeland?

Poison Gas

[*Continued from page 51*]

nose. If the air contains a heavy concentration of phosgene, say one part in 200, death comes very quickly by absolute destruction of the lungs, but it kills at far weaker strengths than that. If a man should take a breath or two of air containing phosgene at a strength of one part in 2,900 or 10,000, he might suffer no serious results, but five minutes of breathing in such an atmosphere would almost certainly prove fatal.

"Phosgene will kill even when much more diluted than this, even at a concentration of one part of gas in 100,000 parts of air, if breathed for half an hour or less, if the person has a weak heart. In the case of feeble concentrations it is not so much the destructive effect on the lungs that kills as the delayed action on the blood and heart *through* the lungs. For this reason any exertion on the part of a gassed man may prove fatal. Many soldiers have felt quite well after being gassed and have gone about their duties — only to fall suddenly dead."

TWO months before the Armistice the Germans put over the last novelty in gas attack, this being the famous "Double Green Cross Shell," which was counted upon to work extraordinary havoc among the Allied forces. The green cross designated an asphyxiating shell and the doubling of it meant that an extra kick had been provided. This double-cross shell was made with two chambers, one filled with liquid phosgene, the other with high explosive, the idea being that the Allies could not distinguish this from a non-gas shell and would suffer both the ordinary explosive effect and a complete surprise gassing effect. This was supposed to be the last word in frightfulness.

The result proved, however, that German chemists had blundered again; they had double-crossed themselves, for the Allies were able to recognize this gas shell by its wobbling sound and flight, and its asphyxiating power was practically nil, because the terrific explosions scattered the gas entirely too much for deadly concentrations.

BUY TODAY 10 MONTHS TO PAY

X37—Seven fine perfect-cut, blue-white diamonds, uniform in size, color and brilliancy, crown set, resembling a $350 solitaire. Hand-engraved, white gold mounting (looks like platinum.) $77.50.

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Any of these Splendid SWEET Specials sent ON APPROVAL at our expense. If entirely satisfied after examination, pay only one-fifth of price; balance in ten monthly payments. SWEET'S Policy: You must be satisfied or no sale.

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Select your gift before Christmas and get it on credit. Maiden Lane's greatest collection of precious gems, watches, jewelry, silverware, etc., beautifully Illustrated. Ten months to pay on everything. Write TODAY to Dept. 349-T.

X36—SWEET lustrous cultivated pearls of rich, iridescent beauty and soft, changeable tints. Graduated necklace 16 inches long, complete with solid gold clasp, in handsome grey velvet gift case. $17.

X14—Festoon of solid gold, set with 4 blue-white diamonds; 15-inch chain included. $40.

X15—One fine blue-white mound-set diamond; Tiffany style Roman finish. $5. setting. $200.

X11—Handsome design of French gold, set in platinum, 2 faceted blue sapphires, 11 diamond-shaped diamonds. $45.

X34—14K solid gold wrist watch. Guaranteed imported movement, gilt dial, 14K solid gold case, gold-filled bracelet. An exceptional value. $29.

X33—Beautiful pendant; 47 genuine white pearls; one blue-white diamond and baguette drop; 15-inch chain included. $20.

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UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
6081 Siegel-Myers Building Chicago, Illinois

Am I Really Giving My Child a Fair Chance?

NOW that there *is* a system of child-training which other parents say really educates children by developing habits of obedience, cheerfulness and industry—a system that gives the broadest and most thorough elementary education in school subjects—a fascinating, practical system that any mother or father *anywhere* can easily understand and apply—a system that will give our boys and girls the best possible chance of becoming intelligent and useful and successful, a credit to themselves and to us—am I really giving my child a fair chance if I don't at least get all the information I can about it?

Thoughts like this have prompted thousands of fathers and mothers to fill out and mail the coupon in this advertisement. And now they are taking more delight than ever in their children as they see the wonderful, far-reaching results made possible by the simple practical child-training and teaching courses of Calvert School!

What these other parents have done and are doing so successfully, *you*, too, can do. The Calvert School has developed a scientific and thoroughly tested system of training children from four to twelve years of age right in their own homes, *no matter where they live*, by laying a foundation of good habits and manners, teaching reading, writing and other school subjects and building character in a way that will make your children leaders among their playmates and keep them ahead of other children who have not had this training—all through their lives!

Calvert School

Was founded in 1897 and is maintained as a day school by a group of leading citizens of Baltimore, who receive no financial benefit from it either direct or indirect, but who want the *best* the educational world offers for their own children. Calvert School pupils advanced so rapidly and successfully in every way that this special long-distance branch was established so that children all over the world could have the same wonderful advantages. This school now has pupils in every state of the United States and twenty-two foreign countries.

"All that I am or that I ever hope to be I owe to my mother," said LINCOLN.

You are responsible for your children's future success and happiness. You want them to get the very most out of their lives, to be respected, cultured, intelligent and successful, don't you? And they *can* be. But your love for them alone cannot make this possible. You need to know the *best methods of* educating and training them. The Calvert School will give you just the help you need—not a book of vague, general instructions but a carefully prepared course of definite lessons for every school day—under the personal supervision of the leading child-education specialists of the world. It is thoroughly practical and complete and very reasonable in price. It will take little, if any, more of your time than merely hearing your child's lessons, as you probably do now. Calvert School teachers are experts with years of successful experience in child-training. They know your problems and are anxious to help you as they have helped thousands of other parents.

How Calvert School Has Helped Other Parents

The following extracts from letters sent us voluntarily by parents who have used the Calvert School method are typical of thousands:

Would Have Paid a Dozen Times the Cost

"I would gladly have paid a dozen times the cost by preference, even had the school been next door. We follow you step by step with the greatest ease. If your method were a trade secret, it would be valued at thousands of dollars."

First Thought Her Daughter Was A Prodigy

"I was simply amazed when I saw what Jane did. I didn't think it possible! At first I thought I had a prodigy for a child. But I found that other children taking the same course, accomplished the same results with ease."

Calvert School Methods Perfectly Wonderful

"It seems so perfectly wonderful! I kept Mary at home with me for a year longer and when she entered school she led her class. This from only an hour or so a day work at home, without any tears or other difficulties."

Your Child's Future Happiness is at Stake

Your responsibility for your child's future is enormous. Every day counts—for every day's delay in applying the right methods in child training means that much more trouble later on. Calvert School can help you—and your child. In years to come he will thank you countless times and in countless ways for giving him the benefit of the right sort of education and training.

It costs nothing to find out all about Calvert School. You need not even write a letter unless you prefer to. Merely fill out and mail the convenient coupon and you will receive—without obligation or expense—the full story of Calvert School and its courses together with sample lessons.

It may mean so much—the difference between success and happiness or sorrow and failure to your child! The least you can do is to find out more about it.

Mark and mail this coupon—NOW!

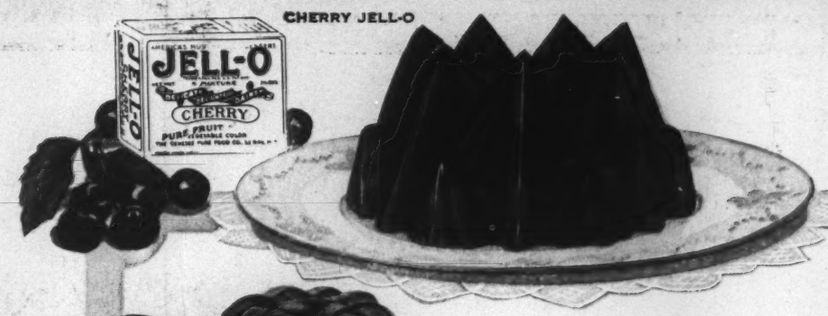
CALVERT SCHOOL
8 West Chase Street, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me a sample lesson and full information regarding your system of home instruction for a child of.....years.

Name.....

Address.....

CHERRY JELL-O



ORANGE JELL-O

JELL-O

The beautiful dishes shown on this page are all made of Jell-O. Nothing just like them has ever been made of anything else.

First of all, then, it should be noted that Jell-O is always sold in packages like the one shown at the upper left corner with the Cherry Jell-O. It wouldn't be Jell-O if it came in any other kind of package.

The Orange Jell-O dessert could have been made without the fruit and whipped cream and still have been a perfect Orange dessert, for Jell-O has the true fruit flavor.

Lemon Jell-O (third from the top) is used as much for salads as for desserts, and the Spanish salad at the left is only one of dozens fully as good that are made of Lemon Jell-O.

All the year round Strawberry Jell-O is wonderfully popular—with fruit in it when plentiful and alone when fruit is scarce.

When you think of making a Chocolate pudding don't overlook the fact that the most perfect one can be made in the least time by using Chocolate Jell-O.

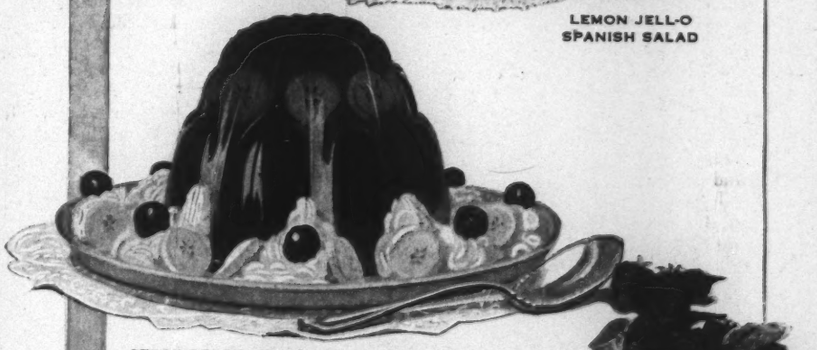
Such raspberry desserts as the one shown below, and dozens of others, are to be had regardless of season, for Raspberry Jell-O furnishes them in delicious flavor.

The Jell-O Book tells all about these things and many more that will interest every woman. If you have not received a copy and will send your name and address, one will be mailed to you promptly—free, of course.

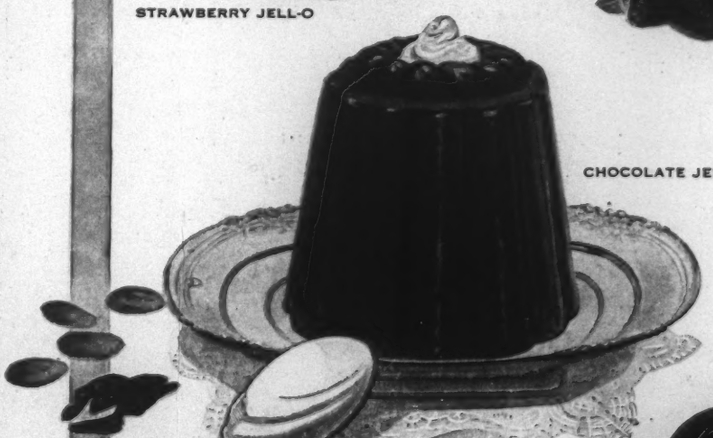
Pure fruit flavors only are used in making Jell-O. All grocers carry the six different flavors in stock, and sell them two for 25 cents.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

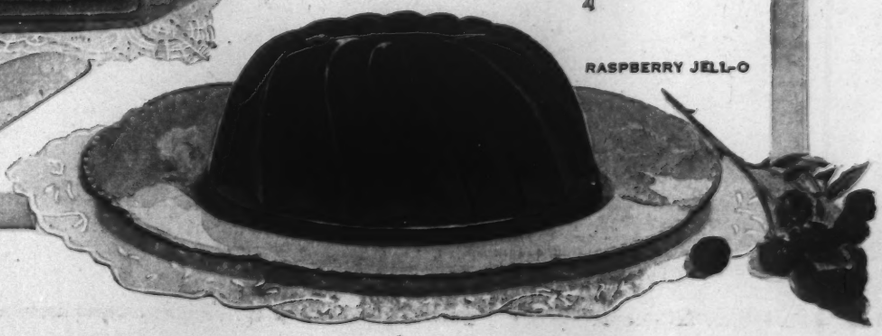
LEMON JELL-O
SPANISH SALAD



STRAWBERRY JELL-O

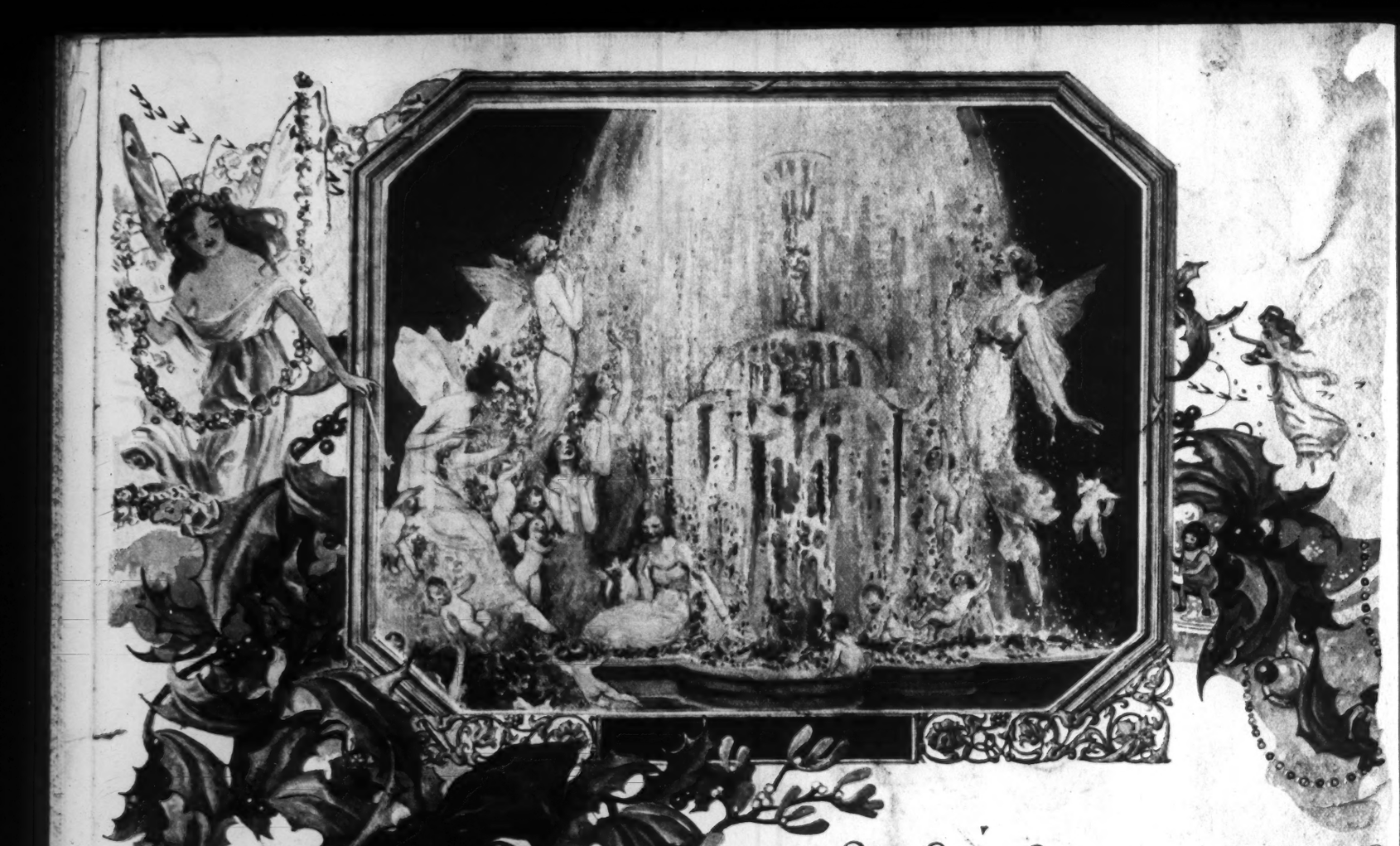


CHOCOLATE JELL-O



RASPBERRY JELL-O

Norman Price



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WITH Djer-Kiss Paris-created —Djer-Kiss in joyous Holiday sets! This fairy fountain of Versailles is pictured on the box.

Is it not wonderful, *Madame, Mademoiselle,* that there should be given to those who admire you an opportunity to bestow so enchanting a gift!

Last year, indeed, so many wished for these sets that there were not enough to go 'round. This year there will be more. But you will be wise if you let fall a hint—just a soft little whisper—so that the giver, *lui ou elle,* shall be forewarned and forehanded.

Then, too, if you seek something simpler, each *Spécialité*—whether it be Extract, Face Powder, Talc, Sachet, Toilet Water, Vegetale, Soap or *Rouge—is in itself a gift most acceptable—a gift quite complete in grace and charm.

In the smart little shops. In the leading big shops. In charming Holiday boxes will they be found. These single *Spécialités.* These Djer-Kiss sets—in five varied combinations from most elaborate for *Madame,* for *Mademoiselle,* to the simple three-piece sets so approved by *Monsieur.*

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Four beautiful Djer-Kiss pictures reproduced in rich colors. In size each is 6 in. by 9 in. The pictures are tied together with silk cord. This calendar will be attractive and useful in your bedroom or on your desk. It is sent to you in return for 6c. Write to Alfred H. Smith Co., 30 West 34th Street, New York.